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# METHODIST REVIEW

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## ART. I.—COMPARATIVE RELIGION, SO CALLED

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THE term "comparative religion," derived by abbreviation from the older term, the "comparative study of religions," has been heartily welcomed by no competent methodologist. Despite this fact, there is reason to fear it has come to stay. Precisely what ought it to mean? In a recent international congress in Oxford this question called out an interesting discussion, but no agreement was reached. On the proper use of the term no one has written so often or so copiously as Mr. Louis H. Jordan, recently of Oxford, yet in his latest published lecture he regretfully affirms: "There is as yet no consensus touching the true frontiers of the subject. Its relations to anthropology, ethnology, mythology, etc., have still to be authoritatively determined." What is the difficulty? The present writer suspects that the prime reason for the uncertain and vacillating use of the term is to be found in the fact that a persistent attempt has been made to include under this one name the results of three fundamentally different mental procedures in the study of religion, to wit, the historical, the systematically descriptive, and the philosophical. The proper products of the first procedure are (1) correct histories of particular religions; (2) correct histories of movements, ideas, or institutions found in more than one religion; and (3) correct ideas touching the history of religion universally considered. The aim of the second procedure is to acquire and set forth in logical connection all facts needful for a correct understanding\* (1) of a

particular religion at a chosen date; or (2) of forms of religious life found in more than a single religion; or (3) of religion universally considered. The third procedure seeks to furnish a true insight into the origin and nature of religion, the psychological and other forces maintaining it, its normal development into distinct forms—personal and social—and its ideal consummation. The study of religions and of religion according to these procedures, singly and in various combinations, is fast producing, not a single resultant science or body of doctrine, but a group of such, and a group of great extent and complexity. And inasmuch as most of the writers who have favored the use of the term “comparative religion” have wished to designate by it a crowning branch of learning inclusive enough to take in all assured results of the historic, systematic, and philosophic study of the agreements and differences found in religious phenomena, each such writer has more or less unconsciously shaped his work according to his dominating interest, whether this was in the history, the usages, or the philosophy of religion. Disagreeing thus in interest and in aim, their books could not be expected to present a uniformly bounded subject-matter.

Another reason accounting in part for the difficulty experienced in naming the crowning result of an all-sided study of religion is to be found in the fact that from its very nature religion represents but one of a pair of concepts, neither of which can be understood apart from the other. The counterpart of religion as an activity of man is a reciprocal activity on the part of God or of supposed gods. The religious subject is man, the religious object God. The personal bearing of the worshiper always implies a personal counterbearing on the part of the worshiped. Religion, therefore, can be treated anthropologically or theologically. It can also be treated in innumerable ways variously combining the two methods or standpoints. On this account the crowning fruit of the historic, systematic, and philosophic study of religion, considered as a body of doctrine, had no clear and distinct name even before the champions of the comparative method made their appearance. Many writers tried to make the term “theology” cover all that can be known of religion, but their effort was both in-



effectual and confusing. The term "comparative," when applied to religion, is as indeterminate as would be either of its correlate terms, positive or superlative. To many minds it first of all suggests the series: positive religion, comparative religion, superlative religion. And to such minds the positive or the superlative variety seems more readily conceivable and definable than the comparative. Moreover, when all necessary explanations have been made, the ordinary student feels dissatisfied. All fruitful investigation, he says, is comparative in proportion as it is inductive. Only by comparison can oysters be distinguished from clams, or a daisy from a sunflower; hence comparison underlies all the work by which the classificatory and descriptive sciences have been built up. Only by comparison can men ascertain what effects are, or are not, alike, and then, proceeding on the principle of like effects demanding like causes, discover previously unknown natural laws. In philosophy, too, in order to make any progress the thinker must compare concept with concept, function with function, and system with system. Why, then, he says, is comparative religion any more called for in the nomenclature of instruction than comparative astronomy, or comparative navigation, or comparative philanthropy?

Three recently published manuals bear the name comparative religion, but though each is from the pen of an expert in the field, they give little evidence of progress toward a clear-cut conception of the meaning of the term employed as title. I allude to the manuals by W. St. Clair Tisdall (1909), F. B. Jevons (1913), and J. Estlin Carpenter (1913). Not one of these writers defines the place of his line of teaching in the organism of recognized sciences, or attempts to state its relations to contiguous branches of learning. Moreover, the first writes as a Christian apologist, the second as an up-to-date anthropologist, the third as a wonderfully equipped master of the pious usages of mankind. Each gives us a valuable production, but neither in subject-matter nor in expressed estimate of the aim or outcome of the study do they, or even any two of them, agree. Jordan, in his encyclopedic work on the *Genesis and Growth of Comparative Religion* (1905), defines the study in the following carefully selected terms:

Comparative religion is that science which compares the origin, structure, and characteristics of the various religions of the world, with a view of determining their genuine agreements and differences, the measure of relation in which they stand one to another, and their superiority or inferiority when regarded as types.

Now, of our three new manuals none answers to this definition, or to any part of it. No one of them even presents as the units to be studied and compared "the various religions of the world." Tisdall has one short chapter on Christianity in its relation to the ethnic faiths, the others being essays on the "Origin of Religion," "Belief in a Divine Incarnation," "Sacrifice and Sacrament," the "After-Life," and a "Conclusion." Jevons heads one of his chapters "Buddhism," but he attempts no comparison between Buddhism and any other of the various religions of the world. His other chapter headings are: "Sacrifice"; "Magic"; "Ancestor Worship"; "The Future Life"; "Dualism"; "Monotheism." Carpenter equally fails to compare religions. His chapters are superscribed as follows: "Introductory"; "The Panorama of Religions"; "Religion in the Lower Culture"; "Spirits and Gods"; "Sacred Acts"; "Sacred Products"; "Religion and Morality"; "Problems of Life and Destiny." Each chapter is a treasurehouse of allusions or statements touching ideas or usages in some sense analogous, yet often diverse as possible in time and space and in religious significance. In Allan Menzies's *History of Religion* yet another conception of "comparative religion" is presented. Here it is no distinct science, as claimed by Jordan; properly speaking, it is merely "a stage" in those successive and cooperative studies out of which a strictly scientific knowledge of religion is slowly emerging. The same view reappears in George W. Gilmore's article in the *New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia*, vol. iii, and this author says:

Scientifically considered, "comparative religion" is the second of three stages of study—the history, comparison, and philosophy of religion; but because of the newness of the discipline, and because the collection of data is still in progress, the term as popularly employed includes all three stages, and this usage is, for the time at least, justified by the state of the science.

According to each of these writers comparative religion is nothing more than a transient makeshift, something destined to

pass away as soon as the data in this field are once fully "collected" and "scientifically" dealt with. But despite this agreement, they quite disagree in naming the ultimate scientific result aimed at, Menzies naming it "The History of Religion," but Gilmore, "The Philosophy of Religion."

The least discriminating of all uses of our term is that which would make it include every branch and form of the study of religion. I know of but one university chair in all the world which has given countenance to such a conception; the one is in Chicago. Its occupant announces that the work in his department is devoted to "the three branches of comparative religion, namely, the history of religion, the philosophy of religion, and comparative theology." This is remarkable in every aspect. Surely there are histories of religion not included among those written in conformity with the demands of the comparative method. Furthermore, if the philosophy of religion is a branch of comparative religion, what disposition shall the encyclopedist make of the other branches of philosophy? And if comparative theology is a branch of comparative religion, why not comparative soteriology as well? Also comparative pneumatology, comparative eschatology, and the rest?

The Continental writers in Europe—Dutch, French, German, and Italian—have made reasonable use of the comparative method in this field of study, but always under titles less open to criticism than the term here under consideration. Their example might well be followed. And until Jordan's long-promised work shall appear, and it or some other shall give to this term a hitherto unattained precision of meaning, it is to be hoped that journalists and teachers will follow the leading of the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which in its comprehensive survey of all human learning has not a mention of comparative religion, and only in its "Index" volume this one allusion, "Comparative Relig., see *Religion*."

William F. Warren.

## ART. II.—LEAR—PESSIMIST OR OPTIMIST?

To enter this cavern-drama requires courage, knowledge, insight. It is dark, with devious paths, and its baffling mingling of the just and the iniquitous seems to defy a moral solution. It may be recalled that Catullus, in his story of the venture of Theseus into the cave of the Minotaur, pictures his use of the thread, the gift of Vulcan, and tells how he wrought his purpose and returned unscathed from the underworld combat:

Guiding his feet unsure by the filament slender,  
Lest as he threaded paths circuitous, ways labyrinthine,  
Some perverse, perplexing, erratic alley might foil him.

In this vast and labyrinthine drama how much do we need a clue! I do not know how else to suggest its impenetrability, its awful gloom, its flashes of appealing grace and its pitiless deviltry, its lawlessness and its loveliness. What have we here?

Two plots, main and minor, interwoven with surpassing skill, even though it has been said that only one is necessary to the tragedy: the story of a king and his daughters, borrowed from Geoffrey of Monmouth, the story of the king of Paphlagonia and his two sons, as given in Sidney's *Arcadia*, and the episode—Edgar as Tom of Bedlam. In all this you note an old king who claimed a monopoly of wrath, three daughters, two of them she-bears, the third an angel, three suitors, a man whose name should have been Loyal, but who went by the name of Kent; a tender Fool, whose pathetic humor adds tears to the tragedy; an indulgent father with two sons—the one true-born, the other a son of lust, servile courtiers and honest servants; and for the frame of nature a palace and a hovel, a blackened sky, a storm-swept heath, a pair of stocks, a bit of poison and a dagger and a battle plain, a beetling cliff and a wild-flower bed stripped of its blossoms to make an imitation crown—and for harrowing close a rope knotted about the white throat of the fairest of Shakespeare's women. And is this all? Out of the murk and the thunder you descry Nemesis, but with what appear random blows; almost equally distributed between

folly and guilt, some of them welcomed, others well-nigh inexplicable—justice to the fore and mercy an alien.

Its stupendous power, defiant both of imitation on the stage and of reflection in the study, has been long felt, and with not less emphasis, but more, as the ages have rushed on. Hazlitt and Shelley and Dowden put Lear at the top of all the plays of the immortal dramatist. Ten years ago Swinburne wrote (December, 1902, *Harpers*), "If nothing were left of Shakespeare but the single tragedy of King Lear it would still be as plain as it is now that he was the greatest man that ever lived." Tennyson said, "No play like this anywhere. Not even the Agamemnon is so terrifically human." Seven years ago Maeterlinck placed Lear at the head of all like things on earth. He said that Lear is the youngest of all great tragic poems. If Shakspeare were to come back to earth he could not write Hamlet or Macbeth. "He would feel that the august and gloomy main ideas upon which these poems rest would no longer carry *them*, whereas he would not have to modify a situation or a line in King Lear." In 1898 Brandes wrote, "Lear is the greatest problem Shakespeare had yet proposed to himself—all the agonies and horrors of the world compressed into five short acts." If all this is so, our difficulty is more than doubled. Yet one can gaze at a beetling cliff, though he may not climb its frown, so we continue to lift our eyes to this wonder.

That we have come to a better understanding of the problem which Shakespeare set for his dramatic stage is evidenced by the change of taste and valuation of the play on the part of the writers and stage-goers in the past centuries. Soon after the middle of the century in which Shakespeare died there grew up a sort of suspicion that all was not right with the conclusion of the play. Tate—Nahum, I mean—toward the end of the seventeenth century rewrote much of Lear and gave it a happier ending, and this held its ground for one hundred and sixty years. Why this was so it is not quite easy to guess. It may be the theology of an age which held that repentance for sins made good in the life of the sinner and that after his new life was begun the wrongs from which he turned had no more power over him, and that the age



did not, could not, know how intimately society is responsible for much of what we call individual wrongdoing—all this and more went far to queer the vision of the dramatic evolution of such a mingling of guilt and folly. So the public demanded another sort of ending, one in which evil got its dues and virtue its reward. In asking how far the older theological view may have veiled the truth of the inexorableness of social as well as personal law, we are tempted to look back of the day of Shakespeare to the times of John Wycliffe, whose thought may have carried over to the ages following. We recall that he tied up the right of rulership and property-holding with the *character* of the owner of power; only good men had such right. How far this notion may have survived through the dolorous days in which the Roses warred in England, whether the success of villains or the few triumphs of the good made the deeper impression, I do not say; but that there was a demand for the reward of the righteous and the punishment of the wrongdoer no one can doubt who studies the easy consent with which the audiences hailed the happy ending of Tate's *Lear*. We know that spiritual recovery does not always attend that of the body. But the sociologist and the biologist were not abroad in the land then. However, not all accepted the happy ending of Tate. Writing in 1711, Mr. Addison felt "that King Lear is an admirable tragedy . . . as Shakespeare wrote it, but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty."

The seventeenth century had two great and good poets, Milton and Bunyan. Milton was too close to the era of Shakespeare, and himself, especially in the first half of his life, too fine a defender of the value of the classic drama not to refuse any such cheap modifications of the play as those offered by Nahum Tate had they been proposed. It was not till the old age of Milton that Tate wrote the milder ending for *Lear*. And as for Bunyan, one has but to read his "Mr. Badman" and see how the greatest of all Tinkers refused to bend to the growing desire to soften the stony ending of *Lear*. Let me quote a few words from his *Badman* to make plain the noteworthy common sense of Bunyan. *Badman* was a middle-class unprincipled scoundrel. He grew up from boyhood a liar, a



pilferer, given to cursing and drinking and a profligate life. The loose blackguard married a gentle girl, whose life he contrived to make a hell. As Bunyan puts it, "he went to school with the devil, from his childhood to the end of his life." Badman contrived to thrive upon his neighbors and grew wealthy. Yet Bunyan did not have the thunderbolt fall upon this rascal. No devil came for him. He went out of life as quietly as a saint could desire. "He died like a lamb, or, as men call it, like a chrisom child, quietly and without fear." How near to Shakespeare we must reckon the inspired Tinker, for here is the primrose path ending in the everlasting bonfire. And there are Goneril and Regan. There again the way to Emanuel's Land was through the Slough of Despond and the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And yonder are Kent, and the Fool, and Cordelia, exiled and broken-hearted and strangled; yet we would rather plunge on with Christian and perish with Cordelia than flourish with Badman and the wicked sisters. So Shakespeare and Bunyan agree. Yet I am not a little puzzled to note that it was in the era of Bunyan that Tate foisted his soft nonsense upon the English stage.

The eighteenth century wore away with divided mind as to the worth of the bitter end of the drama. Dr. Sam Johnson was ill-affected by the gloom of the close. "Cordelia from the time of Tate has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add anything to the general suffrage, I might relate that I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor." The wiser nineteenth century began to find out that the master knew what he was doing, and at Covent Garden in 1838 the acting copy of *Lear* according to Tate gave way for good to the original, and since then has been the only one allowed on the stage. So this age is one with Shakespeare in its recognition of the law that somehow ties up in one guilt and folly and, it might be said, ignorance. This day says that the individual is responsible for his personal acts, and it also says that he is bound up in the inextricable net of social relations. Whether this double view of life relieves its mystery is not now the question. It is sufficient for the moment

to note that it makes it easier to follow the evolution of the drama. Beyond that I cannot go.

A brief word may be allowed touching the union of the two plots. While their mingling does not tend to unity of action, there is yet a powerful unity of effect, for while their likeness, that of the "breach of family ties," is a fundamental one, there is no monotony in the development of diverse incident. If only one monstrous act, that of Edmund, for instance, were presented, we might face the incredible; but where another story shows Goneril and Regan, the abnormal becomes credible and the range of the tragedy takes in a vast moral horizon. Then the mighty master of dramatic evolution has so intertwined the two that the unity of effect is tremendously increased. A chief link is the connection between Edmund and the bad sisters, which becomes the Nemesis in their overthrow. He is the main bond between the two plots. Note others: the feigned madness of Edgar presses Lear into insanity; in sympathy with Lear, Gloucester loses his eyes; and in turn, Cornwall, Kent's afflieter, is punished; Edgar becomes the judge of Oswald; finally the last of one set of characters, Albany, turns for aid to Edgar, the last of the other set of sufferers. And thus the double plot is welded into one vital organism.

Now, turning away from the unfolding of the plot, we may take up the main characters and examine them more intimately.

We may dismiss the easy-going and inconsistent Gloucester with a word. He is typical enough of the father who has not known the obligations of fatherhood, who says kind words, but does not make a good fight, who has so little appreciation of the moral order of the world that he is the same man who makes a scene of levity when introducing his bastard son, and when meeting his true son as the beggar man, himself now blind and an outcast, he reckons his sufferings without their connection with his moral life; "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; they kill us for their sport." His dying hour, when his heart "burst smilingly," was the noblest of all his days, as told by Edgar to Edmund just before his death. He is the weak man in an age of iron.

In Edmund we have an illustration of what violation of social order will do in setting a man on his life road too proud not to

have shame, too able not to have ambition, yet too sorry a victim of another's sin not to feel that he and the social order are always at odds. We know partially what and why he is. In him heredity and environment have combined to develop another Iago.

With Cornwall go the two sisters, alike and yet different; for upon close inspection they are unlike. Goneril is the colder, Regan the more passionate; Goneril is the more dangerous, Regan the more detestable; the former given to initiative, the latter to imitation. Goneril is the far-sighted sister, Regan (how one dislikes to even name them in this antiphonal of evil traits) the weaker, but more immediately vindictive, apparently afraid that she will fall short of her abler sister in her imperious deviltry. Goneril is quickest to foresee the results of the abdication of Lear. Regan puts them aside for the while: "We shall further *think* on it." Goneril cries out, "We must *do* something, and in the heat." If others suffer pain, it is nothing to Goneril; she is ice and iron. Regan seems to have delight in inflicting pain. Coleridge notes that when they come on the stage we have "pure horror." The Fool said they were of a height, and one tasted as much like the other as a crab does a crab, yet I believe that the weaker is the crueler, the stronger is the guiltier, both of them she-wolves. But let me drop the contrast.

With Kent we come to the sunrise of nobility. I have been led to think that Professor Royce may have had him in mind when giving what he calls his definition of loyalty as what a man is at his best; loyal to loyalty. Kent had small notion of a divine providence such as gladdened Edgar's eye. His loyalty is a sort of desperate instinct. Kent knows no higher power presiding over the events of the world than fortune. All the more he clings to the passionate purpose of right-doing. He has the hardy temper which makes evil endurable, even the shame of the stocks. There, with the moon overhead, his legs between the beams, no man near, Kent falls asleep thus:

All weary and o'er watched  
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.  
Fortune, good night: smile once more: turn thy wheel.

Kent would serve where he stood condemned. To him Lear was ever his lord and master. After his banishment for plain speaking he returns disguised:

Lear. "What wouldst thou?"

Kent. "Service."

Lear. "Who wouldst thou serve?"

Kent. "You."

Lear. "Dost thou know me, fellow?"

Kent. "No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master."

Lear. "What's that?"

Kent. "Authority."

So on to the drear end the unchangeable man holds life as less than nothing if not spent for his King.

A word upon each of three others: Cordelia, the Fool, and Lear.

Cordelia is called the "Antigone of the English drama." Her character is very simply drawn. There is nothing of the subtle which accompanies oftentimes the complexities of civilization. In this awful drama each person carries a certain quality. "Goneril and Regan; the destructive force, the ravening egoism in humanity which is at war with all goodness; Kent a clear, unmingled fidelity; Cordelia, unmingled tenderness and love" (Dowden). She is little seen and does not often come upon the stage, nor does she speak long lines. We get hints of her movements, note letters from her, hear of her angelic spirit hovering over the misery of the distracted father, even comprehend that her own exile has become a means of the development of her character—from what seems to have been a likeness to her blunt father to such tenderness and loving-kindness as are nowhere else to be found in all literature. She combines what we seldom behold, the union of truth and love. And if in the opening scene she was all truth, and her love was silent, in the end she was all love. What to say, when Shelley and Swinburne and Mrs. Jamison have joined Hudson in framing her as the incomparable daughter, I scarcely know. Quoting the last-named writer, a sympathetic critic, let me confess my impotence to picture:

An impersonation of the holiness of womanhood, herself alone is her own parallel; and all the objects that lend beauty, when used to illustrate other things, seem dumb or ineloquent of meaning beside her.

With Shakespeare we find Sophocles in noble agreement. His Cordelia is named Antigone. One can never take up *Lear* and begin to reflect upon its awful-glorious plot without taking a flying leap back to the child of the palace hung to a tree for death by exposure, and going through life with the name *Oedipus*, or "Swollen-foot." He innocently slew his father, married his mother after having put an end to the *Sphinx*, whose riddle he answered, and finally mingled the memories of murder and incest with the gladdening presence of his daughter *Antigone*. After the death of her father the fearless woman put her will against the edict of the new king of Thebes and buried the dishonored body of her brother *Polynices*. When the king, *Creon*, asked her of her disobedience of the laws, this is her answer:

Not through fear  
Of any man's resolve was I prepared  
Before the gods to bear the penalty  
Of sinning against these. That I should die  
I knew (how should I not?), though thy decree  
Had never spoken. And before my time  
If I shall die, I reckon this a gain;  
For whose lives, as I, in many woes,  
How can it be but he shall gain by death?  
And so for me to bear this doom of thine  
Has nothing fearful. But, if I had left  
My mother's son unburied on his death,  
In that I should have suffered; but in this  
I suffer not.

So in sheer loyalty and devotion and love she joins *Cordelia* and *Pomilia*.

In the tragedies there is necessarily a limitation of the comic spirit. But in *Lear* the Fool is one of the highly important persons. In him were combined characters well known in the Elizabethan drama, the Jester and the Fool. The latter was oftener the buffoon, the former a "professor of wit." The fool was the clown, the jester a philosopher. The Fool of *Lear* seems to be

wearing both suits and acting both roles. "He emphasizes the tragedy of events, and relieves it." His main effort in the first appearance is to chide his master for his folly in giving up his kingdom. He fairly harps upon it and suggests that the king "resume" his throne. He is the vocalizer of what is running through the king's mind. He therefore moves in vital connection with the plans and passions of the drama, that is, so long as he can mirror the mind of the king. When there is none to mirror, the Fool's work is done. "He makes his folly the vehicle of truths which the king will bear in no other shape, while his affectionate tenderness sanctifies all his nonsense." Professor Hudson's remark is worth our memory, that our estimate of the drama depends upon our estimate of the Fool. Superficially he is a blemish. Yet the use he is put to is of deepest significance, for Shakespeare deftly objectifies in him the flashes of conscience and wisdom which now and then break out of the half-free mind of the old king. He is used to bring Lear from his high willfulness and folly to a sense of the reality of things! When the king begins to doubt whether he has acted wisely or not, the Fool at once puts the truth in his plainest way, and upon the king's threat to have him whipped for his talk the Fool claims the right of free speech. This makes the king think, and by degrees he reaches a degree of merriment which, however, borders on madness. Thus the Fool is in a deep sense the personification of wisdom; the mental mirror of a half-minded ruler. So long as his master is rational there is place for the Fool in the evolution of the play, but when Lear becomes wholly irrational, and life and love are over with, he disappears from the stage. There could be no conceivable service he could render when Lear has gone mad. A noteworthy feature of his character is this: that, while his heart is breaking, he never reminds us of his own sufferings. He shares the sorrows of others. Upon the going of Cordelia he "pined away." He is not only conscience and wisdom to the king, but becomes an integral part of the grief-life of Lear, Kent, and Cordelia, and when exile takes Kent, France takes Cordelia, and insanity takes the king, there is nothing left to live for. But in all he never complains. I said that when the king turns madman the Fool's part is played out. Yet



there is one more bit of service he is to render. His first duty was to chide his master for his folly; his second to comfort him in his distress; now, when there is nothing left for the mind and the heart, he serves the clay, for when all is topsy-turvy and he has said, "I'll go to bed at noon," he passes on, his tongue ceasing to wag, his final act being to come at call of Kent to assist him in carrying to some resting place the worn body of his crazy king.

The marvelous interpenetration of laughter and tears has its dramatic crown in *Lear*. When the arraignment of a joint-stool as Goneril occurs before the mad king, poor Tom, and the Fool, "We do not smile," says Dowden, "we hardly as yet can pity; we gaze on with suspended intellect, as if the entire spectacle were some mysterious grotesque hieroglyph the secret of which we were about to discover. In the smallest atom of the speeches of *Lear*, of *Edgar*, and of the *Fool*, and equally in the entire drama, tragic earnestness is seen arrayed in fantastic motley. It is as if the writer were looking down at human life from without and above life, from which the whole appears as some monstrous farce-tragedy in which all that is terrible is ludicrous, and all that is ludicrous terrible."

What of the insanity of the old king? Was he mad at the start? If not, when did he become mad? What drove him mad? A great crop of theories can be gathered upon this subject, but it does not appear to the writer that the answer to any of the above questions will lighten up the deepest darkness of the tragedy. One has said that the king was mad from the beginning; for his behavior toward *Cordelia* is that of a man with a totally depraved judgment. Another concludes that his insanity was due to his loss of power; and another that it was the result of the harsh treatment of his ungrateful daughters. *Dr. Brigham* has endeavored to show that it is a case of genuine insanity from the beginning, and that ill usage only aggravated his disease. He is led to regret that he was not treated as insane from the beginning, yet he does not excuse the two daughters. A fine touch is noticed when on the down grade toward madness the king puts all the blame not on himself, but on his daughters. And it is worth referring to, as

proof of Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of the field, that he makes Lear conscious of his distressful tendency when he cries out his fear, "O, that way madness lies." But when fairly caught in the storm he loses all concern and fear of his condition. One quality is never lost sight of: Whatever happens to Lear, he is not allowed to suffer from the shame of a crippled life. Lear is "every inch a king." In keeping with this preservation of royal dignity Shakespeare will not have the old king outlive his dead child. It would be hard to have the weak old man, broken in body and mind, live on to be pitied and coddled by a court that had never known him in all his assertion of real power and impressive mien.

A practical question brings "Lear" down to our day: Is Lear a study in pessimism? In the House of Mirth the toils gather about the beautiful Lily Bart, and finally an overdose of the poison drops does its deadly work. She was not a criminal, only one who veered from the true path a trifle, but in the court of folly she was adjudged a lawbreaker. In "The Doll's House" Nora forged a note to save her husband's life, and with this bad-good start she went toward her sorry end. The pistol shot that silenced the voice of Hedda Gabler was prepared from the beginning of the play, so Ibsen would say to us. Is law so inveterate, so inescapable, so ironlike in its grip that not only sin, but folly, and even ignorance, carries doom in the beginning of its alphabet? Ibsen describes life as a prison cage, and says that "At him through the prison grating stares an eye with terror in it; and its gaze sends shudders through him, at which he is sore affrighted." Is there no distinction between black and white, between the good and the bad, and does it not matter whether life's soil have this or that kind of oats? A recent writer, W. W. Kenilworth, has tried to revamp Oscar Wilde, and declares that "however he may sin, the sin of torturing such a soul is far greater." It is said that when Professor Walker, of Saint David's College, described Wilde as a regenerated soul, "As beautiful as a floating bubble played upon by the sunlight," Andrew Lang, whose good Scotch sense had not left him, cried out in stinging scorn, "In the name of the prophet—Bosh!" Is hard crime the only cause of doom? Has folly

no penalty? Will ignorance have no serious consequences? Can a man eke out his existence in isolation from his fellows? Has society no obligation? Anyway, what is the use of living if we are so shut in by mystery that we strike aching brows upon stone walls at every turn? Some would try to account for the sad ending of the loveliest soul in the drama by attributing to her the fleck of a stiff and stubborn will, and obstinate and even undutiful defiance, thus thinking to explain the end. Others say that Cordelia was one who suffered for the sins of her fellows, herself an innocent. Are there any consolations in such a terrific close, and with the fall of the curtain what assurance have we that life has been worth while? It has been declared that Shakespeare wrote this mighty play at a time in his own life when the clouds hung low over him. Is he thereby forced to strike an untrue note, and did he lose his grip upon his usual sane judgment of life? Was he so soured by his own black thoughts that he deliberately changed the happy ending of the older play or story to his own doomful close, or did he follow a truer evolution of life in so doing?

In the eleventh edition of the *Britannica*, Hugh Ohisholm has a significant statement when, saying that there is a tendency to pessimism in "*Lear*," but less so than in "*Timon*," he adds: "Then the stretched cord suddenly snaps . . . at this point only in the whole course of Shakespeare's development there is a complete breach of continuity. One can only conjecture the occurrence of some spiritual crisis, an illness, perhaps, or some process akin to what in the language of religion is called conversion, which left him a new man, with the fever of pessimism behind him, and at peace once more with heaven and the world." This may or may not be. However, it is worth considering if we wish to rectify the statement of Professor Lounsbury that in *Lear* Shakespeare painted the world as a moral nexus—all sin leads to suffering or is an insoluble mystery. It may be Shakespeare did not see straight in his pessimism, and required the light from above to chasten his vision and to correct his moral perspective. As to the supposed spiritual change in the life of Shakespeare toward its close, by which to account for the tendency to pessimism, Boas is

of the opinion that he did pass through some sort of a crisis about the year 1605, or at least fell under the spell of an influence which led him to change the original version of the old story of the happy ending of Lear and to give it the somber ending as we now have it: "Shakespeare, when he wrote *King Lear*, was not in the mood that welcomes a smooth close to an eventful history." Whatever the moral crisis through which Shakespeare may have passed about the time he wrote this and others of his tragic dramas, we are not at liberty to think of the file leader of English thought as a pessimist. Nor may any of the present day use his name as a bulwark for the thin line of their defenses, nor hide behind his name, nor evade his truth. Yet this is attempted. In his *Philosophy of Nietzsche* Meneker calls it "a modern substitute for Shakespeare." Is it because Shakespeare saw mystery in life and Nietzsche saw none? Nietzsche declared he sought answer to only one question: Is it true? To him the words "good and God" have no meaning whatever. The elementals of his philosophy are these: 1. The only inherent impulse of man is to keep alive. 2. All schemes of morality are man-made and mutable. Each age has its own. 3. All ideas such as humility and sacrifice and brotherhood are enemies of life. Are these the highways of human progress? One has to search hard to discover them in Shakespeare. Is this neurasthenic and dyspeptic, the user of drugs in double doses—this man whose closing years were spent in an insane asylum—to set the pace for modern thought, or shall we be content to follow the sane and benign leader of Stratford? No man in a fit of pessimism, a mere brooder over the ills of life, a moral charlatan, a man out of touch with his fellows and aloof from God, ever wrote what Shakespeare wrote, nor could such an one have produced Horatio, or Kent, or Desdemona, or Cordelia. It is not pessimism to prefer death with the good to life with the bad.

Nor is this the same as saying that Shakespeare always sought to teach a moral lesson. The true signpost is set up by James Russell Lowell: "It is doubtful if Shakespeare had any conscious moral intention in his writing. . . . We say he had no moral intention, for the reason that, as an artist, it was not his to deal

with the shows of things, yet with a temperament so just, an insight so inevitable as his, it was impossible that the moral reality which underlies the mirage of the poet's vision should not always be suggested." Nor is it well to delve in this mine for parallels for present-day treatment of life unless one moves with cautious tread. In a late article upon "The King Lear Ideal and Why it Failed," Miss Jane Addams runs a parallel between the indulgent parent and the indulgent reformer, and selects for her illustration the ungrateful reception of the philanthropy of the Pullman Company on the part of the workmen. Historically considered, the relation of Lear to his children was archaic and barbaric. The time may come when we shall look upon present-day industrial relationships as equally barbaric. The philanthropist thought he knew the needs of his men better than they knew them, and so denied to them the right of a free industrial organization, hence reaped the ingratitude of his industrial children. Lear had so long felt himself the noble father that he had lost the faculty of seeing himself in the wrong. In like manner the philanthropist, in his pride of conscious power, lost sight of the underlying human relationships of the model town. He did not discover the effect upon the town of the sweep of a world-embracing moral impulse. In such statement of principles there is much pithy virtue. But to force an analogy is not to gain the goal desired. In one instance the gifted lady appears to miss the mark. While she chides the workingman, along with Cordelia, for a certain coldness and lack of generosity, she notes what effect the larger life of the Continent had upon the exiled woman, and says she had taken it for herself alone, not including her father in the good she got. So the workmen are securing the good of the new life, the larger world-view, and are not including their employers in the ever-widening range of the new blessing. It is enough to say that the reformer appears to have forgotten that Cordelia had been thrust out of England, *volens volens*, and that when she returned she did so, not for herself, but for her father. She says:

O dear father,

It is thy business that I go about. . . .

No blown ambition doth our arms incite.

And again:

We are not first  
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst,  
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down.

It may be that the emancipation of the workman will have to include the employer or be subject to reactions, and cruelties even, but it does not follow from any analogy drawn from Lear. No, to Shakespeare life was too full of mystery for even its most expert interpreters ever to hope for rules of solution. He did not look upon life as a puzzle to be resolved before men's eyes. The sculptor who laid down his tools after completing the immortal Laocoön was content to let it tell its own story. No more did Shakespeare care to inscribe beneath his giant figures of pain any interpretative description of his work. He saw life crammed with mystery, with good and ill at times inextricably and perplexingly mixed. From the beginning the tares and the wheat have grown together and probably will do so to the end; then the judgment. But how impressive it all is; and how fascinating its dread power. From the opening of the play we are strangely moved and affected. There is the partition of the kingdom already accomplished; the sudden freak of willfulness in which the old king demands some show of gratitude from his daughters; the reaction in the mind of Cordelia following the voluble protestations of her sisters. Such an air of the improbable envelops it all from the start. Lear is hungry for what he does not get until it is too late, for between the love for which Cordelia had no words at first and the love which she gave with her life at the end of the play all the rushing torrent swirls to doom with irresistible power. In a deep sense the successive steps of the action are consistent, but with life's mystery for the subterranean stream. In the beginning Lear's will is supreme, yet it is an unreasoning will. To break it down is the ordeal of the drama. He is stripped of affection, then of power, then of home, then of shelter, then of reason, only to learn when time cannot be recalled for any recovery of its olden tendernesses, known and appreciated, that true love is more precious than thrones. He does get a glimpse of this, but only to renounce it and life together.



There are two "Amens" at the close, one of cursing and one of blessing. One is when we see evil is self-consuming; the same, too, when we see virtue strangled. To the doom of Goneril and Regan, and even that of Edmund, though he expires with a ray of nobleness about him, we cry, "Amen." And when we watch the old king bending over his dead child with glass in hand we breathe an "Amen" which means that with the others alive the world would be unintelligible, and yet with Cordelia dead we have for refreshment to our memory this loyal soul of love,

One daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "R. Stevenson". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered on the page.

## ART. III.—GYPSIES AND RELIGION

THE appearance in our cities of an evangelist who prides himself upon being Gypsy by birth and upbringing, and who received the call to service when an unlettered lad, living the wandering life of his people, is an event of some historical significance. The Christian community throng to hear him, and are enriched by his message; his mission, indeed, seems rather to be among the saints than the sinners. While he awakes enthusiasm and stimulates religious life, conversions are comparatively few and the accessions to the church are insignificant, in number at least. He marks a definite change in the theological attitude of our Protestant churches; and his work must be regarded as primarily intensive rather than extensive. The theology he preaches is a theology of life more than of doctrine; he wholly drops the old outworn terms that meant so much to our forefathers of the Reformation, and speaks to us in the language of to-day, a language permeated with the scientific activity and realism of the age.

The Gypsies came into Europe at the same time as the scholars from Constantinople who started the Renaissance, that influx of pagan thought and ideals which found its reaction in Protestantism. The Renaissance defied nature and extolled the senses; it was a return to the life of the Muses and the Graces. The Greek temple was no place for worship; it was not an auditorium, but a shrine. The highest in the life of Greece was in the open, among the trees and under the blue sky. With the Hebrews, the temple and the synagogue were the holy places and religion abandoned the groves and the glades as homes of paganism. Both the Reformation of Luther and Calvin and the Counter-Reformation of Loyola and Xavier were a reaction against the Renaissance; they were a return to the holiness of the temple, a call to the Christian auditorium. The God they proclaimed was a God of the sanctuary, whose favor was to be gained by right doctrine and instruction in and through the sanctuary, and by special observances, at stated times.

Romany, the true name of the Gypsies—which is a nickname—is generally supposed by scholars to be identical with Romani,

people of the Eastern Roman empire, who were not Saracens nor Goths. We can trace them back to Armenia, historically, and all the linguistic and other indications would point to an Indian origin. The Western movement of Mohammedans which culminated in the capture of Constantinople in 1453 drove before it this restless race of wanderers, one division passing up the valley of the Danube and reaching France by way of Bohemia—hence the name “Bohemian”; the other division taking a more southerly course by way of the Levant and Egypt until they arrived in Spain. The Spanish Gypsy is known as *Gitano*, or Egyptian, but he calls himself *Zincalo*, a term supposed to come from a Greek word, *apothinganoi*, “touch-me-not,” applied to certain heretics, people who were out of the fold. This is the German *Zigeuner* and is found wherever the race wanders, in some form or other. In Hungary, where the Gypsies are found in great numbers and have profoundly affected the national music, the Magyar name is *Cigány*, which comes closer to the Greek than the other forms. Of course, the lisped Greek *th* in *apothinganoi* becomes a sibilant in most other European languages; hence *Cigány*.

When George Eliot was writing her Spanish Gypsy forty-odd years ago, the origin and psychology of the Gypsy people were not of prime interest to her. Certainly she did not regard them as coming into the sphere of religious inquiry, except in a negative way. To quote from one of her characters, the Gypsy chief, Zarca:

Yes, wanderers whom no god took knowledge of  
To give them laws, or fight for them, or blight  
Another race to make them ampler room;  
Who have no whence or whither in their souls,  
No dimmest lore of glorious ancestors  
To make a common hearth for piety.

There were two motives at the back of this literary effort of hers. A visit to Spain had greatly interested her in the romance of the peninsula, and she longed to give this a poetic expression. Again, she had been pondering over the subject of Destiny and the call of Duty to the individual. She states in a paper found among her manuscripts:

My reflections brought me nothing that would serve me except that moment in Spanish history when the struggle with the Moors was attain-

ing its climax, and when there was the gypsy race present under such conditions as would enable me to get my heroine and the hereditary claim on her among the gypsies. I required the opposition of race to give the need for renouncing the expectation of marriage. I could not use the Jews or the Moors, because the facts of their history were too conspicuously opposed to the working out of my catastrophe. Meanwhile the subject had become more and more pregnant to me. I saw it might be taken as the symbol of the part which is played in the general lot by hereditary conditions in the largest sense.

Her interest in the Gypsies was thus entirely of a secondary kind. She obtained the main facts of their history and habits from a learned German writer, and took care that she was not inaccurate in her details. But the other two questions are always in the forefront of her treatment; the individual in the face of Destiny, as represented by hereditary claims; and the witchery of the Spanish landscape, aglow with romantic memories. George Eliot was a devotee of a cult that would make religion come wholly within the sphere of the intellect; to wit, the creed of Positivism. The Spanish Gypsy is a tragedy in terms of this cult. It is a deification of Duty. She says in the same passage from which I have quoted:

There is no moral "sanction" but this inward impulse. The will of God is the same as the will of other men, compelling us to work and avoid what they have seen to be harmful to social existence.

Now Gipsy Smith's religious message represents the reaction against this excessive intellectualism, this reduction of the deepest things of life to the logic of humanity. His Christianity is no elaborate scheme of salvation, but a simple mysticism, the presence of the divine life in the human heart. The only deity that will appeal to a Gypsy soul such as his is a God of Nature and Life, after whom the whole creation yearns.

The troublous times of the Reformation were unfavorable to the Gypsies. In the easy-going times of the Renaissance they were granted a place in society as vagrant peddlers and tinnerns. This trade indeed became so entirely theirs that the terms *Caird*, Gypsy, and tinner—changed to tinker or even tinkler (*Zincalo*?)—came to be synonymous. This is why we are inclined to class John Bunyan as a Gypsy; otherwise how could he have been a tinker's son? His astonishing imagination has in it something of an

Oriental glow, differentiating it from other Puritan literature. His Pilgrimage is God's life in the open, such as would naturally have come from a soul whose ancestors from far back had refused to sleep elsewhere than under the blue canopy of heaven. And we must remember that the sermon entitled "The Religion of Common Life," called by Ruskin the finest pulpit deliverance of the nineteenth century, was the masterpiece of a Gypsy, the Rev. John Caird, D.D., who became professor of divinity in the University of Glasgow, and later its principal. When he preached it for the first time at Balmoral Castle, in the year 1856, before Queen Victoria and the prince consort, it made a profound profession. Caird's dark complexion, raven-black hair, and glowing eyes betokened his race. I remember him well in the university chapel.

This famous sermon, which would not have been printed but for the royal insistence, well repays analysis. Taking as his text the passage in Rom. 12. 2, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," the preacher proceeds to declare that, while it is comparatively easy to be religious in the church, the greatest difficulty of our Christian calling is to be religious in the world, to carry our good and solemn thoughts and feelings into the throng and thoroughfare of daily life. It appears sometimes "as difficult to maintain the strength and steadfastness of religious principle and feeling when we go forth from the church into the world as it would be to preserve an exotic in the open air in winter." We are prone to make religion altogether "a Sunday thing—a robe too fine for common wear, but taken out solemnly on state occasions, and solemnly put away when the state occasion is over." It is thus jostled aside in the daily throng of life as if it had no business there. But religion, he goes on to say, is primarily for the ordinary man. The salvation the gospel offers is not the prize of a lofty intellect, but of a lowly heart. The rude, the untutored, the toilworn, if they have wit enough to guide them in the commonest round of daily toil, have wit enough to learn the way to be saved. For religion is the *art of being and of doing good*. "Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books—religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances; these are necessary to religion . . . but . . . is mainly and chiefly the

glorifying God amid the duties and trials of the world." So far is religion from being incompatible with business activities, it "consists *not so much in doing spiritual or sacred acts as in doing secular acts from a sacred or spiritual motive.*" (The italics appear in the printed sermon.) Again,

The heavens are not open to the believer's call only at intervals. The grace of God's Holy Spirit falls not like the fertilizing shower, only now and then; or like the dew on the earth's face, only at morning and night. But at all times on the uplifted face of the believer's spirit the gracious element is ready to descend.

There occurs a rich passage almost at the end of the closing paragraph:

The world's scenes of business may fade on our sight, the noise of its restless pursuits may fall no more on our ear, when we pass to meet our God; but not one unselfish thought, not one kind and gentle word, not one act of self-sacrificing love, done for Jesus' sake, in the midst of our common work, but will have left an indelible impress on the soul which will go out with it to its eternal destiny.

This is almost exactly Gipsy Smith's message, who in his trilogy of three prime requisites in the Christian character lays emphasis first on Loyalty—"for Jesus' sake"; then on Purity; and, lastly, on Wisdom. The call is rather to those within than those without the church.

Great as was John Caird as a preacher and a thinker, his brother Edward exercised a still wider influence as a teacher. During several decades at Glasgow University, in the important chair of moral philosophy, he molded and inspired the students in a wonderful way—he was *facile princeps* as an intellectual influence in the institution, nay, even in Scotland. After infusing a new vigor into philosophy, touching it with Oriental imagination, and replacing for good the humdrum Scottish philosophy of Reid, he removed to Oxford and became the successor of Jowett at Balliol College. This, the most influential scholastic post in the British empire, was actually held by a Gypsy! These may be regarded as brilliant, though not solitary, exceptions to the general character of the Gypsy, who rejected even a common education and preferred to live as a letterless vagrant, never allowing his children to enter a parish school. Naturally the race found its proclivities bringing it more and more into disreputable associa-



tions and habits of life, among outlaws, smugglers, and pick-pockets. The trade of the women, as fortune-tellers, also proved a dangerous one in the seventeenth century, when witchcraft was so summarily dealt with. Living along with "the beasts that perish," they were placed almost on the same level, as Ishmaelites and reprobates, under God's ban.

The eighteenth century brought a change for the better. The evangelical message of the middle of the century was not addressed primarily to the well-educated, but to every man or woman, however degraded or unlettered. Rousseauism glorified the unspoiled savage, who lived close to nature, and whose soul was unwarped by human tyranny and civilized depravity. When, by the end of the century, the poet Cowper was content to live with and write about his tame hares, and Robert Burns called a little fieldmouse a "fellow mortal," it was evident that humanity was getting closer to the animal creation. Gipsy Smith declares that the learned zoologists and ornithologists know very little really about the birds and beasts which they write about. "I know their ways and their natures thoroughly," he is wont to say, "because I have lived so close to them. They have been my friends and companions." It is plain, then, that a century which came to a close with a Wordsworthian creed, discounting learned lore and declaring that books furnish

... a dull and endless strife.  
Come! hear the woodland linnet,  
How sweet his music! On my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it,

prepared the way for a better appreciation of Gypsy ideals of life. The writer who has been chiefly relied upon as an exponent of Gypsy life and ideals is the unique George Borrow, Bible colporteur, philologist, and adventurer. An Englishman of extraordinary physical powers and vitality, he had an additional faculty of reproducing his experiences in attractive written form, and his works have become classics. It is a delight to read his pages and get a closer hold upon humanity through them. Living at a period when the science of philology was hardly out of its infancy, he launched too boldly into linguistic theories and discus-

sions, and much of the philological material upon which he prided himself is unsound and misleading. But he gives us life in rural England and on the continent of Europe eighty years ago, as it existed among wanderers and peasantry, in a way that is inimitable. And yet Gipsy Smith does not care for Borrow's handling of his people. He thinks that Borrow was interested more in the less admirable traits of Gypsies, and that he did not understand them at their best. There is truth in the criticism. Borrow's conception of religion was of a curiously formal kind. Though he carried the Bible as its accredited agent to foreign lands, Bible truth does not seem to be an integral part of his make-up. Rather does he appear to belong to that by-gone school of religious thought who regarded the Scriptures as a kind of mascot which would effect marvelous changes on individuals and society without having entered into the life and personalities of its exponents. Borrow never seems to think or talk Bible outside of his professional capacity as Bible agent. In all essential respects he is a thorough humanist whose interests are bound up with the everyday man as he appears in odd and out-of-the-way corners of the earth. His Protestant religion is coldly theological and practical; it is not a life that may grow and be nourished outside of catechisms and doctrinal explanation. Indeed, the atmosphere of Borrow and of Gipsy Smith cannot be said to have much in common. Gipsy Smith has little use for theological terms, and enunciates his religion in the language of the home and the street. Borrow is mute on religion when he deals with the ordinary experiences of travel and accidents by land and flood; it is a separate strand in his life, associated with opening the pages of Holy Writ. For instance, the power of God as enunciated by Gipsy Smith is his mystic hold upon the human heart, to be expressed in terms of Loyalty, his first essential of the Christian life:

Take my will, and make it thine;  
It shall be no longer mine.  
Take my heart, it is thine own;  
It shall be thy royal throne.

But Borrow in handling the theme of the divine power would go at once to the Scriptures and show how the power of God was

manifested in his peculiar dealings with the children of Israel in Egypt, in the wilderness, and in the exile. He held it to be his first duty to translate the Scriptures into the vernacular in order that the way of salvation might be explained to audiences who were unacquainted with the sacred text.

Borrow's translation of the Gospel of Saint Luke, which came out at Madrid in the year 1838, was the first work that ever appeared in Romany. It soon became popular. The men prized it highly, attracted perhaps more by the language than by the doctrine, for they enjoyed the rare pleasure of reading something of worth in their own tongue. With the women, who could not read, its attraction was of a different kind. They looked upon the book as a sort of talisman which would preserve them from all harm and mischance in their thieving expeditions. It was prized even above the famous Bar Lachi, or loadstone, which they are always so anxious to possess.

The Gypsies in the past have been marked by a strange inconsistency of life. Thieving used to be with them an art and a profession; and, while the women remained chaste, their language was often far from pure. In these modern days when law reigns, and all are equal before it, these sons and daughters of Hagar have opportunities of living in accordance with better ideals. Practically they have ceased to be a separate race in the United States, having been absorbed by the great army of tramps. When Borrow presented them with a Bible in their vernacular, that was to himself somewhat of a mascot, they usually received it as such. It is Gipsy Smith's creed, on the contrary, to declare the Word of God as something innate and vital, wholly without the sphere of the occult and the magical.

In the Zincali, one of Borrow's most interesting books, there is an interesting story of one of his experiences as a preacher. To the bigoted Spaniards and the world at large some other motive was required to explain his appearance as a simple Bible agent than the desire to benefit the multitude. It was supposed that he was a circulator of base money or a counterfeiter. He had begun to hold meetings in a quiet room in Madrid, and his congregation was almost entirely composed of women. One day they arrived

attended by a Gypsy jockey whom he had not previously seen. This man's first act was to take him aside and ask him for the loan of two ounces of gold. The request was promptly refused and the man was told to sit down among the audience. A few days later, in the house of a Gypsy, when he was preparing to give his usual Scripture lesson, the jockey was again present and repeated his former request. Without staying to answer, Borrow went on with his discourse, speaking in Spanish:

I chose for the theme of my discourse the situation of the Hebrews in Egypt and pointed its similarity to that of the Gitanos in Spain. I spoke of the power of God, manifested in preserving both as separate, distinct peoples among the nations until the present day. I warmed with my subject. I subsequently produced a manuscript book, from which I read a portion of Scripture, and the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed in Romany. When I had concluded, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a fearful squint; not an individual present but squinted. The genteel Pepa, the good-humored Chicharona—all squinted. The gypsy fellow, the contriver of the jest, squinted worst of all.

There is always something of the hard, cameralike attitude in Borrow's relations with Gypsy wanderers, although he was accepted as a brother by some of them, notably Jasper Petulengro (that is, Smith). His treatment of the Gypsy girl Belle, unconventional and yet without any scandal, reveals a certain shallowness of heart. It is as if he would handle human souls like pawns in the game of chess. Bible agent and Bible instructor as he was, Borrow was not at heart a truly devout or deeply religious man. His devotion to the Bible remains little more than an element in his British make-up, a symbol of his Protestant patriotism.

Later writers, like Watts-Dunton and Francis Hindes Groome, have struck a more sympathetic note. Both in London and in the Northern capital there has been a cult of Gypsy lore, with a search for heroes, and especially for real heroines, among this strangely interesting people. The publication of Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin* a dozen or more years ago gave the world one of its finest works of fiction, with an idealization of the Gypsy woman. He follows out the same train of thought in a sonnet that appeared among his *Poems*, published some years earlier:

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## NATURE BENIGNA REVEALED THROUGH A GYPSY CHILD

The child arose and danced through frozen dells,  
 Drawn by the Christmas chimes, and soon she sate,  
 Where, 'neath the snow around the churchyard gate,  
 The plowmen slept in bramble-banded cells.  
 The gorgios passed, half-fearing gypsy spells,  
 While Rhona, gazing, seemed to meditate;  
 Then laughed for joy, then wept disconsolate:  
 "De poor dead gorgios cannot hear de bells."  
 Within the church the clouds of gorgio-breath  
 Arose, a stream of lazy praise and prayer  
 To Him who weaves the loving Christmas-stair  
 O'er sorrow and sin and wintry deeps of Death.  
 But where stood He? Beside our Rhona there,  
 Remembering childish tears in Nazareth.

This aloofness from the sanctuary, an indifference to the type of religion which identifies itself almost wholly with the sanctuary, is a mark of the Gypsy. Scott, probably from this cause, came to regard the race as emphatically "devoid of any effectual sense of religion"; and Borrow comments upon their contempt for church ordinances. In this they are at the poles asunder from another race associated with dispersion, the Jews. Both races are singularly musical; and Gypsy Smith listens favorably to the theory that would make them the survival of the lost tribes of Israel. But, to begin with, the lost tribes appear to have been completely absorbed by the surrounding peoples; and, if they had held together, the bond of adhesion would surely have been a bond of religious ritual, so strikingly absent among the Romany Rye. Moreover, there is nothing in their physiological peculiarities to relate them to the Semites, nor has their language any Semitic affinities. With the development of temple and synagogue services among the people of Israel, the chosen people established a type of worship which dominates the world to-day. It is only now, in this twentieth century, with a better understanding of God in nature, that we are prepared to join in fellowship with the Gypsy and bow reverently before a "God of the Open Air."

*James Main Dixon*

## ART. IV.—ENGINEERING AND THE MILLENNIUM

IF some theologians are right—and we wish not to be construed as suspecting any theologians are, or could be, wrong in these lenient days—and the city of John's vision is a figure of final earthly society, there ought to be in that interpretation much of rebuke to all who have bemoaned the amazing popularity of technical education as a menace to culture. These troubled ones seem to us to be not even Uzzas putting forth their hands to stay the cultural ark, but men who object to the building of a cart big enough to bring home to the temple of human living the complete cultural ark.

We may safely use the term culture in these days as expressing something essentially and inclusively spiritual. We have passed the time when the word fell among aesthetes who stripped it of its spiritual import and left it half-expressive upon the highway of speech. All things crowd about the porch of Spirit to-day. Even our old and much obituaried friend Matter now claims that the age-old reports of his deadness "are greatly exaggerated," the while he knocks disconcertingly at the door of Living Things. The world of the unseen is beginning so to squint at us out of our wood and iron and brass that we wonder whether there may not be more in the hoary mystery of idol worship than we had ever thought possible. Clouds of erstwhile respectable argument have been blown afar by many winds, so that the high sky of Soul is clearly seen to arch over everything mundane and its constellations of light to be the only sun and moon and stars that do illuminate a groping world. We are of the opinion that what really disturbs the trembling guards of culture is the fact that humanity often feels and acts before it can understand or explain. The subtle, heaven-engendered intuitions of the aggregate spirit move to massive ends with no more open vision of what those ends will be than is granted the intuitions of a single soul. We always look for explanations of far-reaching movements, but we have an unhappy penchant for doing our looking on our hands and knees. We seek terrestrial solutions



only, to the exclusion of the celestial, weighing what possible earthly bribes may have caused a trend. Even leaders in so momentous a thing as technical education may do this, and prate belittlingly, as I have heard them do, of the fact that "we give a man an education that he can turn at once into good money." Bah! If that were the best they had to offer, if that were all the dynamic behind the processions of talented youth to and from their houses of learning, technical education could never have become the fashion it is. Heaven has mercifully contrived it that the hope of a millennium is born anew with each generation. Youth ever plights first troth to toil at some solemn, secret altar of high hope, with more heart than it can put into any civil after-marriage at the counters of pay. And when the sound-brained youth of any time unaccountably gravitate to tasks that do not seem to some of us to serve any very high spiritual ends, let those of us to whom these seemings come doubt heartily our doubts, but never aggravate youth dedicating its life. There is a high probability that youth has only gone about straightening the way for a great Coming, while Pharisees of educational custom only hope and wait. If, as Carlyle convincingly argued, every age of culture has been ushered in by an age of achievement, technical education is about bringing in the greatest age of the soul the world has known. The engineer is building a vehicle for the Ark, and when it is done, the Millennial Ark, even, may be brought home while the Davids of all culture sing and dance before it.

It is no anomaly that the spiritual shall grow up out of the physical. It is so in the human individual. It cannot be otherwise for the race. There must be an adequate physical organization of the world before there can ever be fully developed soul-life in it, and the engineer is making that physical organization of the world. And may it not be that all spiritual and mental attainment thus far have only been to give us the moral and intellectual fiber for a final, victorious wrestle with natural powers and the achievement of a physical basis for a millennium? There are not only the individual body and the individual soul; there are the race-body and the race-soul to be taken into account, or the millennium is nothing. When we begin to think about hu-

manity at large, and its needs, we realize that it is still an unorganized fleshly and spiritual mass. As a body in which we are members one of another, humanity has no more arrived physically than it has spiritually. It is a mass capable of becoming a living soul, but needing first an adequate body—a body not of flesh and blood alone, for such hands would be, and are, too feeble for its tasks, and the human mechanism, however admirably suited for mere individual living on a low plane, is utterly unequal to high social living. One human being is as a single muscle and brain cell in the big race-body. It is something in itself and, within very narrow limits, sufficient unto itself. But its own fullness can never come save by articulation with human entirety and a serving of the whole and a being profited by the whole in body and mind. This maturity of the race cannot be conjured out of the air. It cannot even come by preaching and believing. There are physical necessities for its coming, such as a world food supply, a world digestive system of factories and mills, a world circulatory system of enginery and ships, a world-cleansing of human habitations to prevent race auto-toxication, a world nervous system which will put the benumbed portions of the race in vital, immediate touch with the race-brain and the race-soul. We no longer believe in an ignorant perfection or an unsocial perfection. The race as a whole must have time to think and to aspire, and power to volitionally serve; and the only way these things can ever come is by that physical organization of the world, through harnessed natural powers, which will make it possible for the race as a race to quit drudging so much of its life away and at the same time put an end to mental and spiritual provincialism and isolation. These alone will not bring the millennium. There will ever be that citadel of the Spirit which must be won to faith and love. But these achievements will make possible the winning of the disposition and the active dedication of the will of all the world to millennial ends.

To me the surprising thing is the meagerness with which the sense of the fruitage of this revolutionary engineering epoch has as yet come to its leaders. I have read considerable engineering literature, and much of the utterances of those who have ad-

ressed the young men of the profession as they have been leaving school to begin professional life, and in little of it all have I caught any large prophetic note of a beyond for which engineering makes the way. Colonel H. G. Prout, in an address to the students of Sheffield Scientific School, at Yale, in 1905, more than any other engineer whose utterances I have read, evidenced this largeness of vision. In that address he classified the discovery of the manufacture and application of power as as distinct and momentous an ethical achievement as the mastery of fire, the invention of the bow and arrow, the making of pottery, the domestication of animals, and the invention of the alphabet. On this point he said:

By the development of the manufacture of power man's capacity is suddenly increased beyond any limit which the human mind can foresee or imagine. . . . In the last one hundred years man's productive capacity has probably advanced more than in all the preceding years he inhabited this planet, and the revolution wrought by the development of the capacity to manufacture power has just begun.

He then uttered this interpretative prophecy:

Not only have we entered upon another ethical period, but upon the most important period [surely he meant to add the words "so far"] in the progress of mankind. . . . The engineer, more than all other men, has created this new epoch; and the engineer, more than all other men, will guide humanity forward until we come to some other period of a different kind.

It is this close of his prophecy which singles him out from the usual speakers upon these themes—his sense that this is only one age among many and a preparation for something yet to be. And one can, by the aid of a little history, get such a vision of things certain to be in that new and prepared-for age as will stir in him vast and unutterable emotions. Out of the conquests and physical achievements of the ancient world broke Greek and Roman culture and a civilization ripe for the marvels of the early Christian church. Out of the next era of achievement, that of the Crusades, broke the culture of the Renaissance and then the momentous spiritual heavings of the Reformation. Out of the achievements of a world-exploring and sea-conquering England broke Elizabethan culture, and then the focussed, spiritual in-

tensity of the Puritan, ushering in representative government and a new moral age. We are again in the throes of physical achievement, only we are about a world-task now. No Cæsar or Alexander leads on to bloody self-exaltation. No Peter the Hermit calls to a sincere but futile and empty war. No bold admiral sails forth to discover and occupy in the name of his land and God. We follow the engineer. The world may not know it, but it has summoned him to make it physically alive and healthy in all its parts; to give it food and cleanness, power and rest, and the capacity to know and feel to the finger tips of its race-anatomy. It has summoned him to the job, not by its command, but by its paralysis and need. And he is answering the need with all his physical and intellectual power. And when this era of achievement shall have come to the full, fundamental as it is to that which will at last break from out its daring and Titanic deeds, what a world this will begin to be! O my soul, to live in such a day! Architecture will be reborn in a past-excelling glory. The whispers of its rebirth already come in the surprising beauties of a Woolworth building, lifting its head of airy grace as a monument to trade. Art will be born anew. And letters—letters that will move the world ten thousand years to come—will leap to utterance out of the knowledge, aspirations, and emotions of that new world-age. Then must occur a transcendent spiritual awakening that will lift the race to its remotest bounds, recreate justice, embody human brotherhood, and usher in the true era of the soul.

Ah! the city which John saw! It was not only a sorrowless city, but a clean city; not only a city of integrity, but of wonderful walls and pavements; not only a city of truth, but of abundant and pure water; not only a worshiping city, but a hungerless city. And it must have been a city with intimate social touch throughout its whole area, for it was a city with no gulfs of separation, having no sea; and a city of possible brotherly knowledge, for it was a city without hate. It will take considerable engineering as well as preaching to get the whole world there. Hail, Engineer, coagent of the millennium!

Rollin O. Gurnhart

## ART. V.—BURNS: THE LYRICAL

NATURE has a curious habit of dressing her select blessings in rough and unattractive garb and depositing her choicest gifts in unexpected places. This is well exemplified in the life of Robert Burns. There was little that was propitious in his birth. His parents were obscure Scotch peasants; he was born in a two-room cottage of stone and clay; his educational opportunities were scant; his access to the world limited; his heritage—save for his empyrean genius and the gift of character derived from his good parents—was mean, a heritage of toil and poverty. His lot, too, was cast in a remote part of Scotland; he began his literary career at a time when English literature was at low ebb; and it was his misfortune to grow up under a religious regime dogmatic, militant, narrow, and cruel. But if his circumstances were mean, his endowment was superb. There is a startling and unaccountable discrepancy between his humble earthly lot and his transcendent gifts of personality. Circumstances decreed that he should be an Ayrshire plowman; but nature made him a nobleman. The fires of genius flamed in every thought of his brain and throbbed in every beat of his impassioned heart. Providence had showered her gifts upon him without stint. She had made him witty and wise and tender, had lodged with him the secrets of mirth and melody and poetic insight, had commissioned him to enchant the world for all time with laughter and tears, and had decreed that he should unseal the hidden fountains of beauty and truth in the hearts of the humble toilers of earth. But Burns never ceased to be the victim of the painful discrepancy between the mundane life of the peasant and the dream-world of the poet. William Burns, his father, steadily got the worst of it in his struggle with fortune—despite heroic effort and painful frugality upon the part of the entire family. By the time Robert was fifteen years of age he was doing the work of a grown man and was the chief laborer on the farm. The fact that “for several years butcher’s meat was a stranger to the house” suggests that the growing boys were insufficiently nourished. The poet later alludes to himself

as having been doomed during these years to "the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing toil of a galley slave." Under such conditions, of course, life for him became a tragedy. Fancy and wit and passion were in riotous possession of the inner man, while the outer man was held in imperious subjection by want and penury and social obscurity. And, be it remembered, the penalty for relaxed physical effort was nakedness and starvation. Burns was from first to last an irrepressible optimist; but certainly never before nor since was an optimist required to do business upon such small capital.

But however courageously and cheerfully Burns himself faced his hard lot, the world can but weep that one so inherently gentle, devout, and gifted should have been obliged to wear away his life and wound himself against barriers that he could not possibly break through or remove; for there can be no doubt that his physical constitution, as well as his poetic endowment, was more or less impaired by the sore hardships of his early life. Another and more serious effect of Burns's poverty and hardship upon him and upon his poetic work was the bitterness of spirit that gradually took possession of him when he reflected—as he did too often—upon the cruel discrepancy, so far as the affairs of this world are concerned, between his fortune and that of men above him in social rank. He could see no justice in this. And so the note of discord intruded itself not infrequently into his verse—and still more often into his letters—and to a degree vitiated the quality of his song. He could not, like Wordsworth, fall back in dignified contentment upon the store of essential joys and blessings that are granted to all men, and, cherishing jealously the sacred gifts of manhood and genius that had been bestowed upon him, make these at once his source of comfort and his title to a nobility that man's hand could neither confer nor take away. Instead, he walked in growing bitterness and discontent, squandered what princes would have given their lives to possess, and lusted after riches which, could he have secured, would no doubt have tended to blight the starry genius with which his brow, among all the millions of men of his generation, had been graced. It is a mistake, though, to suppose that, even in the outward circum-



stances of his life, his fate was altogether hard. He had, for one thing, a good father and a good mother. And for such a blessing many a man would gladly surrender titles and diadems. William Burns was a hero—more of a hero than his brilliant son; for, though cruelly worsted by fortune, he fought on with honor and courage unimpaired. He was a hero but for whom there could have been no Robert Burns the poet. He was a man of industry, piety, intelligence, and integrity. He was a man, moreover, well versed in the affairs of the world, a man of remarkable common sense and of noble ambition "to know the best that is known and thought in the world." Until long after he was of age, Burns had the saving influence of a religious home, the love and fellowship of bright, affectionate brothers and sisters, educational opportunities which, if not extended, were at least sound, thorough, and inspiring. He had, too, the intimate friendship and counsel not only of his wise, tactful father, but of Murdoch, his young teacher, as well—a youth to whom the world must always acknowledge a debt of gratitude. He early had access to many good books—among them the best books that can fall into the hands of any boy—the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton; and, finally, he had the restraining and ennobling influence of honest outdoor toil; if too severe at times, not without the compensating joys that come from daily familiar intercourse with earth and sky and the kindly, innocent creatures that inhabit these.

The fact is, Burns's deepest misfortune was due neither to obscurity, nor the hardships entailed by poverty, nor the sore toil to which his youth was doomed. Burns's greatest tragedy was the keen realization deep in his own soul that he had broken the moral law, and so had violated his own higher nature; for Burns ever preserved a tender conscience. He did not sin without light; and for a nature as inherently noble and intensely religious as was his, this meant enduring torment. Up to his twenty-third year he had observed a strictly virtuous life; but in the summer of 1781, at Irvine, whither he had gone to better his fortunes, he lost his money, his health, and, worst of all, his innocence—and with that his peace of mind forever. He attributes his moral downfall to the influence of a bosom friendship which he formed

with a young man named Richard Brown. "His knowledge of the world," writes Burns, "was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself when woman was the presiding star; but he spoke of a certain fashionable failing with levity, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief." It was a mischief the consequences of which he never afterward escaped. From that time on until the end of his life he was rarely free from some illicit amour; and all too soon intemperance linked itself with licentiousness. He recognized and acknowledged his weaknesses and his sins; but he continued to indulge them to the end.

The chief solaces of life for Burns were love, and wine, and song. From the time that he was fifteen years of age until he lay upon his dying bed his heart beat fevered time to one love passion after another; and no rapture of either spirit or sense failed to find prompt expression in liquid gushes of lyric melody. Love and poetry entered his life simultaneously. He says in his *Common-place Book*, August, 1783: "I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till I got once heartily in love, and then *rhyme* and *song* were, in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart." From that day on he continued to love such female partners as fate or chance threw in his way. He seldom loved wisely; he never loved too well. But whether the passion were brief or long-continued, noble or ignoble, fortunate or disastrous, it seldom failed of celebration in enduring song. Next to the inspiration that he drew from love was the inspiration that he drew from drink. Indeed, Burns has asserted that love and wine are the only suitable themes for lyric poetry. Happily his own work gloriously confutes this; but he has nevertheless written enough bacchanalian poetry to show that he had a mighty faith in Scotch drink. But my purpose at this point is not to censure Burns for his transient, unhallowed, and infelicitous sexual loves, nor to preach a sermon upon the power of Scotch drink to put a poet early to bed for his eternal sleep. It is my desire, rather, to show what a large place conviviality and the love of woman occupied in the life of Burns. To a preeminent degree he drew

the materials from which he created his poetry from his own experience and environment; and love and unrestrained conviviality constituted to a very great degree the real interests of his life. The practice of poetry alone transcends these in importance; and poetry was simply the purified and idealized flower that bloomed in the soil of affection and fellowship. Whatever delinquencies there are in the character and poetry of Burns, they are in the nature of a sort of ill-regulated overplus of just such qualities of temperament as constitute the ideal endowment of the lyric poet. It is not true, as Burns somewhere says,

But yet the light that led astray  
Was light from Heaven;

but it is true that heaven had so poured the fire of lyric genius into his veins, and had so packed his nature with the joy of life, and the expansive power of sympathy, and the passion for beauty and human fellowship, that the slightest deviation from the higher laws written upon his conscience, a single rupture of the unity and integrity of his life, could betray him to a destruction commensurate with his mighty gifts. So he stood among men as a sort of incarnate possibility of magnificent success, on the one hand, or of tragic failure, on the other. He pursued a middle course, with the result that we see—a tragic failure, but not a complete failure. Given his endowment plus the poise and self-control of a Wordsworth or a Tennyson, and Shakespeare might have had a rival in literature.

Scotland was enough awake to receive and encourage its poet. Broken in fortune and in morals and in spirit, Burns was about to set sail for Jamaica to spend the remainder of his life in uncertain employment in the West Indies. But the first edition of his poems, which he had published to secure money for his passage, was received with such acclamation that he took heart and decided to go up to Edinburgh to arrange for a second edition of his poems. On his way up to the Scottish capital, he was everywhere hailed with enthusiastic delight by his countrymen. One night he spent at the home of a Mr. Prentice. "The poet's arrival was intimated to the invited neighbors by a white sheet, attached to a hayfork, being put on the top of the farmer's highest cornstack, and pres-

ently they were seen issuing from their homes and converging to the point of meeting. A glorious evening, or rather night which borrowed something from the morning, followed, and the conversation of the poet confirmed and increased the admiration created by his writings." In Edinburgh, Burns received distinguished attention from the *literati* and the nobility alike. He was lionized by great and small, men and women of rank and genius vying with each other to do him honor. He was flattered and feted and banqueted; and he was always equal to every demand made upon him—his genius shining the more resplendently in the company of his intellectual peers.

To Burns was granted little time, or leisure, or quiet, to cultivate the art he so passionately loved. His library was the open field and sky; his hours for poetic composition such as he could steal from sleep and sore toil; his audience the lads and lasses who labored with him in the field or shared his rustic sports. During his earlier manhood there were added to the crushing weight of poverty that had always borne him to the earth remorse of spirit for his evil conduct, torturing anxiety concerning the immediate outcome of his follies, and the unhealthful excitement that came from bitter controversy with those in spiritual authority. Later came the distractions of social life and convivial excesses in Edinburgh, followed, as these were, by keen disappointment that no fixed good came of all his sudden and brilliant success. And later still his noble soul was wasted and prostituted by reason of the petty duties and the wild indulgences that naturally arose in connection with his work as an exciseman. Toward the close he was broken both in health and spirits, and he died when he was only thirty-seven years of age—died before some men of genius discover their powers and begin really to live. But what he lacked in leisure, and culture, and length of days, he made up for largely in freshness, spontaneity, closeness to nature, originality of method. The subject-matter of his lyrics issued hot from his own heart, or came to life under his own eye as he walked the moorland, or followed the plow, or shared with his companions the homely scenes of rustic life. Incident and imagery sprang simultaneously into being without effort on his part and

were instantly welded into unforgettable music under the open sky, later to be committed to writing and laid away in his garret chamber. His very finest poems came into being in this way—"To a Mouse," "To a Mountain Daisy," "The Twa Dogs," "Poor Mailie," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Epistle to Davie," "To Mary in Heaven," "Tam o' Shanter," and a score of others.

Love, as we have seen, was the first impulse that prompted Burns to write poetry, so his earliest compositions were songs. But no sooner had he become conscious of the poetic gift that was lodged with him, and firm master of the poetic craft, than he began to find subject-matter worthy of his muse in the homely scenes of the farm. One of the very earliest interests that appealed to the poet within him was a responsiveness to the joys and sorrows of his unconscious brute friends, for his broad sympathy and wealth of affection made him the friend of all creatures. It does not seem particularly strange or unusual to us that Burns should have found subject-matter for poetry in the adventures of a sheep, the misfortunes of a mouse, the undress conversation of a pair of chum dogs, or the well-earned rewards that may be supposed to come to the old age of a horse that has kept the faith and finished his course. For Kipling, and Seton-Thompson, and Jack London have made us more familiar with the life of our dumb friends than we are with the affairs of our next-door neighbor and have shown us that within the breast of the town cur that goes flying down our streets with a tin can tied to his tail are reaches of philosophic thought and heights of moral grandeur more wonderful and awe-inspiring than either Kant's orderly march of the heavens or the moral law graven upon the heart of man. But it was not so in Burns's time. His sympathy with nature, his insight into the experiences of the creatures he met in field and forest, and his tender responsiveness to their woes and their misfortunes were an almost utterly new note in poetry; and, as a natural consequence, it brought to the sensibilities and emotions of his readers novel charm and welcome refreshment. In his poems descriptive of the life and fortunes of animals, Burns humanizes their experiences and floods this subconscious world that lies so close to our own world of consciousness and moral

endeavor with a wealth of sportive tenderness that lifts it into the realm of enduring art.

In the rhymed epistles that Burns now and then threw off spontaneously to this or that friend, comrade, or benefactor we read the characteristic moods, the familiar experiences, the inner biography of the poet. They are nearly all written in the vernacular, with off-hand ease, in a buoyant, breezy, rattling measure, and they abound in pictures of homely peasant life and bits of sage advice and homespun philosophy that would do credit to Benjamin Franklin or Abraham Lincoln. To Davie he says:

If happiness hae not her seat  
And center in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest!  
Nae treasures nor pleasures  
Could make us happy lang;  
The heart ay's the part ay  
That make us right or wrang.

And to his young friend, the son of Robert Aiken, the lawyer, he vouchsafes the following advice—the more striking because he so completely ignored much of it in the conduct of his own life.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,  
When wi' a bosom cronle;  
But still keep something to yoursel  
Ye scarcely tell to onie:  
Conceal yoursel as weel's you can  
Frae critical dissection:  
But keek through ev'ry other man  
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip  
To haud the wretch in order;  
But where ye feel your honor grip,  
Let that ay be your border:  
Its slightest touches, instant pause—  
Debar a' side-pretences;  
And resolutely keep its laws,  
Uncaring consequences.

In these epistles, too, we find numerous interesting references to his art—its growth, his attitude toward the rhyming craft, and his method of composition. We see how instinctive poetry was



to him, how early he was inspired to poetic expression, what a solace he found in making verse, and how noble his ambition was.

He sings:

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,  
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,  
Adoun some trottin burn's meander,  
And no think lang:  
O, sweet to stray, and pensive ponder  
A heart-felt sang!

And, again,

I am nae poet, in a sense;  
But just a rhymer like by chance,  
An' hae to learning nae pretence;  
Yet, what the matter?  
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,  
I jingle at her.

And, writing to the Guidwife of Wauchope-House, in an allusion to his early inspiration to poetry under the spell of Handsome Nell's "witching smile," and "pauky een," he says:

Ev'n then a wish (I mind its pow'r),  
A wish that to my latest hour  
Shall strongly heave my breast,  
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake  
Some usefu' plan or book could make,  
Or sing a sang at least.  
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide  
Among the bearded bear [barley],  
I turned the weeder-clips aside,  
And spar'd the symbol dear.  
No nation, no station  
My envy e'er could raise;  
A Scot still, but blot still [without],  
I knew nae higher praise.

And, finally, in his "hairum-scarum, ram-stam" epistle to his bosom crony, wicked little James Smith, he rattles away with characteristic glee.

While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,  
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal;  
Be't water-brose or muslin-kail,  
Wi' cheerfu' face,  
As lang's the Muses dinna fail  
To say the grace.

An anxious e'e I never throws  
Behint my lug, or by my nose;  
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows  
As weel's I may;  
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, an' prose,  
I rhyme away.

In "Tam o' Shanter" and "The Jolly Beggars" we find Burns more completely master of himself, and yet more completely transported into his creative work—and it is no contradiction to say that a poet is completely master of himself when he has completely lost himself in his work—than we find him in any other production. "Tam o' Shanter" is a narrative poem. "The Jolly Beggars" is dramatic. The greatness of "Tam o' Shanter" lies in its amazing freshness and spontaneity, its imaginative vividness, its glorious humor, its power to blend into one emotions at once ludicrous and awe-inspiring, its narrative excellence; and its overmastering rhythmic swing and technical perfection. As a sympathetic interpretation of the inner and outer world of a drunken ne'er-do-well it is unsurpassed. The joys of the inebriate—as well as his woes—are here made real to the man who has always preferred to keep reason and discretion uppermost, and the range of human experience and human sympathy are thereby expanded. "The Jolly Beggars," in the opinion of most great critics, is held in still higher estimation than "Tam o' Shanter." Matthew Arnold calls it "that puissant and splendid production." Surely the poem is not great because of the dignity or inherent greatness of the subject-matter, for Burns introduces us here to the scum of society—the off-scouring of the earth. More than that, he draws the curtain upon them in the midst of their squalor and their debauchery. But the astonishing thing about it all is that he interests us in these vagabonds, drabs, and cut-throats; and by means of his power of dramatic portrayal, and his own inclusiveness of human sympathy, he turns the vilest and most lawless human passions into material for art. "The Jolly Beggars" is a glorification of the indestructible passion for joy in life, an assertion that the worst condition to which human nature can come still offers a reprieve of pleasure.

Burns' satirical poems, eight or ten in number, constitute

a class by themselves. They are of a controversial nature and were directed against the Calvinistic theology of the kirk. They were witty, brilliant, and irresistible. They are as coarse and merciless as they are witty and brilliant; though they cannot be said to be essentially irreverent. Many have regretted that Burns ever wrote these crushing attacks upon the church. And there can be no doubt that it was unfortunate for Burns that he was drawn into such a controversy when his own need of the comforts and restraints of religion was so great. To be sure, the force of his assault was not against religion itself, but against the intolerance, the hypocrisy, and the false dogma of the kirk as it then existed. It is hardly likely that the bigoted, overweening, frequently immoral clergy against whom he inveighed were too roughly treated; and it was important that the blighting influence of the false dogma and severe ecclesiasticism that ruled Scotland should be overset. The unfortunate thing is that Burns, with his temperament and disposition, with his strong temptations and weak will power, with his dissatisfaction with himself for the overt transgressions of the moral and divine law of which he knew himself to be guilty—it was unfortunate for him at such a time, I say, to lose his confidence in the ordinances which from childhood he had been taught to look upon as sacred, and that he should have had his faith shaken in those who stood as the religious guides of the people. We see all too plainly how natural it was that he should assail the ruling theology and ecclesiasticism. His own free course of life brought him into reproach and resulted in severe discipline; his inquiring mind, fearless and independent as it was, led him inevitably to see the false grounds of the current orthodoxy; and there was within him an irresistible impulse to give free play to his wit, especially when the citadels of hypocrisy, falsehood, and presumption offered such a tempting mark. At its worst, the satire is obscene, suggestive of personal malice, and tinged with irreverence; at its best, in "The Address to the Deil" and his "Address to the Unco Guid," it is rich in delicious humor, universal in its human appeal, nobly wise in its plea for tolerance of judgment and forgiving tenderness between man and man.

Above all, Burns was a song-writer; by no means the creator

of Scottish song, but immeasurably the greatest among the many brilliant song-writers of Scotland. "Instead of saying that Burns created Scottish song," writes Mr. Shairp, "it would be more true to say that Scottish song created Burns, and that in him it culminated." For centuries Scotland had created and cherished popular song. The delight in it was universal, and the heritage of sweet airs and wild melodies that came to every Scotch peasant at birth was illimitable. Many of these airs, too, had come down with fit and appropriate words, rich in sentiment and meaning; though too often the words to which these tunes were wedded were coarse or indecent. The quaint, wild, sweet melodies that had floated about Scotland from time out of mind, originating just where no man could say, were peculiarly adapted to express all the complex and swift-changing shades of emotion of a naturally susceptible and emotional race. These airs, or snatches from them, were upon the lips of every peasant and every humble toiler in Scotland. The mother crooned them to her baby, the milkmaid sang them at her work, the plowboy whistled them as he drove a-field, and the lads and lasses made entertainment for one another with them at their merrymakings. So the Scottish minstrelsy was, and has been for ages, a minstrelsy of the people. It was adapted to fit their moods—to express their sorrow and their mirth; and the words were strong, fresh, and vivid, caught from their own daily speech. Burns himself grew up in just such an atmosphere of Scotch song. His mother was familiar with many of these popular lyrics, and she sang them to her children from their infancy. As Burns grew up, one of the books from which he was inseparable was a volume of Scotch songs. These selections he studied and criticized assiduously—testing the merits and demerits of the productions as best he could, and so forming his own taste. So it is sufficiently plain that the path he trod so conspicuously was prepared for him; and it is evident that he found quite as much as he created. Yet what a vast change he wrought in the minstrelsy of his country—how he enriched it with his own lyric genius! He wrote in all about three hundred songs—most of them, of course, based on older productions. Nearly always he was indebted to the past for the melody, very often for

a refrain or a fragment, and in many cases he retouched and purified indecent old songs whose tunes were too beautiful to die, yet whose words were unfit to live. When we find ourselves inclined to criticize some of Burns' songs for their coarse humor, we must not forget that he did an incalculable service in elevating and purifying his native songs. Even Ramsey, his chief predecessor and guide in this field, admitted many vulgar and injurious selections into his collections because he was willing to pander to the low taste of the people. Burns jealously sought to preserve every worthy scrap of Scottish song and was continually at pains to discover and take down any lyric bit that he hit upon in his travels about the country. When he would hear some all-but-forgotten melody crooned by old dames in out-of-the-way places, he would have it repeated, so that he might fit words to it, or would croon it over, or play it on the fiddle or the bagpipe in order that he might preserve it and make the most of it.

Such was the heritage that came to Burns, and such the lyric atmosphere in which he grew up. It was assigned to him to lift the folk-song of Scotland into the realm of universal literature. As a song-writer he is unrivaled; and the art of the song-writer is not an easy one. A good song need have nothing of the narrative quality; it need not convey any weighty thought. Indeed, the less thought the better, usually; the prime purpose of the lyric being to express a mood and produce an emotional impression. Burns's lyrics possess every requisite of a song. They appeal to the general heart of man; they are direct and simple in their appeal; they are written in the vernacular; and above all, they have the singing quality. We have seen that Burns's favorite method was first to get his tune, and then, as he hummed this tune, or as some one played it for him on the bagpipes or the fiddle, or his wife sang it for him, he would match the tune with appropriate words and sentiment. The background of nature he usually caught directly from his own surroundings. Thus it was that his songs were so musical and that they smacked of the soil.

In his songs Burns covers a very wide range of emotion. The vast majority of his lyrics, of course, have to do with love. No lyric poet excels him in the variety, richness, and poignancy of

his amatory verse. He reveals the passion of love in almost every conceivable mood—from the jocular tenderness of lovers grown old together in "John Anderson, My Jo, John," to the delicious throb of first love in "Handsome Nell." His heart was like tinder under the glance of a woman's eye, and what his heart prompted his hand and his voice rarely failed to execute with ready and appropriate grace. The lyric poignancy and sweetness of such love songs as "Mary Morison," "Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw," "Bonnie Doon," "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," and "To Mary in Heaven," cannot be surpassed by human art. There is one thing that is lacking in his love poetry—and that is a woeful lack—chivalrous reverence for womankind and the pure steadfastness of passion that comes from such spiritual and single-hearted devotion. There is little of the spiritual element in Burns's love poetry; there is very much of the sensuous, something even of the coarse and offensive. But there are a score of other lyric interests that command his attention—patriotism, friendship, conviviality, humble content, courage to out-face misfortune—every conceivable mood almost, except religious praise and resignation, and the laughing joy of childhood.

The poetry of Burns has a threefold interest. First, it bears the mark of a great personality—a personality vastly stored with possibilities both to receive and to give pleasure. He had a passionate zest for life and sympathies that linked him to all that moves, and feels, and breathes. Lords and ladies, lads and lassies, beggars and drunkards, domestic animals and savage beasts, flowers and insects, yes, the poor devil himself—he loved them all; and touched them all, either with tenderness, or mirth, or pathos, and brought them all into the realm of our sympathy. This passion for enjoyment, this intoxication with life, he transmits through his poetry to warm and thrill the heart of humanity everywhere. His personality of itself was a priceless bequest to the world. Second, it was his supreme distinction to see nobility and beauty in the commonplace, and with rare passion, freedom, and audacity to render his experiences of primal and homely things in such a manner as to invest them with universal significance. Says Wordsworth:



He . . . showed my youth  
How verse may build a princely throne  
On humble truth.

And Carlyle writes eloquently:

The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him. Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest.

Third, to personality and insight was superadded a gift of expression, of imagination, and melody that enabled him to fix sentiment in enduring beauty. There is little artifice in his poems; all his most cherished work bears the mark of absolute sincerity and spontaneity. He was a poet by instinct. Passion prompted his diction; his imagery he drew direct from nature; his *lilt* and melody he caught from the lips of happy girls and tender mothers. All was fresh from nature and from common life—fragrant with youth and steeped in the magic dyes of romance.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth  
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,  
Rose like a star that touching earth,  
For so it seems,  
Doth glorify its humble birth  
With matchless beams.

Frank C. Lockwood

## ART. VI.—CHRISTIAN PAGANISM

HERBERT SPENCER contended that there is "a thin layer of Christianity overlaying a thick layer of paganism. Christianity is nominally honored and professedly obeyed, while paganism is nominally discredited and practically obeyed." This statement is too sweeping, but it contains much truth. The Christian religion "is a treasure in earthen vessels," which have always been more or less pagan. It is a familiar historic fact that in the early Christian centuries Christianity appropriated pagan temples and incorporated pagan philosophy, ceremonies, and festivals into her theology and worship. Pagans were received into Christian fellowship and brought some of their paganism with them. Primitive Christianity parted with some of its purity as it grew in popularity, and when, under Constantine, Christianity was enthroned as the religion of the empire, it became imperialized, and under the sign of the cross prayed and lusted for the conquest of the world. In all the centuries since, Christianity has been paganized in some measure by every people and age she has sought to save.

This civilization of ours is far from being Christian. Luxurious sensuality and brutalized poverty, such as disgraced and destroyed Rome, are conspicuous in all the capitals of Christendom. The proletariat is increasing among us. Even the principles, maxims, and methods of our ruling economics have been, and are to-day, in a somewhat less degree, pagan. Our economics at the start professed to be "a system of natural liberty." Every man was declared to be free to seek pecuniary gain with a sole regard to his own profit. The law of supply and demand alone was to determine the wages paid to labor as well as the prices paid for commodities. In the early part of the last century the laborer had no right to organize for his own protection, or to strike or even to seek employment in another locality. The great Ricardo regarded labor as a machine and, like other machines, "entitled to only so much as would keep his body in repair." In the long history of "man's inhumanity to man" there are no

darker pages than those of English industry when capitalism carried out "this system of natural liberty" to its logical consequences—the enrichment of the few and the impoverishment of the many.

Capitalism in America has not been essentially different in principle and practice from that of England. Conditions here have been far more favorable for the people in general. Land has been abundant and cheap; labor could choose between the factory and the farm; many more opportunities to become "the architect of one's own fortune" have been presented and improved. But for several years the pressure of the population upon the means of subsistence has been keenly felt; the cost of living has been rising at an alarming rate. Producers, by the aid of a subservient Congress, have built a wall of protection around their products, thus giving them an enhanced value, while at the same time they have thrown the ports wide open to millions of low-class laborers to keep down the wages of native Americans—even importing gangs of such laborers under contract until forbidden by law. Women and children have been employed at excessive hours and low wages, thus demoralizing male labor and stunting the race. Laborers, on the other hand, have often been as sordid and predatory as the capitalists. Resentful at the sight of such enormous wealth and embittered by their own wretchedness, they have often struck wildly and been as darkly pagan as the proletariat at Rome in the days of the agrarian riots. Modern business is far bigger and better than the competitive system under which it carries on its operations. And capitalism, despite its attendant evils and its mistaken attempts to subordinate everything to the pursuit of wealth, is immensely better than any economic system which preceded it. The evils of capitalism blind many persons to the substantial benefits it has conferred upon humanity. By its masterful organization of industry, its marvelous machinery of communication and transportation, its utilization of natural forces to clothe and feed humanity, it has immensely promoted human happiness.

Nothing in society ever stands still. Every member decays and passes into disuse, or glows with new life and develops new

functions. Nothing is changing so rapidly as this industrial member, which has such a vital relation to us all. The competitive anarchy when every man's hand was against that of every other man has passed away. Men in business are not so free to do as they please as they once were: free competition has given way to regulated competition; the gigantic conspiracies of business and politics for the enrichment of the few, irrespective of the welfare of the many, are passing. "The strangle-hold" at least is broken. There are pious capitalists as there were "saints in Cæsar's household" and pious slaveholders sixty years ago who felt deeply the scandal of keeping their brothers in bondage and in some cases, at great personal sacrifice, set them free. There are saints in business and politics to-day who inwardly protest against the unscrupulous methods and debasing practices which they have to meet. These noble men have "the stress, strain, and battle pain" which everyone experiences who lives up to a higher standard and walks by an inner light.

It is beginning to be believed that Christian principles would be of great value commercially if they were generally and mutually applied, and that such application, if once made, would usher in the greatest economic prosperity the world has ever known. A few years ago Germany inaugurated a system of political economy which made man the center, and not wealth. In a speech on "Child and Female Labor" in the German Reichstag, Parson Stoecker, then the court chaplain, said: "We have put the question the wrong way. We have asked, How much child and female labor does industry need in order to flourish, to pay dividends, and sell goods abroad? whereas we ought to have asked, How should industry be arranged in order to protect and foster the family, the individual, and the Christian life?" When Germany shifted the emphasis from wealth and made manhood the standard of measure, she provided work for her unemployed; she cared for her sick, disabled, and aged; she instituted a system of workmen's insurance by which now a hundred million dollars a year is distributed in benefits and indemnities. All these humane measures met with stubborn opposition. German business men argued that the burdens placed upon business by the new legisla-

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tion could not be borne and that German industries would be handicapped in competition with those of other nations. But they overlooked what capitalists have so often and persistently overlooked, that labor, like land, may become so exhausted that it is unprofitable. It must be enriched to become productive. Better conditions of labor have always increased its efficiency and contributed to the profits of capitalists. From the time that Germany began to protect her working classes and ameliorate their condition she entered upon a career of remarkable commercial prosperity, which has been maintained to the present day. Her exports have increased at a rate proportionately faster than those of any other nation.

Wherever the desire for wealth is the dominating passion the principles of the Christian religion are inoperative and a Pharisaism as deadening as that which Christ condemned in terms of withering scorn abounds. Many members of Christian churches accumulate wealth mainly for themselves and their families. Even those who have accepted Christ as a Saviour from sin in many cases strangely ignore certain ethical responsibilities and sacrifices in regard to wealth which such salvation demands. Covetousness—which so degrades man's noblest powers and corrupts society, which divides men into warring classes—curses Christian churches and paralyzes their spiritual activities. Rich men are often exalted because of their wealth alone, and in the councils of the church, as in business, these rich laymen, by the mere might of their money, exercise a dominating influence. Much of the ostentation and lavish use of wealth is wanton and wicked. It is utterly inconsistent with the simplicity which should distinguish a Christian and is a prolific source of sensuality and social corruption. Luxurious living benumbs the spirit of self-sacrifice, without which no human being or society can be morally healthy or spiritually sound. In our expenditures we often forget that we all, the rich and the poor, are members of one great human family. In a well-ordered household it would be considered monstrous and brutal if the father or mother or one of the children should spend so much of the common patrimony in selfish gratification that the rest of the family should suffer for the necessities of life.

If a company of people should be gathered together at a banquet where the provision was barely sufficient to give each a moderate share, and a few greedy persons should help themselves so plentifully that there should not be enough left for the others, these greedy persons would be regarded as boors; but in every city there are hundreds of idle rich who produce nothing, but consume and waste so much from life's common table that only a few crumbs are left to the thousands who sicken and die in the slums. Professor Cairnes, one of the most conservative economists of England, speaking of the abundant expenditure of the idle rich, says:

The wealth accumulated by their ancestors or others on their behalf, when it is employed as capital in productive enterprises, no doubt helps to sustain industry. But what they consume in luxury and idleness is not capital and helps sustain nothing but their own unprofitable lives. By all means they must have their rent and interest as it is written in the bond, but let them take their proper place as drones in the hive, gorging at a feast to which they have contributed nothing. This does not apply to the industrious rich, but it does condemn their luxury, which is contrary to the doctrine of stewardship and violates the law of natural love.

The parable of Dives is a true picture of a portion of human society to-day. It portrays the inevitable separation and retribution which is experienced by those who live in luxury and isolate themselves from the miseries of humanity. The soul shrinks and hardens; discontent and torment follow when temporal and eternal values are discerned in their true relation. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," Christ says. What is it to serve Mammon in the year of our Lord 1913? It is the strong will and determined effort to be rich, well-placed, and amused, with a feeble, starveling effort to know God's truth and help one's fellow men. This is to serve Mammon. This is what Christ condemns, and this, when covered with a mask of Christian profession, the world despises. The world knows too much of Christ not to detect the counterfeit. Is this luxurious living in the presence of moaning want, this withholding more than is meet in service and money, when all forms of evangelistic and philanthropic activity



are crippled for lack of support—is it Christian, this bowing down to the seen and perishable?

It is becoming economically evident, what has always been and will be forever true, that, "He that saveth his life, shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for Christ's sake," or for the sake of humanity, "shall find it." Our competitive system, which has always squarely opposed this principle, is being found to be impracticable; it has gone as far as it can and is already breaking in pieces. The trust is a confession that the selfish scramble of competing interests was not profitable. Business could no longer be carried on under the law of the jungle. Capital and labor have again and again been at a deadlock and industry has been paralyzed. When the capitalist on one side and the laborer on the other gives as little and does as little as possible—for that is what this system, or lack of system, leads to when carried to its logical consequences—business becomes a nightmare and industrial anarchy is rampant. The wrangle of capitalists and laborers is keeping the industrial world in a constant ferment and there can be no stable prosperity so long as each class contends so fiercely for its own selfish interests. War in any form is fearfully destructive, and industrial war the most destructive of all. The community is always the greatest sufferer. It has been long suffering and much more kind than it should have been, but it will not endure this selfish scramble much longer.

What does this general uprising against special privileges and these strenuous efforts to establish industrial arbitration mean but that the law of the jungle is no longer practicable or profitable and that some higher law must take its place? The welfare of society and of the individual alike demands the subordination of all selfish claims and interests so far as they conflict with the good of the social whole. Society is yearning for a nobler, more brotherly, more Christian civilization. There is more social conscience to-day, more responsibility felt for the disadvantaged and the distressed, than ever before. There is a greater recognition of the obvious Christian truth, which has been so commonly disregarded, that whatever one possesses one holds as a steward, and not as an owner, in a world where all men are brothers, and where the

obligation of mutual help, so vital to the preservation of the family, is just as essential to the well-being of society. The changes in our thought and action in political and sociological matters have been more momentous in the last twelve years than in decades before. Twelve years ago, on the fourteenth of September, William McKinley was shot at Buffalo. There was never a more popular President than he. There was never an administration more harmonious or more strongly entrenched in the sources of political power. It was the golden period of corporate aggrandizement. The Senate ran the country, and rich men with predatory instincts ran the Senate. The Republican Party, apparently, was well satisfied with itself, with the country, and with business conditions. There were eating, drinking, and making merry over political pottage, and a complacent regard for the "full dinner-pail" of the laborer. There was no antitrust agitation. William McKinley, though a Christian at heart, was a pagan in politics, as was his party. He and his policies were in close alliance with men whose businesses were rapidly becoming monopolistic and exacting tribute from the American people. Had such policies been continued and such monopolies flourished until now, the people would have been bound hand and foot.

How suddenly and dramatically the political scene shifted! McKinley fell by an assassin's bullet, loved and lamented as no President since Lincoln. The bosses of his administration have all passed away and many of their policies and practices are reprobated. The Republican Party is very different to-day from what it was then, and it will be still more different when it gets together again and champions, as it did in its very beginning, the moral uprising of the people. The Democratic Party is also changed since honest Grover Cleveland choked back its greed and compelled it to keep the peace. Not but that it is still greedy and breaking its long fast, but it has higher ideals and is obedient to its school-master in the Presidential chair. Power is shifting into the hands of the people, and the dominating purpose of the best politics to-day is to apply the democratic principle industrially as well as politically, and by wise legislation and helpful ministries lighten the burdens of the people and safeguard their interests.

A keen observer, William Allen White, declares that,

Now for ten years there has been a distinct movement among the American people—feeble and imperceptible against the current during the first few years of its beginning—a movement which indicates that in the soul of the people there is a conviction of their past unrighteousness. . . . It is now one of the big, self-evident things in our national life. It is called variously, Reform, The Moral Awakening, The Square Deal, Insurgency, and by other local cognomens; but it is one current in the thought of the people. And the most hopeful sign of the times lies in the fact that the current is almost world-wide. The same striving to lift men to higher things, to fuller enjoyment of the fruits of civilization, to a wider participation in the blessings of modern society—in short, to a more abundant life—the same striving is felt throughout Europe and among the islands of the sea that is tightening the muscles of our social and commercial and political body. . .

The good will of the people, . . . the widening faith of men in one another, in the combined wisdom of the numerical majority, indicates the presence of a human trust, that may come only to a people with broadening humanity, widening love for one's fellows. And if God is love, as the prophets say, then love is of God, and this growing abnegation of self to democracy is a divinely implanted instinct, . . . one with the miracles of life about us. The old order changeth.

*Daniel Dorchester Jr.*

## ART. VII.—THE RETENTION OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

THE American Republic is in no danger of either majority or emergency. As a matter of fact, the present administration, coming by a tremendous majority in the electoral college, is a minority when reckoned by the popular vote, and the Philippine question, scarcely mooted during the presidential campaign, attracted attention only when the platform of the incoming party was read after the election. By reason of the geniality of his temperament and his clearness of mind, the new President bids fair to become exceedingly popular. The Secretary of State, himself a party idol, and having throngs of followers beyond his party, loves America with all possible devotion. Both may be under the passing temptation—which often assails statesmen—to anticipate opposition by action, cut short the debate, and for the sake of consistency give the party plank legislative enactment; but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that

The jury their lips to the Bible have laid  
To render a verdict they've already made,

and that the country is up against any granite rock of administrative obstinacy. The Philippine question is more likely to pass through the various stages of discussion and become fixed in law or succumb to desuetude as the final precipitate of public opinion may determine. Napoleon, it is said, trained all decision and initiative out of his subordinates and had to pay the penalty for their lack of trust and imagination when emergencies arose: that similarly Mr. Bryan, defeated for the Presidency on this very issue in 1900, having lost the capacity for knowing the public mind and no longer able to learn what his followers really think, is bent on Philippine independence whether or no. There are incredible things in human life, and this may be one of them; but personal interest, party solidarity, and rare patriotism combine to discredit this attitude, and we expect the saving common sense of all parties to be influenced by the President and Secretary of State or, in turn, to influence them. Men and nations do what

they are impelled to do, and we believe that they wish to aid the country to a right decision. The general duty of government is to promote industry and prosperity. Frederick the Great went so far as to buy horses, furnish seed, and pay for the repair of private houses out of the public treasury after the third Silesian war. One of the magnanimities we still love to mention is the way General Grant sent the soldiers of General Lee home in 1865 with their horses to do the spring plowing. Education is another function of the government; so is the coinage; and anyone who has recently visited the Holy Land and marked the utter bankruptcy that has come upon the already impoverished people by the flood of brass coins from Tripoli, will realize how important the coinage is. The equitable levy of taxes and the honest expenditures of the public moneys must also be mentioned; likewise the maintenance of the public health, both physical and moral. Liberty also, that is, freedom of action within the limits of the public good, based, as it is, upon the freedom of the will, is also a great desideratum. Nothing, it would seem, can make up for its absence, and no tyranny, however prosperous, can atone for its lack. Any government which is meeting reasonable expectations in these important details has basic reasons for its continuance, and only on the surest guaranties that it is to be supplanted by a better government—one more conducive to material and moral prosperity—can proposals for a change be given a moment's consideration.

In the last two centuries the great colonizing nations, all located in the temperate zone, have become tremendously involved in the government of tropical countries. Like the nobles who went on the Crusades, they have been moved to these colonizing policies by mixed motives: namely, to extend their territories, to find congenial outlet for congested populations, for love of adventure, by desire of wealth and opportunity, and by that strange wanderlust which burns with flagrant heat in the hearts of men from the very beginning of time. England has been in India, and France in Indo-China for more than one hundred and fifty years. England has been in South Africa almost as long; and went to Egypt in 1882. The French have been in Algiers since 1830; Tunisia is

a later possession. Germany's African empire is largely the result of the present Emperor's activity, and just lately Italy, that was offered Tunis by Bismarck and ever since has regretted not taking it, has annexed Tripoli. On May 1, 1898, without a suspicion or wish on the part of any American that any such thing would happen, the United States found itself involved in an administrative and governmental responsibility in the Philippine Islands whose outcome only a prophet is able to declare. "Dewey should have sailed away," say some. But no one thought of that or would have consented to that on May 2, 1898. "McKinley should never have paid twenty million dollars according to the treaty of Paris." But it was McKinley, and not our interlocutor, whom the people had elected to approve negotiations. "Give them to Japan!" "Treat them as we did Cuba!" "Get a guarantee of their independence from the great powers!" and so on, including every possible plan save the one we are actually following. Now are we prepared to say that England, France, Germany, Italy, and, lastly, the United States are playing the cuckoo—that by some strange and unvarying instinct foregoes the business of nesting and feeding and takes shrewd advantage of the labors of other birds? No Darwin has come forward to make plain how such an instinct is developed, nor why other birds nest these foundling eggs and welcome and feed the intruders. Perhaps colonization is one of the primal virtues and not decided proof of a greedy state. Turkey has exploited her provinces, harried them, lived off them, and is anathema thereby. Surely no one will accuse the United States of exploiting the Philippines! The soldier boys who died in suppressing the Aguinaldo rebellion, the law and order induced by our men and ships in a hundred places where anarchy had reigned, the special tariffs enacted by Congress for Philippine products, a superb educational program planned and executed for the islands, and a civil service which rivals the palmiest bit of governing efficiency ever organized by either Germany or England, and which is at once the country's pride and justification, all give denial to such an insinuation. Cables, railroads, telegraph lines, electric lights, signal service, civil service employing almost every Tagalog who approximates efficiency, schools, university, code of



laws, legislature, teachers' assembly, are most uncuckoolike. Take, for example, the single item of railroads, occupying two lines in the brief statistics submitted later on. A railroad is a missionary enterprise. It is no exaggeration to say that all over the world a railroad is a great pacificator. One dollar spent on a railroad is worth a hundred times that sum spent on army equipment. Not a hundred million of pounds sterling expended on forts and munitions of war would equal the English railway from Karachi to Quetta. The railroads from Haifa to Damascus, from Jaffa to Jerusalem, from Alexandria to Assouan, mean just as much comparatively. Then to the special uses of the railroad add the civilizing force which inheres in travel. It has often been remarked that if the railroads which now reach from the Ohio River to the South had been built before 1860 the Civil War never would have occurred. Surely the English have not played cuckoo in India. The thousands of miles of railroad they have built in the Hindu peninsula and the cheap travel which they afford have transformed the country, made successful insurrection impossible, greatly lessened the danger of famine, revealed the native princes to each other and to their own people, and served to merge the pettiness and narrowness of isolated territories into something approaching nationality. The missionary could never go to a village like Tikri—where we saw the entire sweeper caste of the village baptized—but for the British government having made it possible for Europeans to administer law, suppress plague and famine, and preach in the six hundred thousand villages that constitute the real India. The English commissioner who promulgated an order that after receiving baptism natives should have the same right as before to water from the public well did more to enlarge the faith that year than was accomplished by all the churches together. The wretched money system, far worse than the American wild-cat currency in vogue before the Civil War, has given place to a skillfully arranged coinage which has reduced fluctuations to a minimum. Then throw into the credit side of the English occupation the suppression of Sutteeism, prohibition of child marriages, or at least the right to elect whether they will live with their husbands when they reach the age of fourteen—

plus the orphanages, hospitals, schools, colleges, and industries that have protection under the Union Jack—and one begins to appreciate England's right to the title of "the great missionary nation." All this is truer still of Egypt, and because of the long experimentation in India it has been accomplished there with fewer administrative errors and excesses. The great dams at Cairo and Assouan would have justified the occupation; so would the railway to Khartum; likewise the free ophthalmic clinics open to a whole people on the verge of blindness. Here also the railroads and bridges they have built, the public utilities they have introduced, water, gas, trams, electric lights, long miles of roadway, the suppression of Mahdist fanatics from Cairo to the Nyanzas, and a "Cape to Cairo" railway, make the bombardment of Alexandria and the consequent occupation of Egypt the crowning glory of Gladstone's great career.

The French have not done quite so well in Indo-China as in Algiers. Like the English in India, they had to learn. Nevertheless, France may well be proud of two thousand kilometers of railway connecting great cities that were formerly the petty capitals of petty states, mere names on the maps of old geographies. There are paved streets now in the cities, well-kept roads running in all directions, cotton mills, oil refineries, fisheries, each industry employing thousands and attesting alike the government interest and sagacity. In Cambodia at every administrative center there are great salas furnishing free lodgings to travelers, who are thus invited to pass that way. The mother-of-pearl industry has reached its maximum development there, and those who are familiar with the comparative prosperity that, in spite of the enormities of Turkish taxation, has come to little Bethlehem, the town of the Nativity, by reason of about one hundred and twenty people employed in making mother-of-pearl beads and crosses, will appreciate the lifting power of a chance to work in Palestine, Cambodia, and America. In Algiers, the French have built a network of macadam roads which make it a paradise for automobilism. Six automobile parties, all with high-power machines of American manufacture, landed from our steamship bent on Tunis or on oases far in the Sahara desert. Hour after hour

we watched the big cranes lift Deering (what does not that name mean to a Northwestern student!), Osborne, and McCormick binders, mowers, and rakes, and Studebaker wagons, from the vessel's hold and stack them upon lighters for Algerian use. Railroads thread all the North African coast and are pushing far beyond the littoral. We sailed for a whole day along the coast of the huge continent from Algiers to Tunis, watching the big rocks that jut into the sea, observing the long sand dunes that vary the view, and counting meanwhile the tall wireless stations that the French government has built to observe and chronicle the weather, recount the movements of caravan travelers and of savage tribesmen. There is a strangeness about the French cuckoo in North Africa, where they have spent millions on millions of treasure and thousands of lives in these eighty-three years of colonial occupation.

All this and more we have done in the Philippines. Beginning with Taft, with no real mistakes, and in the spirit of helpfulness and humanity, the island commissioners sent out from Washington have in fifteen years wrought parallels for the work for a century of the English and French in Asia. The railroad from Manila to Baguio is worth twenty thousand rifles, and the Manila north and south roads mean millions saved in munitions of war and peace without military campaigns. Glowing with lofty purposes and noble imaginings, the commissioners have improved upon the policies followed in Egypt and Algiers, and if one were tempted to despair of the republic and distrust democracy in general, let him go to Manila and Baguio and meet the men intrusted by Washington to carry forward this great adventure. Though not personally familiar with the colonizing work of the Germans, we hazard the statement that for ability, integrity, and those spiritual potencies which inhere in the manner, character, and objective of the Philippine civil service, in educational methods and in economic measures, the American occupation deserves to be labeled more purely and genuinely altruistic than the work of any modern colonizing power. They have wrought lasting good for the people, and the meed of fame sure to be awarded to McKinley and Taft will have rich tinge from their record in the Philippines.

All this is material and objective. There is also a spiritual and subjective aspect to the question. These colonizing nations go to endure as well as act, to learn as well as to teach. There are two qualities that nations, as well as individuals, must maintain in the long processes of their progress. Like individuals, nations grow stale, part with their initiative, and seem to lose themselves in cynicism and indifference. The moral flame burns low in Turkey to-day compared with the passion with which they overran Europe in the fifteenth century and established themselves at Adrianople. Spain at the close of the fifteenth century, when it was expelling the Moors, knitting together its empire by the union of Castile and Arragon, discovering America, seems at the very antipodes from modern Spain, which the late Lord Salisbury called "a decadent nation." First, then, a nation must keep a certain fiery ardor of spirit, a rich animating hope and enthusiasm. Anything that will feed this fervor and inflame this temper of mind, keeping it energetic and expulsive, is well worth assiduous cultivation. This quality cannot endure alone, and needs to be supplemented by directness of aim and a soberness of mood that will preserve the purpose when experience contradicts hope and when things turn out differently from what we had supposed or desired. Moreover, nations, like individuals, make mistakes, become wounded in both body and mind, and anything that will heal and restore the national selfrespect and aid it to forget while it profits by the experience is an asset of the highest value. Rocking over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the names of old mariners and peoples who had sailed those same seas, beating against headwinds for weeks the distances we steamed by in an hour, came trooping before our mind's eye. We wondered not at what they did, but at what they became by their enterprises. Run over the history of France during the Algerian occupation: Louis Philippe, with his reactionary Bourbonism; Napoleon III, with his vulgar glitter withering at Sedan; the loss of Strasburg, still veiled with crape on fête days in the Place de la Concord; two interoceanic canals begun by them, neither in their keeping now; not to mention the Commune, Boulanger, and Dreyfus. Surely the French people must have moments of humiliation when they

reflect on these things. Surely when they think of Dreyfus they must wish some goblet of forgetfulness pressed to their lips. How fine it is, then, to meet a sapient Frenchman and note the pride and satisfaction with which he expresses himself about Algiers. France may have failed many times and have reason to blush over her past, but in Algiers it has found forgetfulness for failure, healing for many old wounds, and an experience of joy and gladness that comes to nations, as to individuals, for a choice bit of work well done. Just now the same therapeutics are working in Italy. We traveled up the Ionian Sea with some Italian Red Cross nurses and a dozen Italian officers going home from the capture and occupation of Rhodes. They carried success in face, voice, and bearing. It seems to us such a little thing to take an island from the Turks—like a dog taking a sweet biscuit from a baby. But it has recovered their self-respect and strung again the lyre of national hope and aspiration. Or take their annexation of Tripoli. As a bargain it seems foolish and an economic waste. Nor does the method or the motive appeal to us. It is an open secret that the Banca de Roma was the power urging the ministry to declare war, and that the reason was to save themselves from possible losses in Tripolitan oasis lands. But Scipio coming home from Africa was no prouder than these officers and common soldiers over this national exploit. A nation's life consisteth not in the abundance of "things." Tripoli has brought the reactionary church and the progressive throne and democracy together. The Pope refused to reprove a bishop who threw himself into the war on the popular side, and the worst that will happen to him, said a wise churchman, is "never to be made a cardinal." Coming changes with regard to vast conventual and monastic endowments, greatly to be desired for the economic health of Italy, will be more easily accomplished by reason of the glow imparted to Italian patriotism by the Tripolitan enterprise. Russia is comparable to the fossil *Diplodocus*, a vast inert creature one hundred feet long, with a tough black hide and a brain the size of a pigeon's egg. The expansionists of England, unconsciously, no doubt, helped her to escape the fate of the *Diplodocus*—extinction. A nation is like a tree whose life is in its branches, and the young English-



men, with their cockney patois and dress coats, on their way to remote territories keep alive the vast enormity of business, amusement, sporting, and plethoric feeding which we call England. These young Englishmen, the romance and *spirituel* of the empire, stream away to other lands and hold the fairest spots on earth, grow into strong nations hardened by the suns of New Zealand and the frosts of Canada, keeping alive the fancy, imagination, and exuberant domination of the mother country. The soul is where it acts, says Lotze; and Thomas Jefferson, annexing Louisiana, contrary to all his political maxims and traditions, was the soul of a larger country than any of which the beardless colonels and young sages who won the Revolution ever dreamed. Grover Cleveland lacked imagination and missed his way when he hauled down the flag in Hawaii. The instinct of the people judged better than the President, with all his sterling integrity. In adding those mid-Pacific islands to the United States there was a subjective inspiration which men cannot understand who deal only in figures and precedents. And these Philippine Islands, a hundredfold more potential in degree, furnish a similar effect. We are at the ends of the earth doing our share of the world's civilizing work. Insensibly our trade leaps forward, our navy increases, the Panama strip is acquired, the canal is digged, the Pacific Coast finds itself, a heightened appreciation of Alaska comes into the public mind, new vigor appears in our consular agents and new method in their appointment; they play "Yankee Doodle" on all English ships, and the Deutscher Verein learn the "Star Spangled Banner"; North and South reunite in the Philippines, and we all breathe the vital air of a larger, less sordid, and more buoyant country.

Not all in the Philippines are friendly to independence. Of fifty young teachers and civil service employees whom we interviewed not one favors independence. The opinion of Mr. Gonzalo Guzman, expressed in the Philippine Observer, is worth a moment's review. He is young and an acknowledged patriot and leader. He elaborates the following points: (1). The many dialects interfere with the rapid union of the people. While a few educated persons speak English and Spanish, a real



nation must find its basis in the middle and lower classes, who are now, and will be for generations, strangers to either language. (2) The economic independence of the islands must first be achieved. (3) The people lack military knowledge, and though situated in a very exposed position, have neither a navy with which to defend themselves nor the naval science to build and equip it. (4) Many do not know the meaning of the word "independence," and foolishly think that thus they will be licensed to do as they please and will, moreover, escape the taxes they now pay. (5) Racial antipathy is the greatest hindrance to independence. As long as the hatred continues of Pampangos against Tagalogs and Visayans, of Pangasanins toward Ilocos, and of the Moros against the Christian tribes, there is no possibility of independence. Even in towns of the same province, and in barrios of the same town, this racial antipathy is now the most potent factor in the daily life of the people.

To this lucid statement of the present situation let me append a few statistics specifying a few of the government activities, which, by way of comparison, may give us a view of the present rate of progress:

Public Buildings:	1911	1912
Number .....	158 .....	181 .....
Cost .....	Pesos, 2,775,339 .....	Pesos, 2,540,638 .....
Artesian Wells .....	337,387 .....	377,387 .....
Irrigation .....	888,755 .....	878,783 .....
Roads and Bridges .....	4,551,733 .....	4,546,708 .....
	1907	1911
Enrollment in public schools (estimated) ..	140,000 .....	446,889 .....
Railroad mileage .....	122 .....	455 .....
Public Roads:		
Manila, North .....		369 .....
Manila, South .....		129 .....
Cholera:	1902	1911
Manila, Cases .....	4,664 .....	1 .....
Deaths .....	3,560 .....	1 .....
Provinces, Cases .....	120,996 .....	226 .....
Deaths .....	77,072 .....	182 .....
	1899	1902
Imports .....	\$1,150,613 .....	\$4,035,243 .....
Exports .....	3,540,894 .....	21,517,777 .....
		1912
		\$20,604,155 .....

To this writer these figures and considerations seem eloquent for retaining the islands. They are all affirmative and constructive. Negations quite as conclusive need simply to be stated. If Congress provides independence for the islands, millions of money now used for their development will be withdrawn and other millions will never be invested at all; and when we face the sober facts that the Spanish colonies have never displayed aptitude for self-government, that Tagalog leaders have promised Visayans and Moros that they will be allowed to establish a second republic of their own, that in the judgment of careful men the United States would thus be adding another government like Mexico to disgrace the name of republic, and that we should in the act be conferring upon the Tagalogs headship among nine million Malays with authority to govern these primitive peoples, made up, as they are, of many races, speaking many languages and dialects, from widely scattered localities and with no bond of union, it would seem that the question can await decision by a later generation than our own.

The question of academic independence still remains to be faced. We do not wish to evade it. It is of little moment now, for not until the Filipino peoples become self-respecting, self-supporting, in some degree conforming to civilized standards, clean-minded, clean-bodied, healthy and wholesome members of the body politic as at present constituted, will they be ready for assimilation into the American nation or for independence. To do it as a kindness will not answer. Mistaken kindness is little less dangerous than premeditated malice. No grievance is alleged against the government by the Philippine Commission; only a small percentage of those entitled to participate in the election of the Philippine legislature availed themselves of the right of suffrage. The Philippine assembly's four times refusing to pass criminal statutes against slavery and peonage suggests its immediate adjournment *sine die* by executive order. No schemes of public betterment in case independence is granted are proposed. The claim amounts to about this: that because we have a July 4, 1776, in the calendar, these islanders *per se* deserve to be permitted to govern themselves now. While Spain was dominant

there was no struggle for independence as in Cuba, no protest against Spanish misrule, and no body of citizens increasing in numbers and influence year by year yearning for independence. Unlike the South American dependencies who revolted, they acquiesced for centuries in the rule by representatives of the old Spanish families, who enriched themselves in the familiar fashion, and thus, as it seems to us, gave sure proof of their incapacity for self-government. We are quite familiar with the Aguinaldo type of revolutionist. We should all know that he grew rich by it. His compeers have kept the Central and South American states in a chronic revolution for one hundred years. They want not more freedom, but rather that others shall agree that they shall have more to eat, drink, and wear; that others shall agree that they shall grow rich at public expense, and that they shall be elected to sit in the city councils, sent as ambassadors to foreign powers, and fill whatever seats of the mighty there may be. Nothing is more imaginative than some people's ideas of independence. The demand for it is much more pronounced in Egypt, where for centuries they acquiesced in Turkish and Egyptian misrule. Then came the English, and in thirty years they made the country worth while. Then arose the cry, never before heard, "Egypt for the Egyptians!"—assuming, of course, that they who raised the cry were the Egyptians. They are surly yet in some quarters of Cairo because ex-President Roosevelt told them plainly that they were asking license, not asking liberty. In India a dozen petty Rajahs, Nawabs, Begums, Gaekwars, and Maharajahs, with inferior potentates, are eager to seize the rule, not for India's sake, but for their own emolument. This may seem severe, but it is well to recognize concretely that human life is largely a quest for the superfluous. The number and fantastic character of our "wants" is still one of the great differences between man and the lower animals, and the yearnings and strivings which they occasion must be taken into every account of motive. The Egyptian, Indian, and the political Filipino raise the suspicion in my mind that by freedom they do not mean acting rightly, nor acquiescing in the law of the whole, but acting in accordance with their own subjective propensities without external constraint.

Democracy as at present existing in the world has, with almost exact precision, appointed and decreed what new democracies shall be. No sentimental associations can bribe partiality nor change the terms upon which new independencies may happen. Its categories are work, intelligence, self-control, a deepening consciousness of what is good and what is evil, and of what duty and pleasure are. Independence is a scheme of things whereby men may easiest learn to eat of the tree of knowledge and live. Men cannot be made sober nor moral by act of Congress, neither can they thus be made independent. Granted that the Philippine Islanders are ready for independence, the one evidence that should at this juncture be admitted in proof would be an urgent, persistent, and rational request, widely expressed, for admission into the American Union. This wish to be absorbed into the Union was the palpitating reality which secured American interest and response to the struggles of the Dole government in Hawaii and will in due time bring real independence to Cuba and the Philippines. "Names, to men of sense," said a certain George Saville, first Lord of Halifax, "are nothing more than fig leaves, while to the generality they are thick coverings that hide the nature of things." While concrete tests could hardly be agreed upon, until the islanders appeal to the instincts of the American heart or conform to the systematized experience of democracy, the question of the words to be used may well remain in abeyance.

It is no part of my purpose to plead the progress of missions as a reason for retaining the islands. Under any form of government doubtless the Protestant evangelization of the islands will go forward. Patience, postponement, putting aside preferences, willing submission to the laws of reality, and power to ameliorate and lessen the bestial promptings that cause the most of human unhappiness, are inwrought into the very fabric of missionary enterprise. The gospel is spiritual, but its first signs are physical, and these material benefits are most rapidly promoted by good government. Any government likely to be imposed will be superior to the one the American occupation supplanted. The Catholic Church needs much more the retention of the islands

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than do the Protestant bodies. Men who think more of spiritual progress than they do of a particular denomination rejoice that some of the breadth and purity of the American Catholics have been imported into the work of the Roman Church in the Philippines. The type of Romanism has progressed one hundred and fifty years in the last fifteen years. The retention of the islands would be an assurance that this policy would continue, and would be prosecuted with even more frequent selection and advancement of American priests to leadership. All Protestantism is solicitous that this may be so. The Protestant churches in the islands are close together and strong and courageous enough to criticize the Roman hierarchy and hold up to public knowledge any widespread lapses into mediævalism. There is a unique chance there for the Roman Catholic Church to recover the spiritual leadership among the islanders which it had entirely lost before the American occupation. We hope it may be able so to do. But a large program is open to Protestantism. The Episcopalians have contributed one rare radiant soul to the work there, Bishop Brent, who has made Protestant Episcopalianism seem as winsome as his own personality. The Presbyterians have another such man in Dr. Wright. The Methodists had one such man, even two such men, and both once on the field, but the mutations of a supposedly nonecclesiastical organization removed them. We were divinely led, let us hope, in the last General Conference in not electing a missionary bishop for the Philippines. Democracy has had a new birth all over the Orient, and just as America should stay in the Philippines, so Methodism, with a bishop minus any equivocal designation, should remain there. The Methodist forces of Eastern Asia thought that a bishop should be assigned to residence in Manila, and in due time the church will so direct. Such an order would constitute a national policy, renew electric communication with the whole church, and unseal a hundred fountains of interest and benevolence.

*Edwin A. Schell.*

# ART. VIII.—GEORGE MEREDITH, THE PREACHER'S POET-NOVELIST

GEORGE MEREDITH has a unique place among English novelists. He has enriched literature with brilliant productions, writing more than a dozen novels and several volumes of poetry. His writings are vast in their horizon; profound in imagination, in insight, in philosophy. His poetry and romance have those qualities of art and genius which give them rank as classics in the world of English letters. He belongs to the circle of great creative artists of the reign of Queen Victoria; his keen mind works at a swift pace, catches fire by its own friction, and emits flashes which show that in point of intellect he is the equal of any English novelist. Robert Louis Stevenson says: "I am a true-blue Meredith person. I think George Meredith out and away the greatest force in English letters. His Rhoda Fleming is the strongest thing in literature since Shakespeare died, and if Shakespeare could have read it he would have jumped and cried, 'Here's a fellow!' No other living writer of English fiction can be compared to Meredith." Sir Gilbert Parker says: "George Meredith has been an inspiration to some of the best intellects of our time, and he must remain a fountain from which pure waters may be drawn for lovers of literature yet to come. His masterpieces are among the strongest and most individual performances of modern literature." Some regard him as the greatest novelist of the nineteenth century; they rank him, as a creator of character, next to him who is the creator of Hamlet. His novels have not the popular note that moves the soul of the crowd; they make a demand on the mind of the reader that stands in the way of commonplace popularity. They are as unappreciated by the general public as Robert Browning's poetry is. Meredith stands among novelists as Browning among poets: he is a prose Browning. He regards novel-writing as serious business; as something to awaken deep thought, to impart scientific information and philosophical knowledge; as something to deal with subjects of profoundest gravity. He says: "I think that all right use of life, and the one secret of



life, is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us; and I think mine own novels of worth only where *they* point and aid to that end." His writings have about them a magnetic sway of thought, a charming, purified, and exalted rhetoric, and a thrilling quality of tone that make them profoundly eloquent. Scattered broadcast over his novels are descriptions so wonderfully eloquent that they cause us to feel a shiver of splendid sensations such as we have known in the magnificently graphic scenes depicted by Victor Hugo; they sway us as trees are swayed in a whirlwind. His style is graceful, supple, brilliant; it is peculiarly his own. Its literary finish is unsurpassed; its originality is so refreshing that it transforms his faults into virtues. He is a poet in prose. He bathes all his characters in the light of poetry. His prose is so steeped in the poetry of his thoughts that it is like poetry; even out of the subtlety and realism of his psychology he breaks forth into the melody and splendor of poetry. Take his verbal picture of the first meeting of Lucy Desborough and Richard Feverel as a specimen of his poetical style. His description of this love-scene outsings the birds, outsweetens the flowers of the dawn. It is one of the highest reaches of prose romance; it is so beautiful in simplest Saxon, so vivid with picturesque imagery, so majestic in rhythm, that we know not where to find a love scene more full of enchanting and haunting poetic music:

When nature has made us ripe for love it seldom occurs that the fates are behindhand in furnishing a temple for the flame. Above green flashing plunges of a weir, and shaken by the thunder below, lilies, golden and white, were swaying at anchor among the reeds. Meadow-sweet hung from the banks thick with weed and trailing bramble, and there also hung a daughter of earth. This blooming young person was regaling on dewberries. . . . The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice-mellow note; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers; a bow-winged heron traveled aloft, searching solitude; a boat slipped toward her containing a dreamy youth. . . . Surrounded by the green shaven meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weir-fall's thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, she was a bit of lovely human life in a fair setting; a terrible attraction. The magnetic youth leaned round to note his proximity to the weir-piles and beheld the sweet vision. . . . All at once an alarming, delicious shudder went through his frame. From him to her it coursed, and back from her

to him. Forward and back love's electric message rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each, till it surged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in union—a lovely couple under these fair heavens of the morning. . . . After some conversation she passed across the stile and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes. And away with her went the wild enchantment; he looked on barren air. . . . To-morrow this spot will have a memory—the river and the meadow, and the white falling weir; his heart will hold a temple here; and the skylark will be its high priest and the old blackbird its glossy gowned chorister, and there will be a sacred repast of dewberries.

We have given this verbal picture of the meeting and the swift-uprising of love between Lucy and Richard somewhat in full because it is such a fine representation of the novelist's unique poetic style. His language is always rich, brilliant, transparent. His felicity of diction charms us; words are perfectly pliant to the purposes of his thought. He dominates language as a master a slave. Take the following as a specimen:

Let us breathe the air of the Enchanted Island. Golden lie the meadows; golden run the streams; red gold is on the pine-stems. The sun is coming down to earth, and the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts. He comes, and his heralds run before him and touch the leaves of oaks and planes and beeches lucid green, and the pine-stems redder gold; leaving brightest footprints upon the thickly weeded banks, where the fox-glove's last upper bells incline and bramble-shoots wander amid moist-rich herbage.

In Meredith's writings we are continually coming across prose passages melodious in liquid flow of sound; the cadence fits the thought as fragrance the flower. Speaking of certain horsemen, he says, "They flourish their lances with cries, and jerk their heels into the flanks of their steeds, and stretch forward till their beards are mixed with the tossing manes, and the dust rises after them crimson in the sun." He speaks of "the stars that are above the purple heights and the blushes of inner heaven that stream up the sky." Robert Louis Stevenson says, "There are continually recurring passages in Meredith's writings that haunt me and make me drunk like wine." One of his characteristics is apt, rich, strong imagery. His tendency is to add metaphor to metaphor; the moment the metaphor used has put forth its picture he moves on to one still more incisive and striking. As nature in spring

time calls forth flowers to express its beauty, as the sky in nighttime calls forth stars to express its splendor, so does the mind of Meredith call forth images to express its thoughts. He speaks of "the ponderous breakers of the ocean plunging, and striking, and darting their hissing tongues high up the sand." He speaks of "the shadow in the meadows flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon." He speaks of a maiden's eyes as "dark, under a low arch of darker lashes, like stars on the skirts of storm." He speaks of Napoleon as "the brain of the lightnings of battle." Figures are ever flashing upon his brain; his mind leaps into splendor of symbolry as naturally as larks full of melody mount with effortless wings into the free sky. In imagination Meredith is a giant; his imagination is vigorous, sleepless, impassioned, marvelously productive. It takes him far afield; breaking loose from all bounds, it sweeps over the earth, mounts into the heavens, and makes boundless fairylands its home.

Meredith uses the scenes of nature for illustrations in his novels. He is as sensitive to the beauties of nature as a lute that waits upon the breathings of the wind; feels keenly the thrills and flushes of lovely sceneries; enters deeply into the silence and solemnity of fields and lakes, of valleys and mountains; catches the throbbing, passionate, joyous voices of the natural world. He looks upon nature with all the delight of a lover looking up into the eyes of his betrothed. He knows how to interpret nature in all its movements; seems to have mastery of nature's innermost secrets. When we move amid the scenes of the natural world under his guidance, how they light up richly, vividly, variously portrayed. As the sun every morning sheds a light, old and yet ever new, over the flowers and landscapes, the hillsides and mountains, arraying them in beauty that is ever fresh, even so does the genius of Meredith shed a new light over the scenes and forms of nature. In all sights, all sounds, all phases of nature, he finds something that stands allegorically for human life, something that teaches him all-important lessons, great spiritual truths. He sees the wild, stern, cruel aspects of nature, the relentlessness of natural laws, as well as those smiling moods of nature imaged in the wayside flowers, in the blue sky, in the setting sun. But he believes

that back of all is a pervading harmony. His conception of nature is the conception of an immanent and transcendent principle unifying all its phenomena. He looks upon nature as proceeding from the creative joy of God and athrob with the life of God. He sees divine dew on the grass; divine freshness on the blossoms. He hears the rustle of divine garments in the leaves. To him nature is deluged with divinity: God is present. Everywhere he sees such evidences of divine handiwork that he says, "You may start a sermon from stones to hit the stars." He is a realist. He is a witness to the whole truth about human nature. He puts the colors upon the canvas in a way that is true to facts as they are. He can deal with the human soul in its fiercest passion and action; is capable of rising to all grandeurs of nature and destiny; has a wondrous range of vision; sounds deep depths of life's experiences. He has the keenest insight into the world. His knowledge of the springs of human action is wide and profound. He is perfectly at home in reading the language of personality; is one of the masters of the secrets of human life; seems to see such secrets in the illumination of a searchlight. He is a student and dissector of men and women; shows us people as they really are; pictures them in the making, and not as having attained the ideal. His novels present careful and minute studies of character. Take as an example *The Egoist*; it is a study of characters dominated by selfishness. The aim of the novel is to turn the reader's criticizing eye upon himself in self-analysis. It reveals to him secrets about himself from which he instinctively draws back as from a skeleton unexpectedly brought before him.

Meredith is at his best in his delineation of feminine character. His women-folk are unique. He has supreme reverence for womanhood; is always in profoundest sympathy with the heroines whom he creates. He has a peculiar genius for analyzing the inborn nature of woman, for grasping the subtleties of the female heart. Miss Adeline Sargent says, "George Meredith is one of the few novelists of any age or time who see woman as she is." What a gallery of splendid women does he create. What a wealth of imagination does he spend on this gallery. His models of womanhood are noble studies; in them we have mental culture

and moral beauty. He teaches that a man's relations to woman are a standard by which he can be most accurately judged. He says: "Women have us back to the conditions of primitive men or shoot us higher than the topmost star. But it is as we please. Let them tell us what we are to them. For us they are our back and front of life; ours is the choice; they are to us what we hold of best or worse within." Most of his women are strong, beautiful, brilliant. They combine intellect and heart. They are so healthily intelligent that they think for themselves; have intellectual resources; have all the graces and virtues of the most admirable womanliness. Their character is as clear as daylight, as pure as the morning dew; they are enchanting to look upon, perfect creations. Take, for example, Emilia Belloni, Clara Middleton, Cecilia Halkett, Diana Warwick, Aminta, Lucy, and others; ideal heroines they are, who speak for themselves; the color of their portraits is unfading. Who excepting Shakespeare has given us a nobler group of women?

Meredith is a profound believer in Christianity. He has a subtle sense for spiritual mysteries; a sense of eternal things overwhelms him; he glows with spiritual passion. He says: "Christianity is a spiritual religion. A spiritual God I most perfectly believe in. I have that constantly before me—I feel it within me." He gives a spiritual background to that which he writes. He is a preacher. Dr. Dowden, in his study of Meredith, says, "Meredith, too, like all the larger spirits of this age of inward trouble and perplexity, whether with or against his will, must needs be a preacher." His philosophy of life makes him a preacher. All his stories have ethical meaning, moral significance; they are illumined with flashes of inspiration. Light and life leap from their pages. His books embalm the profoundest lessons of human experience. They are royal treasure-houses of moral instruction. All his chief characters are measured, not by any code of the natural or conventional man, but by the divine standard. Behind the fleeting he sees the permanent; behind the finite the infinite. He aims to show the unspeakable value of personal uprightness, the everlasting worth of righteous character. According to Meredith's theory of life we are here to conquer self and



serve our fellows. We are educated through struggles. Spiritual manhood comes through hard ordeals. The worth of life is in the effort to attain the ideal. Man is victorious so long as he is determined that the battle must go on; he is beaten only when he gives up the fight. He teaches that religion consists in a life lived under the inspiration of God. It is the inflowing of God upon life. God surrounds us as the ocean surrounds its shores. The ocean surrounding its shores fills every opening according to its receptive condition; it is so with the bay, the river-mouth, the creek, the inlet. As the ocean flows into the opening, and fills it according to its capacity to receive, so does God enter into all lives and fill them according to their degree of receptivity. Meredith pictures retributions of sin worthy of the old Greek tragedies. He strips sin of all masks and hypocrisies, paints its nature in all its naked ghastliness. Take, for example, his novel entitled *Rhoda Fleming*. Its great lesson is that the consequences of sin are inevitable, inexorable, eternal. The book is serious, solemn reading; a sermon upon the fact that, as good character is its own reward, so bad character is its own punishment; that character makes destiny, and that it is as impossible for a man to escape the destiny which is the outcome of his character as it is for him to escape from himself. In the novel we have the idea of Nemesis so consistently and so forcibly wrought out that its pages seem an exposition of the Bible words, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." When it comes to sin, a man's conscience must be very hard, seared even as with hot iron, not to find illumination in this novel. His best novel is *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. The most golden hour of his authorship is the hour when he is writing this daring, brilliant realistic romance. The chapter on "The Wild Oats Plea" sets forth the inexorable results of transgression; shows that nature never overlooks an entry concerning iniquity, that nature keeps her books remorselessly, that penalties at compound interest await those who sow to the flesh, that nature never fails to send the transgressor to the left of the judgment seat. He characterizes prayer as the loftiest act of man's spirit, as the divinest function of the human heart. He says:



Prayer is the power within us to communicate with the desired beyond our thirsts, and he who rises from prayer a better man his prayer is answered. It is wise in all difficulties to lift the heart to God in prayer and move forward. . . . The good in prayer is that it opens the soul to the undiscovered; it makes us repose on the unknown, makes us flexible to change, makes us ready for evolution, for life. He who has the fountain of prayer in him will not complain of hazards. . . . Cast forth the soul in prayer and you join with the creative elements in giving breath to you; and that crust of habit which is the soul's tomb; and custom, the soul's tyrant; and pride, our volcano-peak that sinks us in a crater; and fear, which plucks the feathers from the wings of the soul and sets it naked and shivering in a vault, where the passing of a common hodman's feet above sounds like the king of terrors coming—you are free of them; you live in the day and for the future by this exercise and discipline of the soul's faith.

Meredith sees the path of progress in the law of life and death. He believes that death is development. He says:

As to death, anyone who understands nature at all thinks nothing of it. No one should consider death or think of it as worse than going from one room into another. Every night when I go to bed I know that I may not rise from it. That is nothing to me. I hope I shall die with a good laugh. Without death there can be no new growth. There is no room for such development as man is made for so long as he is cumbered by flesh and blood.

He is as great an optimist in his novels as Browning is in his poetry. The stars of hope are always shining radiantly in the sky of his own life. Through the lips of his Diana of the Crossways he says: "Who can really think and not think hopefully?" That is an expression characteristic of his sunny optimism. He has unquenchable hopefulness. Sunbeams are in his face. He makes war upon pessimism; thinks that all the talk of modern pessimism is fully answered when we hear "history speak of what men were and have become." There is no melancholy undertone in his writings. His pages sound with that full-toned harmony of Christian optimism that inspirits and delights. This is the pen-portrait of Meredith given by a literary critic: "George Meredith faces life a mighty laughter, glad to be alive, glad to walk the fresh, sweet earth, glad to breathe the southwest winds that blow health into the lungs of the race of which he is so proud a being, glad of this splendid wayfaring amid the adventures that make up the journey of life." He believes profoundly in evolu-

tion; believes that the glorious outcome of evolution will justify all processes. He says, "Nature goes on her way, unfolding, improving, always pushing us higher; and I do not believe that this great process continues without some spiritual purpose, some spiritual force that drives it on." He makes us feel that there is light behind all the dark problems of existence. He makes us feel that as the all-embracing blue of heaven holds the clouds and storms that sweep over it, even so does everlasting Love hold these problems in its keeping to be made plain. He teaches that there is a poetry in life even in its most tragic experiences. He says: "There is nothing that the body suffers that the soul may not profit. With that I sail into the dark; it is my promise of the immortal; teaches me to see immortality for us." His attitude toward life is utterly fearless. With perfect serenity he moves forward toward destiny. He has a spirit of faith which, without questions, leaves the future to God. He holds that, as we are unable to spy a pathway "into the mystery of breath, or learn the secret of the shrouded death," we are to accept joyfully the universe as we find it. It is an unknown quantity, its secrets are deeply veiled; we must therefore trust and wait for the disclosures that shall come with the sunrise of immortality. Through all storm he looks to the calm that is to follow; through all darkness to the light that is to dawn. He condemns the spirit that is ever asking questions. He says: "It is infinitely worth while to go on; there is a heart of eternal goodness to receive the dead, whatever the nature of the eternal secret may be. That which we need for our satisfaction will be granted to us, though we are not yet told what it will be." His optimistic faith is like the faith of the apostle who writes the sublime words, "Beloved, now are we the children of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him: for we shall see him as he is."

*John Reid Shannon*

## ART. IX.—THE ULSTER PROTESTANTS AND ROME

THE Ulster Protestants are face to face with a crisis. Their unalterable determination is, "We will not have Home Rule." They have many pronounced objections to it, but the greatest is the religious one. They believe that Irish Home Rule means Rome Rule; that all sorts of clauses safeguarding Protestants are as powerless as the "seven green withs" with which Samson was bound; that the Roman Catholic people of Ireland have persecuted their Protestant neighbors in the matter of religion; that a Dublin Parliament means a Roman Catholic majority directed and controlled by the Church of Rome; that this church disregards the sanctity of oaths, and that she has stood in favor of the suppression, by violence and bloodshed, of all opposed to her authority and doctrines. In view of the fact that the Scotch-Irish made American independence a possibility and furnished this republic with some of its noblest Presidents, the question, "Are the Ulster Protestants justified in their belief concerning the Roman Church?" deserves attention on the part of all intelligent American citizens, and will be a *vital* one in the solving of some of the future problems of this country.

In the British House of Commons, July 7, 1913, Herbert Henry Asquith, England's Prime Minister, after declaring that for the men of Ulster he had "the highest possible respect, men who are our own flesh and blood, and who have contributed largely to the prosperity of Ireland and the building up of the empire," asserted, "If you could show us that there would be a real danger of either religious or political persecution, you would not only have our sympathy, but our support."<sup>1</sup> I hope that England's Prime Minister will permit an American citizen to remind him that Francis Lieber, "the founder" of political science in this country, believed and taught: "He is a wise statesman who has learned to use his personal experience as a clue to decipher history and who can use history as a clue to decipher

<sup>1</sup>The Times, London, July 8, 1913, page 13.

the often mysterious pages of his own age."<sup>2</sup> History records the fact that in our "own age" Leo XIII, one of the greatest pontiffs the Roman Church has produced, affirmed in a communication written by him on March 25, 1879, "that if he possessed the power he claims he would employ it to close all Protestant schools and places of worship in Rome." In that letter he insisted on "the restoration of the temporal power" and bewailed the fact that until he "regains earthly sway in this city it will be impossible for him to prohibit liberty of worship and instruction."<sup>3</sup>—language that fully establishes the correctness of Lieber's assertion: "The fiercest despot desires liberty as much as the most ardent republican."<sup>4</sup> If it is *morally* right "to prohibit liberty of worship and instruction" in Rome, *why not in Ireland?* If it is *morally* right "to close all Protestant schools and places of worship in Rome," it is *also morally right* "to close all Protestant schools and places of worship" in Ireland.

If England's prime minister believes with Lieber that a man's wisdom is revealed in his willingness to "use history as a clue to decipher the often mysterious pages of his own age," Americans will *await with interest* Mr. Asquith's answer to the following questions:

First. *Is it true or false that the Irish Roman Catholics have persecuted their Protestant neighbors in the matter of religion?* The Baltimore Catholic Mirror<sup>5</sup> affirms: "The blue-blooded Duke of Norfolk comes forward with an indictment against the bishops and priests of Ireland, accusing them of being revolutionists, foes of law and order, and instigators of riot and bloodshed." History supports the affirmation of "the blue-blooded" Roman Catholic duke. Let us glance at the Irish Rebellion of 1641. That rebellion proved that "the bishops and priests of Ireland" are "revolutionists" and "instigators of riot and bloodshed." That rebellion was entirely unprovoked on the

<sup>2</sup> Miscellaneous Writings, by Francis Lieber, LL.D., Vol. I, page 189. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1881.

<sup>3</sup> The Times, London, April 11, 1879, page 3.

<sup>4</sup> Lieber's Civil Liberty and Self-Government, Chapter II, page 25. Revised Edition. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1883.

<sup>5</sup> March 13, 1886.

part of the Protestants. It was a cold-blooded butchery for which there was not even the shadow of an excuse. "It was unlike any earlier rising in its religious character. It was no longer a struggle, as of old, of Celt against Saxon, but of [Roman] Catholic against Protestant. The Papists within the Pale joined hands in it with the wild kerns outside the Pale. Thousands of English people perished in a few days. Tales of horror and outrage, such as maddened our own England when they reached us from Cawnpore, came day after day over the Irish Channel. Sworn depositions told how husbands were cut to pieces in presence of their wives, their children's brains dashed out before their faces, their daughters brutally violated and driven out naked to perish in the woods."<sup>6</sup> Lord Castlehaven, a Roman Catholic, says, "It was certainly very barbarous and inhuman," and he also affirms that it commenced "in a time of settled peace, without the least occasion given."<sup>7</sup> Thomas Moore, a Roman Catholic, in his *History of Ireland*,<sup>8</sup> expresses himself thus concerning the rebellion of 1641, "To the Roman Catholic it brings a feeling of retrospective shame, like that which wrung from Lord Castlehaven—himself a Roman Catholic peer—those emphatic words, 'Not all the water in the sea could wash away the guilt of the rebels.'"

This unprovoked rebellion was *carefully planned*. It was not the conception of a brainless fanatic. It was not the dream of those who expected an end to be accomplished without the use of means. To it months and years of thorough preparation had been given. In a carefully written volume, *The Presbyterian Church in Ireland*, by the Rev. Patrick Adair,<sup>9</sup> we are told, "The cursed work was long in contriving, some of the Irish confessing that they knew of such a design intended seven or eight years before the execution of it, and that, all that time, meeting with disappointments, and things not succeeding as they would, they continued their design notwithstanding, and for that end kept

<sup>6</sup> Green's *History of the English People*, Vol. III, Book VII, Chapter VIII, page 207. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1879.

<sup>7</sup> The Earl of Castlehaven's *Review of His Memoirs*, page 16. Dublin, 1815.

<sup>8</sup> Vol. IV, page 230, Lardner's *Cyclopædia*. London, 1837.

<sup>9</sup> Page 79, C. Aitchison, Belfast, 1866.

up correspondence with their party in France, Spain, and Flanders, wholly managed by the conclave of Rome." Steady the hand, resolute the will, and trained the mind of those who were the leading spirits in that rebellion, and the leading spirits were the Roman Catholic clergy. The rebellion that was entirely unprovoked and carefully planned met with *the hearty approval of the Pope*. He designated it "a well-arranged movement by the prelates and other clergy, who willingly gave both advice and assistance."<sup>10</sup> Martin Haverty, an Irish Roman Catholic, in his interesting *History of Ireland*,<sup>11</sup> tells us that Innocent X "resolved to send an envoy to Ireland qualified with the powers of nuncio extraordinary, and chose for that purpose John Baptist Rinuccini, Archbishop of Ferno"; that "in addition to the money furnished by the Pope," and "a sum of \$36,000," contributed by Father Luke Wadding, the nuncio extraordinary "took with him a large quantity of arms and warlike stores, among the rest 2,000 muskets and cartouch belts, 4,000 swords, 2,000 pike heads, 400 brace of pistols, and 20,000 pounds of powder." Lecky, who writes with great carefulness on this dark chapter in Irish history, asserts that "no impartial writer will deny that the rebellion in Ulster was extremely savage and bloody"; that "priests undoubtedly supported the rebellion from the pulpit and even by the sentence of excommunication"; that "in the latter stages of the rebellion the Pope's nuncio exercised a great and very mischievous influence"; that "from the beginning of the rebellion there is no doubt that priests were connected with it," and he then adds, "They exerted all their spiritual influence in its favor, and they were sometimes associated with its worst crimes."<sup>12</sup> In the last letter Bishop Bedell wrote—written to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilmore and characterized by "Christian meekness, discretion, and firmness of the highest order"—this veritable saint of the Most High said: "To a Christian and bishop that is now almost seventy, no death for the cause of Christ

<sup>10</sup> *The Embassy in Ireland of Monsignor G. B. Rinuccini*, translated into English by Miss Annie Hutton, page 35, Dublin, 1873.

<sup>11</sup> Chapter XXXVIII, page 550, James Duffy, Dublin, 1867.

<sup>12</sup> *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, Vol. II, Chapter VI. *Ireland Before the Eighteenth Century*, pages 156, 182, 184, 180.



can be bitter. *Consider that God will remember all that is now done.*"<sup>13</sup>

According to an estimate made at the time, it was acknowledged by the priests appointed to collect the numbers that, during the first five months of the rebellion, 105,000 men, women, and children were murdered.<sup>14</sup> While the Rev. Dr. Reid affirms that "it is altogether impossible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion" concerning the number of Protestants who perished in this rebellion, and "that the lowest probable computation presents an awful sacrifice of human life," yet he states that "O'Mahony, an Irish Jesuit, in his *Disputatio Apologetica*," published in 1645, confesses that his party had "cut off 150,000 heretics in four years."<sup>15</sup> The Church of Rome teaches that when loyalty to Roman Catholic truth and to the will of infallible Pontiffs demands it, "the authority of the state must be braved, human affections must be disregarded, life must be sacrificed."<sup>16</sup> Since those who incite to crime deserve punishment when alive and execration when dead, the responsibility for bloodshed in that "well-arranged movement by the prelates and other clergy" lies at the door of the Roman Catholic Church, and not of a people so generous and warm-hearted that concerning them it can be said, as Paul said of the Celts nearly two thousand years ago, "I bear you record, that if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me."<sup>17</sup>

Second. *What are the facts concerning the Dublin Roman Catholic Parliament of 1689?* Cardinal Manning affirms, "In 1689 the Roman Catholic Parliament in Dublin passed many laws in favor of liberty of conscience."<sup>18</sup> A moment's glance at the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church concerning religious liberty and liberty of conscience will not be amiss. The Very Reverend Canon Oakeley, in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, wrote,

<sup>13</sup> Reid's *History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland*, Third Edition, Vol. I, Chapter VII, pages 321-322, note. Whittaker & Co., London, 1853.

<sup>14</sup> Killon's *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, Vol. II, Book IV, Chapter II, page 30, note. Macmillan & Co., London, 1875.

<sup>15</sup> Reid's *History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland*, Vol. I, Chapter VII, pages 324-326.

<sup>16</sup> *The Catholic World*, New York, July, 1868, Vol. VII, page 438.

<sup>17</sup> Galatians 4. 15.

<sup>18</sup> *The Times*, London, July 6, 1886, page 5.

"As to liberty of conscience, we are thankful even to avail ourselves of it, although none the less convinced that it is abstractedly opposed to the [Roman] Catholic theory."<sup>19</sup> The Catholic World affirms: "We do not pretend that the Church [of Rome] is or ever has been tolerant. She certainly is opposed to what the nineteenth century calls religious liberty."<sup>20</sup> Cardinal Manning assures us that "unity with the Roman faith is absolutely necessary," looks approvingly upon "coercive power to constrain to unity of faith," and teaches that the Roman Catholic Church should correct heretics by the use of "all its powers."<sup>21</sup> Pope Pius IX wrote a letter to the unfortunate Maximilian, in which he said: "The Roman Catholic religion must, above all things, continue to be the glory and the mainstay of the Mexican nation, to the exclusion of every other dissenting worship."<sup>22</sup> Pope Leo XIII, on November 1, 1885, gave the assurance to the entire world that the Roman Church "deems it unlawful to place the various forms of divine worship on the same footing as the true religion."<sup>23</sup> *No Roman Catholic will affirm* that in the five preceding sentences the Roman Church is misrepresented in reference to religious liberty and liberty of conscience, and *no Roman Catholic will deny* that the Baltimore Catholic Mirror, in its issue of November 19, 1885, sounded this note—a rather startling one—in the ears of the sleeping non-Romanists of America, "Impudent sects of heretics, infidels, atheists, claim to be treated by States on an equal footing with the one true church." When Protestantism speaks of "liberty of conscience" she means that every man shall be permitted to worship God in accordance with *his own convictions*. When Romanism speaks of "liberty of conscience" she means that every man shall be permitted to worship God in accordance with *the convictions of the Pope*.

What about "the Roman Catholic Parliament in Dublin" over which James the Second presided? The Act passed by it

<sup>19</sup> The Times, London, November 17, 1874, page 7.

<sup>20</sup> Vol. XI, page 8, April, 1870. The Catholic Publication House, New York.

<sup>21</sup> The Vatican Council and Its Definitions, page 103. D. and J. Sadlier, New York, 1871. Vatican Decrees, by Archbishop Manning, page 53.

<sup>22</sup> Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia, 1864, page 526.

<sup>23</sup> The Times, London, July 6, 1886, page 5.

in favor of "liberty of conscience" was the work of a monarch who in England wished to appear to his English subjects as a warm advocate of toleration in order to reconcile his Protestant subjects to the reestablishment of that religion whose professors had burned their fathers at the stake. Neal, in his *History of the Puritans*,<sup>24</sup> assures us that never were the Puritans more severely persecuted than they were during the early part of the reign of this Roman Catholic king. This was the condition of things in England. The persecution of the Scotch Covenanters justifies Green, in his *History of the English People*,<sup>25</sup> in asserting that in Scotland James "acted as a pure despot." One sentence from an Irish Roman Catholic historian<sup>26</sup> gives us an idea of the movements of James in Ireland: "The army was, however, soon filled with Roman Catholic officers, the bench with Roman Catholic judges (except three who retained their seats), the corporations with Roman Catholic members, and the counties with Roman Catholic sheriffs and magistrates." James dismissed from office his two brothers-in-law, the Earls of Clarendon and Rochester, because they were Protestants. "From that time," says Macaulay,<sup>27</sup> "it was clear that what he really wanted was not liberty of conscience for the members of his own church, but liberty to persecute the members of other churches." The pulse of James toward "liberty of conscience" beat much the same as his French contemporary of whom we are told, "While Louis XIV of France, called the Great, 'dragonnaded' the Protestants on no other ground than that they would not become [Roman] Catholics, a greater king, William III, declared in England that 'Conscience is God's province.'"<sup>28</sup> Concerning one great victory won by the man who proclaimed, "Conscience is God's province," an editorial in the *Sacred Heart Review*, Boston, November 8, 1902, tells us that Archbishop Walsh declares "that the battle of the Boyne was an excellent thing indeed for the [Roman] Cath-

<sup>24</sup> Vol. II, pages 315-334. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1871.

<sup>25</sup> Vol. IV, Book VIII, Chapter III, page 13. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1880.

<sup>26</sup> Plowden's *Historical Review of the State of Ireland*, Vol. I, Part II, Chapter VI, page 178. London, 1803.

<sup>27</sup> *History of England*, Vol. II, Chapter VI, page 148. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1849.

<sup>28</sup> Lieber's *Civil Liberty and Self-Government*, Chapter X, page 90.

olic Church in Ireland," and that he "thinks that Irish [Roman] Catholics have more right to celebrate the battle's anniversary than the Orangemen." "Indeed, while James was loudly boasting that he had passed an Act granting entire liberty of conscience to all sects, a persecution as cruel as that of Languedoc was raging through all the provinces which owned his authority."<sup>29</sup>

Parliamentary acts are one thing, historical facts quite another. The historical facts, compressed into few words, are: Protestants were removed from all public offices, and these were filled with Roman Catholics, or with Protestants willing to do the work of Roman Catholics. No, the real aim of the Dublin Roman Catholic Parliament of 1689 was to ruin the Irish Protestants. It repealed the Act of Settlement, an act on which all title to property rested, thereby depriving the Protestants of the bare and impoverished lands which they had purchased in good faith and brought to a high state of cultivation. It passed an Act of Attainder, unequaled in the history of any civilized country, condemning to death every Protestant who was either absent from Ireland, or who for safety had removed to that part of the country professing allegiance to William. In reference to this Irish Act of Attainder, which Green<sup>30</sup> pronounces "the hugest Bill of Attainder which the world has seen," Lecky asserts, "Its injustice, however, cannot reasonably be denied, and it forms the great blot on the reputation of the short Parliament of 1689."<sup>31</sup> Archbishop King gives a list of between two thousand and three thousand Protestants whom the Dublin Parliament attainted by name. Condemned without a trial—such was the fate of every one in this long list. Worse still, their names were not published. More hideous yet, no one, for any consideration, could get a glimpse at that list until the day of grace fixed by the act was passed. Still more awful, James actually gave his consent to a bill which deprived him of the pardoning power. An English king who at the bidding of a Parliament—which, in the judgment of one of

<sup>29</sup> Macaulay's *History of England*, Vol. III, Chapter XII, page 190.

<sup>30</sup> *History of the English People*, Vol. IV, Book VIII, Chapter III, page 43.

<sup>31</sup> *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, Vol. II, Chapter VI. *Ireland Before the Eighteenth Century*, page 210.

its ablest members, was largely made up of "a mere rabble"<sup>32</sup>—would sign away his own pardoning power was a coward. The Fellows and Scholars of the Dublin University were most uncere- moniously turned out of that institution by King James, though he had promised to its rulers that "he would protect them in the enjoyment of their property and their privileges."<sup>33</sup> Darker still is this picture: These men were forbidden, on pain of death, to meet together in greater number than three; Protestants were not allowed to leave their homes after nightfall, and if more than five met together, death was the punishment. Ronquillo, a bigoted Spanish Romanist, informed the Pope that the sufferings of the Irish Protestants were terrible.

Sir William Crawford, of Belfast, the head of the greatest linen manufactory in the world, a man of a most delightful Christian spirit, who is thoroughly conversant with the history of that Dublin Roman Catholic Parliament that did so much for "liberty of conscience," declares: "A Dublin Parliament we will not have. Its laws we will not obey. Its demands for money we will throw in the fire. Our Nationalist countrymen may, if they so desire, establish their claim to manage their own affairs—they will not manage ours. Let an Irish government be formed. Let it send its officers here to take taxes by force. We will not pay. Our decision is final and unchanging. We trust in the God of our fathers and our duty is clear."

Third. *What are the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church concerning the sanctity of oaths?* Lord Acton, a distinguished English Roman Catholic nobleman, in a letter to the London Times, published in the issue of that paper for November 24, 1874, asserts: "When Henry of Valois swore to respect the liberty of conscience in Poland, the Cardinal Penitentiary informed him that it would be a *grievous sin* to observe this oath, but that if it was taken with the intention of breaking it, his guilt would be less." Pope Martin V, on being charged by Alphonzo, king of Arragon, of breaking a solemn promise, calmly replied that "he had never intended to fulfill the promises he had made

<sup>32</sup> Macaulay's History of England, Vol. III, Chapter XII, page 187.

<sup>33</sup> Macaulay's History of England, Vol. III, Chapter XII, page 201.

him."<sup>34</sup> Pope Innocent III, the Roman Pontiff who had previously released the subjects of King John "from their oaths of fealty," released King John himself from the oath he had taken before the barons to observe and enforce the provisions of *Magna Charta* and "suspended" Archbishop Langton "from the exercise of the archiepiscopal functions" because he "refused to excommunicate" the barons.<sup>35</sup> Pope Pius V declared that Elizabeth, Queen of England, was "deprived of her pretended right to the said kingdom, released her subjects from their oath of allegiance to her, commanded 'not to dare to obey her,' and anathematized if they did obey."<sup>36</sup> *If every Roman Catholic archbishop, bishop, and priest in Ireland would pledge themselves under solemn oath to secure to the minority "perfect right of conscience," that pledge would mean nothing.* Pronounce me neither an alarmist nor an extremist, for I will substantiate my statement. It was on the strength of the oaths of Bishops Doyle, Murray, and Kelly, before a committee of the British Parliament, in 1825, denying Papal infallibility and affirming that Papal authority did not extend to civil affairs, that the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill was carried through the British Parliament, "testimony which," Mr. Gladstone asserts, "must not and cannot be forgotten."<sup>37</sup>

Cardinal Newman, in a pamphlet entitled "A Letter Addressed to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, on Occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation,"<sup>38</sup> states that the assurances given to the British government by the Roman Catholic bishops in 1825-26 have not been strictly fulfilled; that the statement of the eminent Irish bishop, the Right Rev. Mr. Doyle, requires "some pious interpretation," and that "no pledge from [Roman] Catholics was of any value to which Rome was not a party." On these strange and startling utterances Mr. Gladstone<sup>39</sup> thus

<sup>34</sup> Cormanin's History of the Popes, Vol. II, page 111.

<sup>35</sup> Lingard's History of England. A new edition. Vol. III, Chapter I, pages 28, 61, 62. New York, P. O'Shea.

<sup>36</sup> Green's History of the English People, Vol. II, Book VI, Chapter V, pages 377, 381. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1878.

<sup>37</sup> The Vatican Decrees in Their Bearing on Civil Allegiance. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1876, page 23.

<sup>38</sup> Pages 15, 18, 21-22. New York, The Catholic Publication Society, 1875.

<sup>39</sup> Vaticanism. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1875, page 29.



comments: "Statesmen of the future, recollect the words and recollect from whom they came; from the man who by his genius, piety, and learning towers above all the eminences of the Anglo-Papal communion."

Fourth. *Is it true or false that the Roman Catholic Church has stood in favor of the suppression by violence and bloodshed of all opposed to the authority and doctrines of that church?* In the year 1215 the fourth council of Lateran made the persecuting and exterminating of heretics a part of the canon law of Rome. Lord Acton, in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, published in the London Times of November 9, 1874, said: "Now Pius V, the only Pope who had been proclaimed a saint for many centuries, having deprived Elizabeth, commissioned an assassin to take her life; and his next successor (Gregory the Thirteenth), on learning that the Protestants were being massacred in France, pronounced the action glorious and holy but comparatively barren of results, and implored the king during two months, by his nuncio and legate, to carry the work on to the bitter end until every Huguenot had recanted or perished."

What Mr. Bryce in his most admirable work, *South America: Observations and Impressions*, published September, 1912, states on pages 97-98 concerning Valverde, the friar who accompanied Pizarro on his expedition to Peru—"He is as perfect an illustration as history presents of a minister of Christ in whom every lineament of Christian character, except devotion to his faith, had been effaced"—describes Pius V and also Gregory XIII, and in these pages we see "the unsuspecting Inca" and observe Pizarro when he "hesitated or affected for a moment to hesitate, and turned to Valverde for advice," and we hear the voice of the man who later on filled "the first bishopric of Peru" uttering words of no uncertain meaning: "I absolve you. Fall on, Castilians, I absolve you"; and then the late Ambassador in these words describes the awful outcome: "With this the slaughter of the astonished crowd began; and thousands perished in the city square before night descended on the butchery."

If the assertion that the Roman Catholic Church has stood in favor of the suppression by violence and bloodshed of all op-

posed to the authority and doctrines of that church is *false*, will the Prime Minister of England kindly express himself concerning the assertions that appear on page six, columns one and two, of the London Times of November 24, 1874? These assertions are made by no less an authority than Lord Acton, who in 1895 "was appointed regius professor of History at Cambridge, where he put into practice methods of investigation and study more thorough and conscientious than had before been introduced in England," and who is "recognized as the most learned and scientific of British historians."<sup>40</sup> Lord Acton, who lived and died a Roman Catholic, in a letter to the editor of the Times, expressed himself thus: "Urban (the Second) lays down the rule that it is no murder to kill excommunicated persons, provided it be done from religious zeal only and not from an inferior motive. Pius V declared that he was willing to spare a culprit guilty of a hundred murders rather than a single notorious heretic. He assured the king of France that he must not spare the Huguenots, because of their offenses against God. He declared that a Pope who would permit the least grace to be shown to heretics would sin against faith and would thus become subject to the judgment of men. He required that they should be pursued until they were all destroyed: '*Ad internecionem usque . . . donec, deletis omnibus, exinde nobillissimo isti regno pristinus Catholicae religionis cultus . . . restitatur.*'" Cardinal Manning states that the bull *Unam Sanctam* "was from the date of its publication (1302) an infallible act, obliging all [Roman] Catholics to receive it with interior assent."<sup>41</sup> The Cardinal also states: "Again in the famous bull *Unam Sanctam*, Boniface VIII speaks thus: 'Both the spiritual and the material sword are in the power of the church; the one is wielded on behalf of the church and the other by the church herself. One is in the hand of the priest; the other in the hands of kings and soldiers, but at the nod or call of the priest.'<sup>42</sup>

How frequently this statement, "One is in the hand of the

<sup>40</sup> Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia, 1902; third series; Vol. VII, page 485.

<sup>41</sup> The Vatican Decrees in Their Bearing on Civil Allegiance, page 57. New York. The Catholic Publication Society, 1875

<sup>42</sup> Essays on Religion and Literature. Edited by Archbishop Manning, Series II, page 411.

priest; the other in the hands of kings and soldiers, but at the nod or call of the priest," came to my remembrance after I received two letters from the Vatican, written by Cardinal Rampolla, late Papal secretary of state, in which he asserted that "the disabilities of Protestants in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia" are "*solely dependent upon the civil laws in force*" in those South American republics—an assertion that led some of the lawmakers in South America to resolve that they must, if they wished to command the respect of the better class of governments, heroically endeavor to remove those "disabilities"! How frequently during those long years of untiring effort to secure freedom for Protestants in the northern republics of South America, I thought of the Rev. Francis G. Penzotti, the hero arrested "at the nod or call of the priest," arrested first at the instigation of the Roman Catholic bishop of Arequipa, who observed him selling a New Testament in the street, and kept in prison until the civil authorities in Lima ordered his release; arrested again "on an accusation presented and urged by a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. José M. Castro, charged with the offense of violating the law in holding unauthorized religious services; kept in a dungeon after he had once and again been adjudged guiltless by the tribunals before which his adversary had summoned him; denied the privilege of bail; shrinking with inexpressible loathing from the filth and impurity of the cell in which he spent two hundred and fifty nights with thirty or forty criminals; refusing to listen to the whispered suggestion that proceedings might be discontinued if he would agree to leave Peru; constrained to send his daughters out of the country, lest without a father's protection they might become victims of a foul conspiracy; ever hopeful that his sufferings would eventually lead to the promulgation of religious liberty in Peru,<sup>43</sup> and I remembered how I rejoiced when the man whose cruel imprisonment and deathless courage carries us back to Apostolic times was "vindicated and set free," and I recalled that scene in the prison of Philippi when Mr. Penzotti, in a letter that he wrote me, made the following incidental reference to what occurred on the night before his release from a

<sup>43</sup> Bible Society Record, New York, April 16, 1891, pages 52, 53.

Peruvian dungeon: "About midnight there was a great earthquake which caused the prison to shake in such manner that the prisoners and soldiers were filled with terror, and wondered much at my calmness. On the following day the same captain of the guards who had taken me to jail by order of Bishop Huertas, when he came to read the order of my release, was the first one who embraced me, and took me to his house, introducing me to his wife. We there sat down to a good dinner, and they manifested much interest in the gospel."

Who can think of that "sword" which, though it is "in the hands of kings and soldiers," yet has never been unsheathed except "at the nod or call of the priest," without recalling more than one passage in the writings of a historian pronounced by Cardinal Gibbons a historian of "deep historical research," "an author of a sober and dispassionate mind, as well as of distinguished ability"?<sup>44</sup> That historian is William Edward Hartpole Lecky.

Mr. Lecky reveals to us in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*<sup>45</sup> something of the "violence" of Romanism in these modern times and gives us in his monumental work *Rationalism in Europe*<sup>46</sup> a picture of the Roman Catholic Church, of which the following is the opening sentence: "That the Church of Rome has shed more innocent blood than any other institution that has ever existed among mankind will be questioned by no Protestant who has a complete knowledge of history."

In this article I carefully avoid everything looking in the direction of controversy. Not a syllable of it is written in the spirit of the polemic. The authors to whom reference is made are many of them Roman Catholics; they speak for themselves. In the quotations the volume, chapter, page, and editions are given. "Speaking the truth in love"<sup>47</sup> has been my aim. There is nothing gained and a great deal lost in incorrectly representing the views of those from whom we politically or religiously

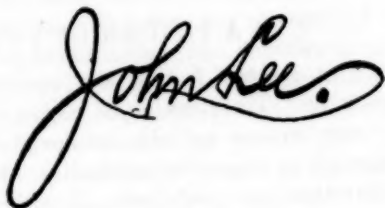
<sup>44</sup> *The Tablet*, London, December 2, 1899, page 896.

<sup>45</sup> Vol. I, Chapter II, pages 290-293. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1882.

<sup>46</sup> Vol. II, Chapter IV, Part II, pages 40-44. Revised edition. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1872.

<sup>47</sup> *Ephesians* 4. 15.

liffer. Extremists defeat the very end they have in view. That man is wise "who can use history as a clue to decipher the often mysterious pages of his own age." This is my purpose. To all Americans who love "the facts of history," the answer of England's Prime Minister to these vital historical questions will be very gratifying.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Lee." The signature is written in dark ink and is centered on the page.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

## A PILGRIM OF THE INFINITE

THE greatest fact in the universe, the paramount reality, is personality. There can be no region in which that is not true. At any rate, we are not able to imagine anything that can outrank, transcend, or supersede personality. For critical definition we have neither time nor need here. Avoiding metaphysical subtleties and ignoring philosophical quibbles, we may say simply that by personality we mean intelligence, feeling, moral perception, and will gathered up into a center of self-conscious, self-contemplative, and self-determining being—a being who can say, "I," and who is both a subject who knows others and an object knowable by others. The most fundamental theme of philosophy is the problem of Personality, upon which all great philosophers have bent their energies; in our day William James and Henri Bergson especially, although the clearest, ablest, and most convincing modern master of the subject is Borden P. Bowne in his book entitled *Personalism*.

Personality, as a fact seen in God and in Man, is really inescapable, ultimately undeniable. Truly it is said that if a man imagines himself constrained by science or psychology to deny the real existence of personality, he is bound to say of himself, "I do not exist." If he shrinks from that absurdity, he admits personality to be a reality.

At the top of the universe is Personality—an eternal, supreme, infinite Person, the personal Absolute whom we name God. Who says so? Jesus Christ says so; does anybody pretend to know better than he? Matthew Arnold did, it seems, for in *Literature and Dogma* he denied the Divine Personality and strangely contended that the God revealed in the Old Testament is not a personal deity, and cited a number of texts to prove that Israel's God is an eternal It. Whoever denies the personality of God is not a Christian thinker. Illingworth in his *Bampton Lectures* said that it is Christianity that has developed and completed the conception of personality as we now have it. Hegel had gone further by affirming that the world owes to

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Christianity the very idea of personality. Recently a Hindu monk, one of the numerous Swamis who have visited America from India, said while addressing two hundred people, "We are not persons; there is not a person in this room." That shows the hopeless futility of pagan philosophy, groping in the dark without the one clue that can guide it out into the light. Denial of human personality is absurd, and belief in a personal Deity is necessary not only because, in Kant's phrase, any other is "not a God that can interest us," but also because any other is to us unthinkable. The qualities or attributes which we ascribe to deity and which are largely manifested in the universe, such as intelligence, wisdom, purpose, beneficence, righteousness, cannot be imagined to exist apart from personality.

At the top of the universe is undeniably some supreme reality, some infinite entity. Mr. Arnold, describing it by one of its manifestations, calls it "An eternal Power (not ourselves) which makes for righteousness." Herbert Spencer calls it "The eternal and infinite Energy from which all things proceed." They both say "which," not "who" nor "whom." But John Tyndall said, "Standing before this power, this energy, which from the universe forces itself upon me, I dare not do other than speak of a He, a Spirit, a Cause." His doing this in a non-scientific or extra-scientific sense does not make it any less real. And after Tyndall, Romanes, the eminent biologist, speaking as a scientist, said, "Within the range of human observation personality is the fact which most wears the appearance of finality—the appearance of that unanalyzable and inexplicable nature which we are bound to believe must belong to the ultimate mystery of Being." When Schelling, misinterpreting some of Hegel's reasoning, cried out, "Consequently there is no personal God," Hegel quickly corrected the misunderstanding by saying: "Not so! The exact contrary is true. There is a personal God." Lotze also insists that God is God because he is the perfect Person. Emerson, who was accused of pantheism, does not, in speaking of Deity, agree with the gentlemen who prefer "which" to "who." In one place he writes that "in its highest moods the soul gives itself alone, original, and pure to the Lonely, Original, and Pure, *who*, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks to the soul." For our part, not being persuaded of the superiority of the impersonal pronoun, we look up to the Highest-We-Know and say He, Who, affirming an infinite intelligence and will, a supreme personal Being at the summit and center of things. And this we do not only by philosophic warrant

and necessity, but also as the mind's only refuge from the most horrible of all possible conclusions; for we cannot help agreeing with Von Hartman, the chief apostle of reasoned pessimism, that "if the Absolute Being be impersonal, the gospel of despair necessarily follows" for us. And so long as the mind can find any footing above and outside of that blackest of all abysses, it refuses to make the suicidal plunge into that bottomless pit.

At the top of earthly existences is Personality. On earth there is nothing higher than Man. His distinction and significance lie in his being a person. This differentiates him from all other creatures on this planet. To ascribe personality to brutes would be preposterous; nor, we remark, parenthetically, is there any ground for supposing them immortal—John Wesley to the contrary notwithstanding—since immortality is an attribute or perquisite of personality; and the most intelligent animal ever seen was not a person; no, not even Consul, the famous chimpanzee. Being a person classes man scientifically in the same category with God, relates him generically to Divinity, and separates him from the animal by a great and impassable gulf. The Christian affirmation of personality in God and in Man is clearly stated by Dr. Sterling, the British philosopher, who says: "There can no Supreme Being be but that must to himself say, 'I Am that I Am.' It is the very heart of the Christian religion that the Infinite God who is a Person and says 'I' became finite as Man who is a person and says 'I.' Man is I; even by having been made like unto God [Gen. 1. 27], Man is I. It is that that he has of God in him."

At the top and climax of divine Revelation is Personality. God's revelation of truth, progressively disclosed through ages, came to its culmination in Christ, made its complete, luminous, and effulgent expression in a unique and peerless composite personality, Divine-human, the Man of Nazareth, in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily; a personality nowise explicable as a human evolution, a truly divine embodiment, and "stepping," as even Theodore Parker said, "thousands of years before the race of man." More complete illumination the soul cannot receive, the mind cannot imagine, than radiates from the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ, who said, "I am the Truth," "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." From this glance at the reality, the nature, and the rank of personality, we pass to consider the Meaning and Range of the Human Personality.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

1. *Personality means Power.*

In creating each new individuality and adding to the ranks of being another intelligent self-conscious ego, the Creator sets off a fresh center of energy and action, of choice and causation, of self-determining purpose and influence. Among the elements a new force has been introduced, among the intelligences a new and independent mind able to assent or dissent, to obstruct or further plans and operations which may be proceeding here, able also to devise and initiate plans and operations of its own. Each individual is a thinker and a doer in realms of thought, volition, action—a positive factor participating in affairs, a party to various transactions. Personality is a center of original and elemental energy, radiating influence and producing effects. Each living person introduces something incalculable, purposeful, determinant amid the workings of the laws of physics; he can superintend physical and chemical processes, arrest them, or permit them to go on, and can guide and direct them. Recently Sir Oliver Lodge, president of the British Scientific Association, spoke to that great body of scientists as follows: "Existence is like the output from a loom. The pattern, the design for the weaving, is in some sort 'there' already; but whereas our looms are mere machines, once the guiding cards have been fed into them, the loom of time is complicated by a multitude of free agents who can modify the web, making the product more beautiful or more ugly according as they are in harmony or disharmony with the general scheme. I venture to maintain that manifest imperfections are thus accounted for and that freedom could be given on no other terms, nor at any less cost. The ability thus to work for weal or woe is no illusion; it is a reality, a responsible power which conscious agents possess; wherefore the resulting fabric is not something pre-ordained and inexorable. The power of the human free agent to modify the course of things and events is no fiction, but an actual factor which must be counted in and reckoned with." Personality means power.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

2. *Personality means Proprietorship.*

To be a person is to have a freehold on the rich and fertile soil of existence. Just to be alive is to hold some things in fee simple. As a living creature with lungs I have a lien on millions of cubic miles of atmosphere for my share of oxygen. Whoever put me here

made me a resident and property holder, occupant and part owner of extensive premises, of valuable messuage and curtilage. I am born a shareholder in the benefits of the cosmos, holding some certificates of capital stock in an incorporated universe, with coupons maturing as the seasons roll; possessor of the multifarious privileges, adjuncts, and emoluments of this life. And when I said "this life," and paused on that period, I heard a Voice coming from between the lids of a Book, a voice which breaks to temporal ears news of eternity, and which bade me add that to be a person means to have beyond this life a claim to real estate located where no surveyor can run his chains around it—to be heir to an inheritance greater than any surrogate can make record of—"heir." says that authentic and supremely authoritative Volume, possible "heir of God and joint heir with Jesus Christ," by and for whom the worlds were made, capable of receiving from Him whose right it is to bestow the enormous information that in some sense "all things are yours." Down over every human personality that enormous announcement converges its thrilling tidings for the soul awakening to a knowledge of itself, its sphere, its possible reaches and possessions.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

### 3. *Personality means Citizenship.*

If the visible form be only twelve inches long and twelve hours old, the little stranger is at home in the universe, drops into natural and inevitable relations with the system of things, and has already established a sweet and satisfactory *modus vivendi* with his immediate environment. Ask the mother if it is not so. Politically speaking, he may be called a subject in a cosmic theocracy, or more properly in our Arminian view, a citizen and an elector in the Republic of God, having a personal voice and vote in the determining and ordering of things, each individual sharing to some extent in directing and governing the world. Of no mean city is he a citizen. The toga he puts on at coming of age invests him with a higher dignity than that which swelled the breast of the Roman with pride as he said amid the Seven Hills or in the ends of the earth, "I am a Roman citizen." Through conferment by Christ through grace divine man holds the option of suffrage in a more than worldly state, for besides citizenship in this earthly ward and precinct, he receives in the gold box of his personality the proffer of the freedom of the City of God, distinguished privileges in the municipality of Heaven; which superior franchise and distinction he may either appropriate or refuse.

Anaxagoras had his eye on this celestial citizenship in his calm reply to his critics:

When shallow hearts reproached this pilgrim wise,  
 "Wanderer, why dost thou not thy country prize?"  
 He raised to heaven his tranquil smiling eyes:  
 "I do," he answered. "There my country lies."

It is a great thing to be a person, because

4. *Personality means Royalty.*

Really it is kingliness done up in a small package. Man not only votes; he rules. Each birth is the arrival of a prince of the blood royal. You teach the little tots to assert their royal lineage; they are singing everywhere, "I am the child of a King." You organize circles of King's Daughters. Literally the creation of a free agent is the installation of a potentate who will take his ordained and legitimate place among the powers that be; autocratic Lord Rector of something or other, perhaps of many things. His mouth is like the Pasha's gate: Out of it go swift messages of command. There is sufficient reason for saying now and here, "His Majesty, Man," "Her Royal Highness, Woman." And beyond these narrow borders, past the bounds of all earthly dominion, the faithful soul may read afar, in an almost blinding splendor of announcement, the imperial bulletin, "I will make thee ruler over many things." That means a larger and loftier kingliness to come.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

5. *Personality implies Obligation.*

Existence is not all privilege. It is duty as well. The more royal man's nature and state, the larger and more binding his responsibilities. *Noblesse oblige*. The equities require that property owners shall be taxpayers, each assessed in proportion to his possessions. Every consumer is obligated to be in some way a producer, to contribute his proper share to the public weal. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is the law. No personality is isolated and free from responsibility toward others. Each is under moral bonds, captive to relationships, party to a reciprocity treaty, and must live up to its requirements. One speaks of "the mighty hopes that make us men." It is as fit and relevant to speak of the immense and weighty obligations, born of august relationships, which constitute us men.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

6. *Personality means Perpetuity*, or if immortality be by any held to be conditional, then it means possible perpetuity—a possibly per-



manent place among the orders of existence which people the living universe. To admit this does not subject man's reason to inordinate strain nor press faith to the point of credulity. Nothing incredible is implied, since it is more likely that we, being now alive, shall continue to exist than that, when we were not, we should have begun to be. The wonder of the possible persistence of personality is less great than the marvel of our origination. The irresistible force of that reasoning even Thomas Paine urgently insisted on, as did also Voltaire, who asserted that we have at least as many reasons for affirming immortality as for denying it. John Bigelow, the eminent lawyer, journalist, and diplomat, held a brief for the belief in immortality and argued it ably in the Court of Reason. To the question, "Is there existence after death?" his reply was, "As a lawyer I would naturally begin by saying that the burden of proof rests upon those who deny the continuity of life."

Mr. Huxley, a competent authority as to what science teaches, wrote concerning the doctrine of personal survival beyond death that physical science has nothing to say against it; while Professor Bowne from his chair of philosophy, surveying the whole field of modern reasoning and research, declared that, "If the moral nature demands continued existence or any word of revelation affirms it, there is no fact or argument against it." Well, the demands of the moral nature do require it, and Holy Scripture written in the Bible, harmonious with the deeper holy scripture written by the Spirit of the living God in fleshly tables of the human heart, does declare it—indeed, can have no particle of meaning or value without it. Another respectable and representative modern voice is that of John Fiske, who says in his book on *The Destiny of Man in the Light of His Origin* that the scientific doctrine of evolution, of which he was a chief exponent, so far from prognosticating that death ends all, really predicts a post-mortem progress to further stages of development. It is a simple fact that with nothing in our hands but evolution's latest word we would have warrant for asking incredulously with John Hall Ingham, Did chaos form, and water, air, and fire, rocks, trees, the worm work toward Humanity, merely in order that man at last beneath the churchyard spire might be once more the worm, the tree, the rock? Only this and nothing more? Dust to dust the miserable, pitiable, and contemptible conclusion of all the climbing and enlarging life which has made its mighty march by slow steps up the gradual slope of the long ages? Science says, "No!" Reason says, "No!" The



moral sense says, "No!" Socrates says, "No!" Greatest of all, Jesus says, "No!" Even the peripatetic rhetorical platform scoffer, the thrifty professional blasphemer, the itinerant lecturer on "The Mistakes of Moses," said, "No!" when he uncovered beside his brother's grave and babbled inconsistently of an "eternal hope," and afterward wrote that "in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing." In the whole earth not one voice entitled to respect denies to personality a probable, or at least possible, persistence beyond bodily dissolution; while he speaks for mankind who says sturdily, "My foothold is mortised in granite; I laugh at what you call dissolution"; as he also does who says, "Only speak the name of Man, and you announce the doctrine of immortality. It cleaves to his constitution"; and as did Robert Browning when he wrote in his wife's New Testament these words from Dante, "Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better." At the time when this article is being written, Sir Oliver Lodge, at the climax of his distinguished career as a scientist, is using the most exalted, dignified, and commanding hour of his life as an opportunity for declaring to the scientific world his firm belief in the persistence of personality beyond bodily death, his conviction that man is a pilgrim of the Infinite.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

*7. Personality means immeasurable Possibility of Progress.*

Personality has an amazing off-look, a prospect vastly and magnificently disproportioned to its earthly and temporal platform and to its visible dimensions. Only set the smallest individual on his tiny feet and he looks away into realms remote and spacious—realms which may hold for him extensive and sumptuous opportunities, to whose gates, perchance, he has the key, or may obtain it. Give personality a start, and it has the propensity and the power to travel, no one can calculate how far; so that the human creature, stepping forward from his first self-conscious hour, is warranted in singing as the song of his pilgrimage, "Thus onward we move, and, save God above, none guesseth how wondrous the journey will prove." Simply let personality begin, and the angle of possible progress opening outward from the mathematic point of birth is one the subtending arc of which no trigonometry can measure. Though the human person have no larger foothold on the earth than the print which the bound foot of a Chinese woman makes in the dust, he has a boundless firmament overhead, and is aware of regions above and beyond, elsewhere and

hereafters concerning which he has surmises and presentiments, and the contents of which he may to some extent explore and in some sense possibly appropriate. To what extent and in what sense? is an inquiry worthy the serious meditation of every earnest mind, and, indeed, obligatory upon everyone who has any sense at all. If this is not a question of dignity and import, then there can be no momentous questions, and existence itself must be a frivolous triviality, the story of which can have no more meaning than a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Our present meditation is in the august presence of that tremendous question, in the solemn shadow of its gigantic interrogation point. How extensive is the range of our personality? How much of a traveler may the soul be? What is the human itinerary?

Now, evidently, demonstration by diagram is not here in place, nor is that sort of certainty aimed at which is born at the end of a syllogism. In the highest things of life it is impossible to bind the understanding to conclusions by the clamp of a logical *ergo*. There are ranges of reality to which the methods of logic, mathematics, and physical science are as useless as they are inapplicable. Nevertheless, knowledge is not shut out from those realms, and toward them agnosticism is not the necessary or respectable attitude of mind. With reference to their contents we may arrive at certitude as solid and satisfactory as any mathematic, scientific, or syllogistic conclusion. We simply present a few facts and suggestions which may open here and there a vista, flash a searchlight into the dark, and help to substantiate the distinctively Christian affirmation: *Great is personality. Its dignity is lofty. Its assets are large. Its fellowships are noble. Its sphere and range are possibly immense.*

Beginning with the lowest, the physical, observe the range of man's bodily powers. Is it not somewhat impressive that this human mite should be able to look so far? From here to the most distant discovered fixed star is so long a journey that a beam of light is hundreds of years in making it; yet man's eye takes that journey and gazes upon and examines that star. Does some one ask whether animals have not the same range of sight? We answer promptly, No! For one thing, man can piece out his powers of vision and extend his view indefinitely up and down. The brutes have no establishment for grinding magnifying lenses and reflectors. There has never been an Alvan Clark in business among them. No smart chimpanzee from "Professor" Garner's kindergarten in the woods of

Africa has invented telescope or microscope or even knows how to use one. No educated gorilla has handled the spectroscope and reported what Aldebaran and Alcyone are made of. Furthermore, brute vision, if it had equal range, bears small resemblance in its quality to ours; for even if things visible make the same image on the animal retina as on the human, the reflection there is incidental, superficial, meaningless, futile. Whatever vision brutes may have of distant regions conveys to them no significance, awakens no interest. The lion prowling in the ruins of Persepolis sees the yellow moon shedding mellow light on moldering plinth and column, and the Siberian wolf sending his long howl across white frozen plains receives into his lifted eye star-beams from the frontiers of space; the same was true of Newton's dog, "Diamond," but then, as Carlyle said, "to Newton and Newton's dog, what a different pair of universes!" Moonlight and starlight stir no inquiry in the brutes, tethered and limited as they are every way to the ground they stalk upon. Lion and wolf have nothing in them that goes prowling up the heavens; much less do they turn a look of recognition above them or suspect themselves akin to anything higher.

With man it is totally otherwise. This short and slender perpendicular midget not only sees the skies, but mounts them. Finding himself alive on a small globule which he names the earth, he plants his feet on a few inches of surface-dust and thence takes a great leap into immensity, "goes to see where the stars are and how they live; circumvents them and dives into the fountains of their light; frustrates their eternal silence and makes them tell their paths; passes from station to station and marks the outline of their geometry; accosts the wildest comets, detains them long enough to make engagements with them for ten thousand years, and they will keep their tryst with him or his successors; saunters up endless avenues of light, comradng with huge and mighty worlds; and then drops back on this little grass-plot," unwearied by his stupendous excursions and murmuring something about "many mansions" in his "Father's house," strangely rolling that saying over like a sweet morsel under his tongue. Preposterous as it seems for a creature who, when he presently lays his visible part down under the daisies, may apparently be bounded by a headstone, a footstone, and a tiny mound, we nevertheless know that the range of the human personality by use of his bodily powers is literally immense. In general, the physical perquisites of merely being alive are varied and exten-

sive. As foothold and an ear are equivalent to a life-lease of a reserved seat in the world's great concert hall with all its manifold music—hum of insects, song of birds, sounds of winds and waters, human voices and all instruments—so also existence and an eye furnish a complimentary ticket to the whole vast panoramic exhibition of the spectacular universe; eyesight enters free to that enormous cyclorama that is tented between zenith and horizon. No human life is so poor or form so petite but it has through its physical organs a range amazingly disproportioned to its own feebleness and littleness. Diminutive David, the Hebrew lad, lying at night beside his flock among the Bethlehem hills, can see the whole celestial splendor overhead,

When in heaven the stars about the moon  
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,  
And every height comes out, and jutting peak  
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
Break open to their highest, and all the stars  
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.

The simple question at this point is whether there is anything significant and suggestive in the plain prosaic fact that man's wide-away vision ranges from so narrow a foothold as he has to so enormous a firmament as he sees; that this ridiculously infinitesimal human dot casts his visual line into the depths of a boundless sphere; that his organs of sight put him as actually in touch with distant suns and systems, nebulae and galaxies, as if his eyeball were a marble and he shot it across a pavement of sapphire to strike the outer rim of space.

Note next the ranging power of the Human Intellect. Give the mind a small foothold and it may explore a large sphere. A squirrel can go through a whole forest up in mid-air, by running out on the longest limbs and jumping from one tree to the next. The mind is such a squirrel. In the deep, wide forest of the universe it travels through empty spaces by long leaps. Give it a limb to leap from, it will find something beyond to leap to. The mind is capable of such procedure, and habitually practices it. Confucius said, "When I have presented one corner of a subject to anyone and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson." The normal mind can always do that; the mind that cannot is sub-normal and deficient, so exceptional as to be incapable of instruction or extensive education.

As to the physical universe, wide exploration of it by the investigating human mind is made possible by its organic and constitutional unity, by the homogeneity of its materials and the uniformity of its laws. It is like a seamless garment, and woven of the same texture throughout. Analysis of the minute and near gives the constitution of the enormous and remote, because the spectroscope reports that the same constituents compose both. Give the chemist one drop of human blood and he knows what qualities are in the veins of the fifteen hundred millions who populate the earth. Within a raindrop's compass lie a planet's elements, and both are globular by virtue of the same laws. State an asteroid and by inclusion the solar system is stated, with all its accessories and relationships. The molecule confesses and exposes Aldebaran. Because all forces of nature are at play in the atom, therefore the atom samples and publishes the universe. Physical science by studying and analyzing the common soap bubble reaches conclusions concerning the plenum that fills the interstellar spaces. How much Jesus Christ was thinking of when he said, "Consider the lilies," no man fully knows, but one thing which makes the lily wondrously worth considering is that the contents and mechanism of the entire material cosmos are reported and recorded by measurable effects in the development of its delicate life. Astronomy, geology, mineralogy, biology, and meteorology are referred to in its roots and stem, its bud and bloom, its fibers and its sap. An explanation of the lily involves the whole physical creation. Mrs. Browning set scientific truth to poetry when she wrote,

No lily-muffled hum of summer bee,  
But finds some coupling with the spinning stars;  
No pebble at your feet but proves a sphere;  
No chaffinch but implies the cherubim.

And the same involvement of one with all gives the meaning to Tennyson's lines:

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies;  
Hold you here root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all,  
I should know what God and man is.

William Watson thanks Wordsworth for making him

See that each blade of grass  
Has roots that grope about eternity,  
And see in each drop of dew upon each blade  
A mirror of the inseparable All.



Mathematical processes especially put on exhibition the ranging power of the mind, its ability to proceed from known to unknown, from the little to the large. One brief equation contains the elements of a great problem which the mathematician can work out through intricate and extensive processes to complete solution. A single proposition demonstrated may have as many crystal-clear corollaries as Jupiter has moons. Give the geometer any three points of a circle and he constructs the circle, fixes its center, draws with confident precision its whole circumference, and is as certain of all the points not given as of the three points you gave him. Such things are natural and easy to man's intellectual powers. There are proved mathematical laws on which, as on a ladder, the human mind can climb. The ladder is invisible, intangible; the eye cannot see it, the feet cannot feel it; but the mind knows it and mounts sure-footed. To deal with infinity is part of the regular business of mathematics. A Pilgrim of the Infinite is the human spirit. By such methods the human mind ranges far abroad through the material universe, ascertaining its extent, its nature, its construction, acquiring knowledge which is considered trustworthy. Personality has passports and a firman to travel and explore and excavate throughout vast regions of the physical realm. At this point arises a momentous and disputed question: Has man the power to carry his progressive knowledge beyond to non-material, supernatural, spiritual realms and realities? And thinkers divide into two classes on opposite sides of this interrogation point; they go to right and left like the sheep and the goats. The mere physicists assert that no one can have assured and valid knowledge extending beyond the universe of matter, while the opposing spiritual party affirm that man has satisfying knowledge of entities and verities altogether independent of matter, and that an actual realm of things spiritual is discernible by trustworthy faculties of the human spirit.

Mr. Huxley disparaged Lord Bacon's division of the realm of knowledge into two worlds and insisted that there is only one world that we have any knowledge of, and that is the world which physical science perceives, apprehends and reports. Now of natural science several things are true: (1) it deals with the lower facts of the universe; (2) it employs the lower faculties of the mind; (3) its results and acquisitions are of secondary import, transient use, and perishable value. But there is another world than that of matter—a realm superior, spiritual, eternal, and there is a reputable and rational

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science relating thereto. Of this science also, as of the other, three things are true: (1) this science lives and moves in the sublimest regions of reality; (2) it employs the noblest of human faculties, faculties higher than those by which man solves an equation or calculates an eclipse; (3) the knowledge it obtains is in dignity supreme and in importance primary and perpetual. Of the existence of this superior realm, man has, to begin with, intuitive conviction, and, in addition, a propensity to investigate and explore it, and even to make with it a reciprocity treaty establishing social and commercial relations. It is vain to call halt to the intellect at the boundary line of matter, for the mind's curious, inquisitive eagerness, the momentum acquired in its lower progress, the silent attraction of things beyond of which human nature has premonitions and for which it has predilections, all insure that the unchecked mind will pass the border of the visible and palpable and ponderable. The same impulse which carries it forward among physical facts should carry it over in sight of other facts beyond. John Tyndall in his famous Belfast address said: "I cannot stop abruptly where the microscope ceases to be of use. The vision of the mind authoritatively supplements the vision of the eye. By a necessity engendered and justified by science, I cross the boundary of experimental evidence and discern"—discern what? Why, something beyond, it matters not what. All that we care for is that Professor Tyndall declared precisely what we here assert, that a necessity engendered and justified by science compels the mind to recognize realities which are not disparaged by the fact that they are not mathematically or scientifically or logically demonstrable. And these are the incomparably majestic realities. Natural science has neither dignity nor meaning unless it merges at the top into the highest questions of morals and theology. Its knowledge only "yields mere basement for the soul's emprise."

Thinkers unsurpassed in intellectual power and culture by any of the physicists assert spiritual facts and demonstrate them by methods which science approves. One such wrote a book showing that the credentials of science are the warrant of faith. Here are some specimen thinkers in whom we see the human reason ranging out and up through spiritual regions.

Descartes began his reasoning by standing as with feet pressed together on the one small fact of his own existence, which was to him indubitably real firm footing. But above and around this

arched the vision of things which this fact involved, implied, or had sight of; and he proved a firmament of human knowledge which included all that religion asks men to trust—a firmament of truth and reality so vast that the exploration of it made him a pilgrim of the Infinite.

Kant stood on the fact of consciousness. Standing there, he found himself within hearing of the Categorical Imperative and saw a moral law which covered him; saw an actual sphere overhead that contained between its zenith and horizon facts which stood steady as fixed stars and shone like a reflection from the glory of God's face—the sublime and splendid facts of free agency, liberty, divine providence, and immortality. And thus Immanuel Kant, though he never left his native city of Königsberg except for a few miles' walk into the country, was a tremendous traveler—a pilgrim of the Infinite.

Bishop Butler framed his noble Analogy by standing on the admitted fact of an intelligent Author and Moral Governor of the world, and showed that the teachings of Christianity hang their essential concave over whoever stands there with the faculty of sight: that William Pitt could not see it did not prove that Butler was wrong. Some men need to purge their vision with moral "euphrasy and rue." The author of the great Analogy was a pilgrim of the Infinite.

Paul, a stranger in the city of violet-crowned Athena, found the wise men of Greece standing on two points of conviction, one expressed in their altar inscription, "To the unknown God," and the other in their poet's line, "We also are his offspring." Then the apostle virtually said to them, "Ye wise men of Athens, stand right there, just where you are, with your feet on those two points, and I'll show you more than you ever saw before." Straightway he unveiled before them the Christ and unfolded to them the religion of salvation. Him whom they ignorantly worshiped declared he unto them; and from the Hill of Mars, shouldering Minerva's mount, Athenian gossips and philosophers had that day a glimpse of the fullness of saving truth. Anyone standing there on the Areopagus and listening to Paul could have a clear view into the heaven of heavens, though Athens slept that night upon the Attic plain among her marble divinities without realizing that the ambassador of an eternal Empire had arrived and presented his credentials. Descartes, Kant, Butler, Paul, they were but pilgrims of the Infinite.

Consider now the possible *Range of man's spiritual intercourse and appeal*. He has a way of presenting himself as a petitioner at the court of heaven. He is a solicitor of favors. When his desire reaches the intensity, definiteness, and dignity of prayer, he sends it forth as on wings; *επεα πτερόεντα*—winged words—is a fitter phrase in this connection than in any other. With man prayer is instinctive, and they who try to reason against it make no headway. An instinct pays no more attention to objectors or critics than Niagara pays to the bubbles on its brink or to the butterflies playing hide and seek among its rainbows. Prayer is futile, is it? Or has no effect beyond self-excitation, by means of which a man performs the fine old feat of lifting himself by the straps of his boots? Well, it is necessary to look this matter squarely in the face. There cannot be many opinions; everybody is shut up to one of two. Prayer is communion with a personal God and with the benign Father of men, or it is nothing, and all the rest of the spiritual life is nothing. Take a good look at the consequences and then make your choice. If man's praying be only as "the murmur of gnats in the gloom," then his industry, as Tennyson saw, signifies nothing more than "the buzzing of bees in their hive," and human life is but as "a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million suns"; that awesome star-sprinkled splendor yonder is but a spangled pall flung over the bier of human hope; man's only heaven is located inside the cemetery gate, six feet under ground, and to be buried on his back in the dark and the dirt is all the fulfillment a perfidious universe allows to the sublime yearnings which it has permitted to arise in the bosom of this aspiring creature with the unturned face and the beseeching eyes. Believe that who can. We cannot. We agree with Frances Power Cobbe that "if man be not immortal, God is not just"; and with that robust woman, Rosa Bonheur, when she wrote, "Dear Madame Fould, the Creator would really be the devil himself if he made us to live, love, and aspire in order to annihilate us afterward like generations of bugs which swarm in the old houses of Nice, Auvergne, Brittany, and the Pyrenees, and which we clean people destroy forever without respite and without mercy." In like spirit, Tennyson and Queen Victoria agreed together in an interview of which the Queen says: "Tennyson is grown very old, his eyesight much impaired. He talked of the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there is another world, where there will be no partings; and then he

spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there is no other world, no immortality, who try to explain all this away in a miserable manner. We agreed that, were such a thing possible, God, who is love, would be far more cruel than any human being." Against such a God our moral sense would prompt us to blaspheme; and to demand of him, before he blots us out of existence, how he came to blunder into making Man a being nobler than himself and capable of properly despising him.

As to such things as prayer and communion with Heaven, Tennyson asserted that he knew God better than he knew matter. With matter he felt no kinship and could not understand its nature. Near the end of life he said to a friend: "I cannot form the least notion of a brick. I don't know what it is. It's no use talking about atoms, extension, color, weight. I cannot penetrate the nature of a brick. It remains incognizable by my mind, which has nothing in common with it. But I have far more distinct ideas of God, who thinks and wills and loves. I can understand and sympathize with him in my poor way. His nature and mine have something in common: he is spirit, I am spirit. The human soul seems to me in some way—I cannot say just how—identified with God; and there comes in the value of prayer. *Prayer is like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels.*" That is to say, Prayer is interflow and communion between God and the soul. To Tennyson the only intelligible reality is Mind—mind finite and Mind Infinite. God is, and he is personal. Man is, and he is personal. Between these persons exists both close resemblance and relationship; hence communion is possible and natural.

Speak to him thou for he hears, and spirit with spirit may meet—  
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

Thus did the greatest of English laureates reason and feel.

If, now, somebody objects to the testimony of a poet as visionary and calls for a more sober, practical witness who will adhere to prosaic matter of fact, he can surely desire nothing better than Benjamin Franklin, whom all men accept as the type of sane, sound sense, a sturdily sagacious and broadly balanced mind. Read, then, his celebrated speech in the Constitutional Convention, when he moved for daily prayer:

In the beginning of the contest with Britain, *when we were sensible of danger*, we had daily prayers in this room for the divine protection. Our

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prayers, sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe *this* happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our *future* national felicity; and have we now forgotten this powerful Friend, or do we imagine we no longer need his assistance? *I have lived, sir, a long time [eighty-one years], and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth: that God governs in the affairs of men.* And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, "that except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little partial local interests; our projects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages; and what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave us to chance, war, or conquest. I therefore beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.

After the first Atlantic cable was laid, an electrician who came down from New Foundland to New York told Henry M. Field that he had sent a message two thousand miles under the sea from Heart's Content, New Foundland, to Valentia Bay, Ireland, by a current of electricity generated in a battery formed in a percussion cap with a single drop of water. Dr. Field, being skeptical about this, asked Sir William Thomson (later Lord Kelvin) in London some years after if the electrician's story could possibly be true; and the great scientist said: "Your informant might have made a stronger statement. With a capsule one quarter the size of a percussion cap, containing a piece of zinc hardly visible to the naked eye, wet with a drop of water as big as a dew-drop or a tear, he could generate a sufficient current to carry a message from the New World to the Old."

Now no man comprehends how that is done, or, except by its effects, can tell anything about the nature of the fluid which makes it possible. It is really as inexplicable, as incomprehensible, as any miracle recorded in the New Testament, and yet it is a fact. Does anybody say now that it is incredible that a human heart with a tear in it can generate some kind of a current which may carry a spirit message afar to an unseen and spiritual world? If I could have stood beside that operator when he was sitting at the American end of the Atlantic cable at Heart's Content, and with a touch of his finger was flashing his thought swift as lightning under the ocean and getting quick answer from a distant continent which perhaps



he had never seen, I would have asked him if he considered Mrs. Browning's words absurd when she writes:

I think this passionate sigh which, half begun,  
I stifle back, may reach and stir the plumes  
Of God's calm angel, standing in the sun.

I would have asked him if he thought it improbable that the thin piping voice of Tiny Tim praying, "God bless us every one," might fly the firmament through and without getting lost in the vast solitudes and silences find the ear of God. And if he answered that it seemed to him unlikely, I would dumfound him by demanding why. It is proper to ask that man there with his finger on the key, conversing mysteriously with another and invisible hemisphere, whether he thinks it incredible that the prayer which issues from out the narrow gateway of the penitent's lips, kneeling and raising his small face to the infinite heaven whose stars mix and tremble in his tears, may fly like a dove to the windows of heaven. And if he replies with skeptical scientific coolness that he thinks it incredible, then ask him if he will deign to tell us why physical science should have all the inexplicable and miraculous things and religion be permitted to have none. Man is capable of converse with heaven; the range of his fellowship includes the Soul of the Universe. The Great Companion is not dead; but Professor Clifford, who reported the decease of the God who made him, is dead, and it remains true after Clifford as it was before him that nothing is more reasonable, real, persistent, and inextinguishable than prayer. Prayer is as credible and feasible as submarine cables or wireless telegraphy. Such is the possible, credible, actual range of the human personality in its spiritual communion with the Father of Spirits. Sir Oliver Lodge reminds his scientific brethren that even in prescientific ages men were competent to know something, and that ages before there were any scientists there were souls—intelligent, studious, needy, and aspiring souls, souls of prophets and poets, saints and penitents, feeling after God if haply they might find him, restless unless they could find rest in him. The president of the world's greatest association of scientists declares himself firmly convinced that such souls have had actual access to the Heart of the Universe—access as profound and intimate as it is real. And he is clearly of opinion that the voices heard by Socrates and Joan of Arc, and no less by countless souls who have sought spiritual guidance, are genuine experiences, real and natural parts of a re-



tional, consistent, coherent, and measurably intelligible universe. As to the range of the human personality through its possible fellowships and communings, this man of authority among scientists, standing on the summit of the most modern science, is in full accord with the apostle who said, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ."

Consider the *Range of man's acquisitiveness*—his restless ambition to obtain and possess. His acquisitiveness is almost as eager as his inquisitiveness. A near-animal known by the name of Whitman said he would like to go and live with animals because they "are so placid and self-contained; they are not dissatisfied with their condition; they do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins; they do not discuss their duty to God; and especially over the whole earth no one of them is demented with the mania of owning things." That is true, and is the sign and proof that they are brutes. That they are content as they are with what they have proves they were meant for that and nothing more. With man it is entirely otherwise. He is dissatisfied with his condition; he does sometimes weep for his sins; he is sometimes concerned about his duty to God; and he is uneasy with a desire to obtain and possess. And that is because of the fact that he is a man and not a beast. "What means this immortal demand for more?" asks Emerson, "There is no such greedy beggar as this terribly insatiate soul."

First and nearest we perceive that man's covetousness reaches out after worldly values. Born with much or with nothing, he wants the earth, and sometimes comes near getting it. A barefoot boy who drove the cows to pasture in Delaware County, New York, coveted wealth, reached for it, and got it, dying at the age of fifty-eight, owner of a hundred millions.

A curiously suggestive fact is that our courts declare that physical ownership is not limited to the surface of the earth, but extends indefinitely upward. There is no law on any statute book that attempts to bound a landholder's possessions skyward. The Maories of New Zealand shrewdly undertook to claim what was on and above the ground they had sold to the white settlers, and proceeded to cut off the timber; but at once the principle was embodied in law that whoever holds a deed to a bit of land is entitled to everything on it and above it *ad infinitum*. A court enjoins a telephone company from running wires across a field without the owner's consent, for the reason that he owns the space

above his land indefinitely, even to the fixed stars. Furthermore, there are court decisions making ownership include also whatever may come down on a man's land from above. The Supreme Court of Iowa decided that an aërolite falling from the sky is the property of the owner of the soil on which it falls. It is, therefore, matter of judicial decision that a man may be a legal possessor of something that has come to him from beyond this world. Remarkable range of ownership this human creature has.

But man's covetousness extends beyond the possession of worldly goods. Having knowledge of better things, knowledge awakens desire, and after desire goes active acquisitive pursuit. You say covetousness is forbidden? No! It is divinely ordained. It is instinctive, and to forbid the instincts is useless; their cravings are bound to reach actively toward satisfaction. Instinct is God's directest command. Man's inborn passion for possessing is also sanctioned by Scripture, only he is bidden to elevate his acquisitiveness to the level of the highest objects of desire. "Covet earnestly the best gifts." They who are risen with Christ are in sight of great prizes and must seek those things which are above. The search is endless, the seeker is immortal, and the things themselves imperishable. With reference to realms supernal, man may be an investor as well as an investigator, and from this world may make investments in another as easily as a London banker can buy United States bonds in New York by cable. While still here in this life a man may lay up such treasures on the other side of his death-bed as will make dying gain. There is a safe-deposit for the soul's valuables. We may store our goods where neither moths nor thieves nor fire can get at them. It is possible for this human tourist to obtain a letter of credit here on which he may travel through eternity. One whom nobody is wise enough or good enough to be warranted in contradicting said, "Do certain things and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." I have seen a woman in a poorhouse who said substantially that, by the infinite grace of a rich and beneficent Friend, she held a mortgage on the real estate of upper realms; that the mortgage was recorded up there and down here; that some day she expected to foreclose, and from her death-bed would fling her possessive pronoun against the sky, crying, *My God, my Saviour, my Heavenly Home!* Blessed are they, and as wise as blessed, who joyously take their Lord at his word. One such confident sweet saint, lifting her thin hands, exclaimed with her last breath, "I'm coming. Give me my palm,"

with as good a right as Paul had to say, "There is laid up for me a crown of life."

A prodigious claimant surely is this covetous mortal creature, entered on the lists of life here between the sod and the sun. He wants some satisfying portion, is bound to have it, will litigate his claim persistently through all disappointments against any number of adverse verdicts, carrying his case up from court to court, confident that the last and greatest tribunal, the Supreme Court of the Universe, will confirm and declare his claim to satisfying riches and issue an order putting him in possession of his heritage. The management of his case is believed to be in good safe hands. He is said to have a transcendently able "Advocate with the Father." We speak of the man who avails himself of his birthright and his privileges.

Nothing less than we have indicated is the range of the human personality in its covetous desire of possession.

Finally, it is legitimate and easy, as Sidney Lanier said, to explain and prove to man what he may be in terms of what he is. Present attainment and development intimate but do not measure his significance and worth. Not the show he makes, but the promise he gives; not actualities, but potentialities, constitute his value. Much in him is rudimentary. His future is in germ. Growth is his privilege. Quickening influences brood over him to befriend and foster his latent possibilities. Germination, or something like it, our life here is. An acorn lies in the ground. Sun and air awake it and encourage it to make an effort to rise in life. They put their lips to the earth and whisper down to it through the spongy pores of the soil with soft, warm breath, saying, "Come up! Come up!" till they stimulate and coax that buried acorn up into an oak. Incubation, or something like it, our life here is. Up yonder on the rocky cliff in a rough nest of sticks lies an egg. The eagle's breast-feathers warm it, the sky bends down and invites it, the abysses of the air beckon to it, saying, "All our heights and depths are for you; come and occupy them"; and all the peaks and the roomy spaces up under the rafters of the sky, where the twinkling stars sit sheltered like twittering sparrows, call down to the pent-up little life, "Come up hither!" and the live germ inside hears through the thin walls of its prison and is coaxed out of the shell and out of the nest and then off the cliff and up and away into the wide ranges of sunlit air and down into the deep gulfs that gash the mountains apart. Yes, our life on earth is incubation. A mothering immensity overbroods us as we lie on this ledge of

Time over-beetling eternity till instincts latent in us burst alive and the soul becomes like a nest astir with fluttering things that are getting ready to range and mount and float from height to height.

C. B. Upton, the Jew, professor of philosophy in Mansfield College, England, says that "the ideals of the soul are invitations"; and authentic invitations they are indeed from the Lord of a high manor to be his guest above. Many years ago some stranger asked William Taylor in Australia, "What is your place of residence?" "I'm residing on the earth at present, but do not know how soon I shall change my residence," answered the world-wandering evangelist. He talked as if he thought he had somewhere else to go to. Years later he went. He is there now. Was Abel Stevens a fool when he wrote to Zion's Herald, "Thank God, I am walking by faith and hoping for higher worlds"? "I should like," wrote Wordsworth to a young lady, "to visit Italy again before I move to another planet." A crippled boy sat in his wheeled chair on the ferryboat and a sympathetic lady, pitying his helplessness, exclaimed to her friend, "Poor fellow! What has he to look forward to?" The cripple overheard it, and turning his head, said pleasantly, "Wings, some day." A woman who lived a shut-up life wrote:

I never hear the word "escape"  
Without a quicker blood,  
A sudden expectation,  
A flying attitude.

I never read of prisons broad  
By soldiers battered down,  
But I tug childlike at my bars—  
Longing for things beyond.

Man looks for an hour of liberation which shall repeal the flesh and cancel the clod. He has a notion that earth's roof is heaven's floor, and expects to break jail by way of the skylight. His understanding is that when discharged and manumitted here he is requisitioned and subpoenaed elsewhere.

Renan said in his last days, "The inward worth of a man is measured by his religious tendencies." These are gravitations to draw him home. Perhaps the most superb face in art is that of the Virgin in Titian's Assumption at Venice. A man has been seen to sit motionless and almost breathless for hours, rapt in the fascination of that face and the spell of that great picture. The wonder is not the woman alone, but the rich bathing splendor into which she rises. It is humanity being drawn home by the hovering

heaven. Hid somewhere underfoot in the heart of this rock-crusted globe is the seat of the power called gravitation which holds man's body down. Anchored in the hidden heart of God above is the attraction which controls the spirit and commands and orders home a liberated humanity when it slips the leash of matter and goes free.

What better can we say than that life here is incubation, and death is the final launching away off this narrow ledge of Time? When liberation and levitation come, it will not seem strange to be afloat on the bosom of eternity, but as natural as nature's self. We were made for that life as surely as for this, and folded within us are the faculties that fit us for it. The young eagle, pushed out of the nest and off the cliff's edge, is buoyed by wings sufficient though before untried. Some "full-grown power informs her from the first," and she sweeps easily away through superior spaces vast and unexplored, then turns and slides softly down smooth slopes of air, then turns again, wheels and ascends by unseen spiral inclines, nor marvels in the least to find herself "strenuously beating up the silent boundless regions of the sky." She is as much at home there, afloat in and supported on the unseen, as ever she was on the crag. She knows neither strangeness, nor danger, nor fear. She is meant for the airy heavens *when* her time comes, as certainly as for the cliff *until* her time comes. Nor could you coax her back to be content with the nest of sticks and the narrow ledge whence she launched away into her legitimate large natural liberty. Likewise, the soul is secretly unconsciously equipped to survive and subsist hereafter as naturally and easily as here. True for all realms and worlds are the lines:

Go where he will, the good man is at home;  
Where the good Spirit leads him, there's his road,  
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

August with lofty dignity are the antique words of Sir Thomas Browne, the Norwich physician: "Those that look merely upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err as to my altitude, for I am above Atlas' shoulders. The mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind. You cannot measure me, for I take my circle to be above 360 degrees. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that is more lasting than the elements and owes no homage to the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God; he that understands not this much, hath not learned his first lesson and is yet to begin the alphabet of man."



A daring but wholly justified declaration, which recalls a similar saying of Chrysostom about the apostle to the Gentiles, "Thus this man, Paul, three cubits high, became tall enough to touch the third heaven."

Geometry cannot measure Man; his circle exceeds 360 degrees. Astronomy cannot calculate his orbit; it knows not the equation of his path. A Pilgrim of the Infinite is he; and the old hymn, familiar to our childhood, sings on in our souls:

Thus onward we move and save God above  
None guesseth how wondrous the journey will prove.

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### THE ARENA

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#### RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND INTERPRETATION

A PROMINENT minister in one of our Conferences has written me inquiring about the divine authority, infallibility, and human limitations of the biblical writers. Had these inspired men, he asks, any real personal freedom in the composition of their published messages, or were they, as the heathen sibyls claimed to be, sheer instruments of a Power above themselves which virtually dictated their words and forms of expression? This inquiry indicates how thoughtful students of the Bible as well as many of the common people have been infected with the necessitarian dogma of "secured human volition." That Calvinistic dogma has no logical place in Arminian Methodist teaching, but is repugnant to our fundamental axioms of personal freedom and responsibility. The question of biblical facts, however, may be best considered from a literary and exegetical point of view; for much needless controversy over biblical questions might have been obviated had greater attention been given to the distinction between a religion and its literature. Religion begets literature, and literature requires and begets interpretation. Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mazdaism, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam possess their Holy Scriptures, and for each of these Bibles the highest claims of divine inspiration have been made. In spite of all such claims, however, the real value and authority of any book must ultimately stand or fall, not by the power of traditional dogma, nor by *a priori* assumptions, but by appeal to demonstrable facts.

One has not to read far in any of these sacred books before perceiving the necessity of some gift of interpretation. For example, we open the ancient Veda and find a worshiper of Indra saying: "Keep silence! We offer praises to the great Indra in the house of sacrifice. Lord of the brave, from battle to battle thou goest bravely on; from town to

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town thou destroyest with thy might, when with Nama as thy friend thou strikest down from afar the deceiver of Namuki." In one of the Buddhist scriptures it is written: "The best of ways is the eightfold, the best of truths the four words, the best of virtues passionlessness; the best of men is he who has eyes to see. This is the way; there is no other that leads to the purifying of intelligence. Go on this way; everything else is the deceit of Mara." In the Hebrew book of Psalms we read:

In my distress I called upon Jehovah;  
He heard my voice out of his temple,  
And my cry before him came into his ears.  
Then the earth shook and trembled;  
The foundations also of the mountains quaked.  
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,  
And fire out of his mouth devoured.

Ezekiel tells us that the hand of Jehovah fell upon him, and took him by a lock of his head, and transported him from Babylon to Jerusalem. Daniel saw in his visions a lion with eagle's wings, and John in Patmos beheld a beast rising out of the sea with seven heads and ten horns. In the perusal of such scriptures an Ethiopian eunuch or an American clergyman might well be asked, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

We believe that all the Holy Scriptures known to mankind, whether given by inspiration of God or not, are human compositions. They all exhibit varieties of human thought and literary style. The poetry of the nations exists in forms of tribal song, triumphal ode, charming lyrics, and magnificent epics. Historical composition is cast in a different mold, as is seen in the works of such men as Herodotus, Livy, Josephus, Eusebius, and Gibbon. The law-giving of the ages has also its voluminous collections of commandments and statutes and judgments. The books of our Bible contain almost every variety of composition, such as biographical and historical narratives, collections of laws and proverbs, psalms and hymns, and dramas and oracles of prophecy. There are also fables and riddles, and allegories, and gospel memoirs, and parables, and apocalyptic dreams and visions and symbols. One may acquire a better understanding and a keener appreciation of these Scriptures by a protracted study of the other great literatures of the world. Such comparative research might well take time and pains to read the epics of the nations and study their numerous correspondences. The Homeric poems were probably rehearsed in fragments long before they were combined in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. But these epics became a model of their kind, and they were remarkably imitated, both in form and content, by Vergil's "*Æneid*," Lucan's "*Pharsalia*," Tasso's "*Jerusalem Delivered*," Camões' "*Lusiad*," and Milton's "*Paradise Lost*." There, too, are the Persian "*Shah Nameh*," the old German "*Nibelungenlied*," the Scandinavian "*Edda*," the Anglo-Saxon "*Beowulf*," the Finnish "*Kalevala*," and the Spanish "*Chronicle of the Cid*," all which belong to the class of heroic literature.

In the interpretation of any literary production a primary question should be, To what class of writing does this composition belong? Is

it poetry, or history, or proverb, or law? Is it an epistle, a sermon, or an apocalypse? How different in concept and expression are the books of Genesis and Job, and Daniel and the Song of Songs? Wise men are becoming more and more cautious in expressing opinions on the authorship of Old and New Testament books. The authorship of Hebrews, and Second Peter, and Jude, and the Apocalypse is as uncertain now as in the days of Eusebius. That father of ecclesiastical history took pains in the early part of the fourth century to ascertain the most trustworthy reports of the beginnings of Christianity and the authorship of the various New Testament writings, but he tells us that he found the task exceedingly difficult—"a kind of lonely and untrodden way." Of Peter's two epistles he says that only the first was accepted as genuine, and that James and Jude and Second and Third John were also placed among the *antilegomena*. So doubtful did he find the authorship of Hebrews that, after recording various current opinions, he remarks, "Who it was who really wrote the epistle God only knows." He also informs us that John's Apocalypse was rejected by many who not only denied its authority as a revelation, but declared it so obscure that no apostle or holy man of the church could have been its author. If Eusebius, three centuries after Christ, found it so difficult to determine the origin of these New Testament books, what probability is there that men of a later generation could decide with greater certainty? One is scarcely warranted in calling any of these disputed pieces of literature "mouthpieces of the Holy Spirit." But every modern preacher of the gospel should, like Paul, give diligence to present himself approved unto God and pray for power from on high to proclaim his heavenly message "in demonstration of the Spirit." For the potent gifts of the Holy Spirit were no monopoly of the first apostles of our Lord, but part and parcel of the "promise of the Father," whereby every one who is created anew, in righteousness and holiness of truth, may become a living epistle of heavenly inspiration and speak with a tongue of fire, as the Spirit gives him utterance.

The biblical writers must not be denied the same rights of literary reference and allusion which we concede to others. Nothing is more common among all good writers and speakers than to point a moral and adorn a tale by references to well-known traditions, popular stories, and familiar characters of fiction. No one is justified in assuming that such references commit a writer to any personal opinion on the historicalness of the matter referred to. For surely no one versed in literature can seriously suppose that a writer or a public speaker, in making an illustrative allusion to the misfortunes of Oliver Twist, or the soul-struggles of Hamlet, or the flight of Eliza as told in Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Achilles chasing Hector around the walls of Troy, is expressing or intending to express an opinion on the historical reality of the persons or events referred to. When our Lord or an apostle mentions the writings of Moses, or refers to some Old Testament narrative, he is simply following the custom of popular illustration without a thought of obtruding a critical judgment on questions of authorship and historicity.

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To suppose the contrary would be imputing to him a sort of pedantry utterly inconsistent with his character.

Critical studies have dispelled the notion, once quite prevalent, that the prophecies of the Old Testament and the New Testament Apocalypse are "history written beforehand." The book of Job is seen to be a creation of poetic genius like the dramas and epics of the great masters of heroic song. The several characters which the author has introduced and the speeches he has put into their mouths are all of his own creation and composition. The words of Jehovah, out of the whirlwind, as well as those of Eliphaz and Bildad and Zophar, are the literary productions of the composer of the book. All the voices that speak in the Revelation of John, whether from the throne of God, or from the seven spirits before the throne, or from the mighty angels, or from the Son of God, whose eyes were like a flame of fire and out of whose mouth proceeded a sharp two-edged sword—each and all are the composition of the writer of the Apocalypse. And when Jude and Second Peter cite passages from the book of Enoch, we cannot for a moment admit that such citations prove the genuineness of that pseudepigraphical writing. For we are yet in possession of the book of Enoch, and find it to be only one of a large number of similar products of the later Jewish literature dating all the way from about B. C. 170 to A. D. 70.

The same principles and rules of hermeneutics obtain and find abundant illustration in other great masterpieces of literature. Plato's "Dialogues" are his own personal compositions, whether he speaks for Socrates or any one of a score of disciples who ask and answer questions. In Milton's "Paradise Lost" the conversations of the Almighty Father and his Son, as well as those of Satan, and Michael, and Adam and Eve, are all alike the poetic creations of the author of that immortal song. In *Pilgrim's Progress* also, the speeches of Christian and Faithful, and Apollyon, and Giant Despair, and Ignorance are all of them the compositions of John Bunyan.

An English divine has said that "God knows no orthodoxy but the truth." That truth may be expressed in a literary work of fiction as well as in an oracle of prophecy; in a parable, an allegory, or an apocalypse as well as in a historical record. But we cannot believe that God has given us revelations of his truth in literary forms which are exempt from the laws of literary criticism. We are accordingly bound in all consistency of truth to observe the same rules of literary art and criticism, of grammar and of rhetoric, in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures that are employed in the study of Thucydides, and Livy, and Goethe, and Victor Hugo, and Charles Dickens, and Dante, and Milton, and Robert Browning. Each separate creation of the author's art must be explained in harmony with its intrinsic character and literary form. Failing to do this, one may unwittingly misunderstand the real teaching of the prophets and the apostles and the Christ, and also find himself in collision with a great variety of indisputable facts.

MILTON S. TERRY.

## THE POWER OF QUIETNESS

ORGANIZATION has well-nigh become a craze. Generalship is the word of the hour. The amassing and directing of agencies in a given direction is everywhere regarded as the world's great work. The lover and the dreamer must step aside to make way for the all-conquering demonstrator. The romanticist, the idealist, the mystic—where are they? Where are these conservators of domestic peace and stability? To whom shall we look for the restoration of the reverence, simplicity, and impressiveness of Christian worship if not to these quiet souls who stand still and know that God is God?

Even the play element of life is suffering from the inroads of mercenary, competitive, and harshly organized features. The home, the church, the playground, and many other forms of society are groaning under the incubus of an oppressive system of organization. In the constitution of man there is a place for reverence, naturalness, and humor, but how these basic elements of life are disturbed by our multitudinous and rigorous systems!

The art of advertising is overdone. The beauty of literature and the glory of the landscape are assailed by its impudence. Its affected suavities, as well as its noisy obtrusiveness, are an offense to the sensitive and refined. Everywhere we are compelled to witness the noisy exhibition of human conceits. System, publicity, achievement! Who dares to place himself in the path of such a juggernaut or stand defenselessly before such an avalanche? Will the world shut down its vast machinery at the wallings of some nerveless recluse? Can a puny protest halt its merciless march even for a moment? Is it not the rankest species of effrontery to even intimate the slightest modification in the character and course of our modern organized activities? Any objector will be instantly denounced as narrow in vision, and most insolent in attitude, yet, just a moment: does it augur well for any nation when its utilitarian schemes are so pronounced that its finer sentiments are in danger of extermination? Are there not in life quiet, unobtrusive features which demand our respectful attention? Is there not a place for the poet, the preacher, the philosopher, the attorneys of the soul, as well as for the boastful manager of imposing concerns? Can we afford to let these representatives of a deeper and diviner order be carried away by the so-called practicalities or worldly institutionalism of our day? "Where there is no vision the people perish," but where shall we look for our seers? Are they not oftenest found among the quiet men and women who have steadily refused to yield themselves to the clamor and intoxications of a hurly-burly life? We are lamenting the inefficiency of the modern church and some of us suspect that this inefficiency is due to the fact that we have sought to accomplish our warfare by carnal weapons.

The preacher has been enticed from hallowed solitudes. The social organizer or financial manipulator has supplanted the dreamer and the mystic. Our speech betrayeth us. The note of authority is missing in our appeals. Had we quietly communed with God and found our pattern

"in the Mount" we might have appealed more forcibly to the basic and universal needs of men.

How we are rebuked by the very silence of Jesus! "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street," yet how potential is his very stillness! How impossible to escape the silent emanations of that unobtrusive personality!

How ceaselessly, majestically, yet silently the forces of nature cooperate! As in the building of Solomon's temple, no sound of hammer or ax is heard in all this vast creative process. "He that believeth shall not make haste," and the futility of our nervous strivings should have taught us better things. The poise, and strength, and grace of quietness often put our heated arguments and fussy motions to utter shame. Its surprising depth has filled us with a grateful wonder, and its uncommonness has made its presence most refreshing. Said Emerson: "What you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say." There are convictions too sublime for paltry vehicles of speech. You cannot dramatize the finer motions of the soul. There are certain prayers you cannot pour into the narrow molds of human utterance. Many things that lie near the surface will readily leap into evidence, while greater realities will often stay in depths of unbroken concealment. The greatest things are not the noisy and the noticeable, yet how readily we disparage the quiet, self-effacing souls that are about us. Our age is very harsh toward the man who does not keep up with the procession and easily adjust himself to the machinery of the hour. We forget that this nonconformity may be his very excellence, to which we will return and pay our deference in later and wiser years; a rare endowment which makes him rich in counsel and restraint, but which we blindly do not sense.

How pathetic it is to meet old people who feel as if they are in the way or good for nothing! What a rebuke to our standards of life that it should be so! What false economies have led to such a sorry aspect? Is life to be so commercialized that, when its earning capacity ceases, it presents to us no further attractions? Has this quiet, subdued life which moves amid the deepening twilight no gracious influence, no silent message, no worthy place, no accumulated treasures I am bound to respect? The cumulative forces of a lifetime are all here, not clothed and correlated as formerly, perhaps, yet instinct with life and meaning, for "they also serve who only stand and wait."

Everywhere throughout our world are the quietness, inaction, retirement of the aged, disabled, unpopular, and diffident. People so constituted are often made to feel, through popular opinion, or device, as though they were cumberers of the ground, yet, through these unpretentious lives unceasing streams of power do flow. "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." There is power in quietness, there is quietness in power.

Ours is a constructive period, and the self-assertive and spectacular are held in full honor, but to the preservation of our balance, to the nurture of our best ideals, to the highest corrective and directive influences of our time we are vastly indebted to these quiet souls who perhaps mourn



their own seeming disabilities, but who, in quiet reflection, devout prayerfulness, patient suffering and passive virtue, are the most indispensable factors of our feverish time. The mute appeal, the patient endurance, the quiet helplessness speak a message all their own, and in wise restraint and high refinement we reap the product of their worth.

Here is a poor helpless woman in the Audubon Sanitarium appealing for the enactment of a law which shall permit her physicians to end her life and thus terminate her suffering. Would it not be better to assure her of the vicariousness of pain, the eloquence of silence, the helpfulness of impotence, and the deep triumphs of her own dire tragedy? There are some things we learn by a paralytic's cot that we can never hear from a preacher's favored rostrum. There are muffled sobs and smothered accents which address the heart of man as the practiced art of speech can never do. How these lonely and incapacitated souls do temper the harsh conditions of our tumultuous times! How they rebuke our feverish ambition and challenge the very best within us! Their very impotence has arrested our madness and softened us to tenderness and love.

There are secret sins that men must confess. There are hidden tragedies they must make known, but who has ears to hear? We easily master the "art of expression," but how little we know of the "habit of audience." O how much there is in our troubled life which we long to recite to another! But the average man is too hurried, or engrossed, and we must shut the gnawing secret in our own bosom. Yet chastened by pain and tempered by loneliness are quiet souls who lend a listening ear and thus relieve the long pent-up sorrows of men distraught. When shall we recognize our great indebtedness to these silent and sympathetic listeners, these men and women who lent us their ears?

Say not "the forces of the old man are spent." Thou betrayest thine own ignorance and coarseness. He comes to us freighted with the mellowing memories of many years and gladdened with the reflection of a coming day. We cannot afford to miss the halo which already adorns his brow!

Amid life's harnessed energies despise not the sufferer who has dropped his plummet into depths thou never canst explore and out of these silent, somber, fathomless realms has recovered for us the costliest things of life.

Forget not the unmeasured ministry of these rarest souls who have modestly shrunk from public gaze, yet who have created an atmosphere in which the nurture of our nobler self so much depends. Flowers may bloom in the hidden recess of the forest; the nightingale may send forth his worthiest note upon the silent, unresponding night, but shaping the very heart of things, and guarding the common weal, are those unobtrusive souls who give their largess to the world's great work. Quiet are the stars. Asleep the magic forces of nature seem. Silent are the souls of some men, yet how beneficent in worth! Underrated by reason of their obscurity, yet easier is it "to bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion" than to restrain the salutary effect of a quiet, reverent life.

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Drop thy still dews of quietness  
 Till all our strivings cease.  
 Take from our souls the strain and stress  
 And let our ordered lives confess  
 The beauty of thy peace.

Osceola, Pa.

JOHN HUMPHREY.

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### THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

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#### PAUL'S EXPOSITION OF CHRISTIANITY

##### *Rom. 6. 1-11—Paul's Mysticism*

THE twofold headship of humanity was argued by Saint Paul at length in the fifth chapter, in which the ravages of sin in the human world, taking its starting point with the first Adam, are set forth. In his argument Paul assumes the historicity of the account of the creation and fall of man as narrated in the first three chapters of Genesis. He declares that what was lost through the first Adam has been restored, and more than restored, through the second Adam, Christ Jesus our Lord: "For as through the one man's disobedience the many were made sinners, even so through the obedience of the one shall the many be made righteous. And the law came in besides, that the trespass might abound; but where sin abounded, grace did abound more exceedingly; that, as sin reigned in death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 5:19-21).

Paul's intensely logical mind recognized at once that this great gospel truth might readily be perverted to support the theory of antinomianism. The argument of the objector or the objection which Paul is considering is that the doctrine of gratuitous justification, which Paul has been demonstrating in the earlier part of this epistle, involves indifference to sin and even justifies its continuance by the sinner as it would enhance the measure of the glory of God's forgiving grace. Paul's answer to the objection is that such a thought as continuance in sin on the part of one who has been justified through faith in Jesus Christ is impossible. To the question in the first verse, "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" Paul's emphatic reply is, "God forbid."

The sixth chapter is devoted to a demonstration of the thesis that faith in Christ makes the dominion of sin over the believer impossible. The one absolutely excludes the other. Justification by faith involves not merely the forgiveness of the sinner, but also the sanctification of the believer. In Paul's thought the life of faith is absolutely irreconcilable to the life of sin. It is this which a generation untrained in spiritual things could not understand, and in setting forth his views he employs that sublime mysticism which abounds in the writings of the great apostle.

In Paul's development of his thesis he affirms that we may not continue in sin because the believer has been united with Jesus Christ by faith, and thus has died to sin and therefore can no longer live in it. He says in the second verse, "We who died to sin, how shall we any longer live therein?" It is difficult to express the exact meaning of the apostle in the phrase "died to sin." To be dead to anything is to be beyond its control; we are insensible to it; it does not dominate us any more. So when the Christian died in relation to sin, sin lost the dominion which it had held over him and he became impervious to its power. The apostle explains this by the analogy with baptism. His language is: "Or are ye ignorant that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? We were buried therefore with him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life." We need not at this point raise the question of the relation of this passage to the mode of baptism. Many find in it a reference to baptism by immersion. The writer thinks the apostle has no such thought in view as to the mode of baptism—at least he is not intending to treat of that—but of the death and burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Baptism was a symbol of union with Jesus Christ—it was the outer seal of the new life which had come to the believer and which was expressed in the baptismal formula. Baptism was a fitting symbol by which to illustrate the point he had in hand, namely, the mystical union of the believer with Christ. His language expressly affirms it, "We were buried with him through baptism into death," that is, we were united to him by faith, and through our baptism we symbolically died with him and were buried with him, so that the baptism represents our mystical union with Christ in his death, burial, and, as an immediate and necessary outcome, also our union with him in his resurrected life. The time when this union was effected was the time when through baptism he publicly accepted Christ and received the seal by which he was attested to be in fellowship with Christ; and as Christ died to sin, the Christian can no longer live in it, but has been "raised from the dead through the glory of the Father" into the new life which is in Christ Jesus.

Paul further declares that the "old man" was crucified with Christ in order that the body of sin, the seat of the propensities and activities of sin, might be destroyed. Verse 6: "Knowing this, that our old man was crucified with him, that the body of sin might be done away, that so we should no longer be in bondage to sin; for he that hath died is justified from sin." By the "old man" he means the unregenerate man, the man who has never submitted to the gospel of Jesus Christ. (Eph. 4:22, 24; Col. 3:9, 10.) And he affirms that this old man, this unregenerate man, this unrenowned nature of ours, was put to death on the cross. His language is, "The old man was crucified with him." That is another of the mystical phrases of the apostle. He says of himself elsewhere (Gal. 2:20), "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me." It is similar to all those expressions of identity of Jesus Christ with the believer which he affirms elsewhere in the most

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positive manner. It is similar to another passage (Gal. 3:28): "For as many of you as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ." It is as though the sinner hung with Christ on the cross, and that in his death the sinner with his sins died; and when he was leaving the tomb the sinner with his sins was leaving the tomb; and when Christ rose from the dead, the sinner without his sins, the sinner redeemed from his sins, arose from the dead, no longer the old man, but the new man, the new man that was in Christ Jesus, and he declares that henceforth he should no longer serve sin, for, as verse 7 states it, "For he that hath died is justified from sin," that is, against a dead person a charge can no longer be laid, and the death of Christ has justified the sinner who has believed in him, and he is therefore free from sin. In understanding this passage we need to note carefully the use of the tenses. At every point in discussing the union of Christ with the believer the aorist tense is used, as indicating a definite point at which the action involved took place. King James's version in the sixth verse reads, "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him," etc.; the revised version of 1881 has it more accurately, "Know this, that our old man was crucified with him." In the eighth verse, King James version, we read, "Now if we be dead with Christ"; in the revised version we read, "If we died with Christ." In Christ's death and resurrection were summed up the world's redemption from sin and the world's restoration in Christ. The whole world was included in the great act of human salvation, but this redemption and union with Christ do not become available to us except as we receive them as the gift of Christ and exercise faith in him. What Christ wrought for the world was wrought on Calvary's cross and in his resurrection from the dead. Baptism was the outward act of induction into the church, designating the point of time in which this union with Christ was accomplished.

In the eleventh verse the apostle tells us the aspect under which the Christian shall view his life. His language is, "Even so reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus." He now views himself as no longer under the dominion of sin, but as united with Christ and his fellow Christians in the Kingdom of Grace. He answers the question, Are we to consider this crucifixion with Christ and consequently salvation by grace as a gateway to continued sinfulness, to ungodliness of all kinds, or must we view the believer's life as separated in Christ from sin and a life to be lived after the pattern of Jesus Christ? The latter is Paul's assumption. He is to reckon himself entirely impervious to sin, not to consider it, not to indulge in it, not to contemplate it; he is to consider that he is bound no longer in sin, but has completely broken with it; sin and he are no longer to have any relation to each other. In every assault of sin he is to fly to Jesus Christ, and by faith become united to him, and at every step in his life he is to walk with the Master and thus reckon himself to be entirely dead to sin and alive to God, and this life in God is to last for evermore.

It would be impossible in this brief discussion to give an adequate expression of the meaning of these mystical phrases to which attention

has been called. On the part of the critical student these would require special studies, but enough has been said to give some conception of the importance of this mystical side of the apostle's life and thought.

Among the commentators Sanday seems to be the most exhaustive in his treatment of this part of the epistle. He says that Paul arrived at this doctrine of mystical union by the "guiding of the Holy Spirit" and that the basis of the doctrine is "the apostle's own experience." "His conversion was an intellectual change, but it was also something much more. It was an intense personal apprehension of Christ as Master, Redeemer, and Lord." He also affirms that the doctrine in its fundamental conception "has close parallels in the writings of Saint John and Saint Peter."

Professor Sanday into his discussion of the question introduces Matthew Arnold's "St. Paul and Protestantism." He deprecates the defects of Matthew Arnold's treatment, but presents quotations from his works in which he believes that he caught the deep conception of the apostle's thought:

"If ever there was a case in which the wonder-working power of attachment, in a man for whom the moral sympathies and the desire for righteousness were all-powerful, might employ itself and work its wonders, it was here. . . .

"It is impossible to be in presence of this Pauline conception of faith without remarking on the incomparable power of edification which it contains. It is indeed a crowning evidence of that piercing practical religious sense which we have attributed to Paul. . . .

"But one unalterable object is assigned by him to this power: to die with Christ to the law of the flesh, to live with Christ to the law of the mind. This is the doctrine of the necrosis (2 Cor. 4. 10), Paul's central doctrine, and the doctrine which makes his profoundness and originality.

. . . Those multitudinous motions of appetite and self-will which reason and conscience disapproved reason and conscience could not govern, and had to yield to them. This, as we have seen, is what drove Paul almost to despair. Well, then, how did Paul's faith, working through love, help him here? It enabled him to reinforce duty by affection. In the central need of his nature, the desire to govern these motions of unrighteousness, it enabled him to say: 'Die to them! Christ did.' If any man be in Christ, said Paul—that is, if any man identifies himself with Christ by attachment so that he enters into his feelings and lives with his life—he is a new creature; he can do, and does, what Christ did. First, he suffers with him. Christ, throughout his life and in his death, presented his body a living sacrifice to God; every self-willed impulse, blindly trying to assert itself without respect of the universal order, he died to. You, says Paul to his disciples, are to do the same. . . . If you cannot, your attachment, your faith, must be one that goes but a very little way. In an ordinary human attachment, out of love to a woman, out of love to a friend, out of love to a child, you can suppress quite easily, because by sympathy you become one with them and their feelings, this or that impulse of selfishness which happens to conflict with them, and which

hitherto you have obeyed. All impulses of selfishness conflict with Christ's feelings; he showed it by dying to them all; if you are one with him by faith and sympathy, you can die to them also. Then, secondly, if you thus die with him, you become transformed by the renewing of your mind, and rise with him. . . . You rise with him to that harmonious conformity with the real and eternal order, that sense of pleasing God who trieth the hearts, which is life and peace, and which grows more and more till it becomes glory."

Dr. Sanday also introduces a quotation from the philosopher T. H. Green. From Mr. Green's lay sermon *The Witness of God* Dr. Sanday makes the following quotation emphasizing this side of the apostle's thought and showing its importance in order to understand his teaching:

"The death and rising again of the Christ, as he [Saint Paul] conceived them, were not separate and independent events. They were two sides of the same act—an act which relatively to sin, to the flesh, to the old man, to all which separates from God, is death; but which, just for that reason, is the birth of a new life relatively to God. . . . God was in Christ, so that what he did, God did. A death unto life, a life out of death, must then be in some way the essence of the divine nature—must be an act which, though exhibited once for all in the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, was yet eternal—the act of God himself. For that very reason, however, it was one perpetually reenacted, and to be reenacted, by man. If Christ died for all, all died in him: all were buried in his grave to be all made alive in his resurrection. . . . In other words, he constitutes in us a new intellectual consciousness, which transforms the will and is the source of a new moral life."

Enough has been said, we think, to show the importance of this passage and its relation to his great scheme of Christian doctrine as set forth in the Epistle to the Romans and as referred to in Paul's other writings.

The union of the believer with Christ in his life, death, and resurrection and the effect of this union in the personal holiness of the believer is one of the great doctrines which occupy the center of the apostle's thinking.

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## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

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### SOME MODERN UTTERANCES ON CHRISTOLOGY

THE theology of the nineteenth and the twentieth century has been preeminently Christocentric. Even the negative theology has been forced to concern itself primarily with the life and work of Jesus. In view of the extraordinary interest manifested in the Christological problem in our day, it is believed that the assembling of some representative recent utterances on this subject will be welcomed by our readers. In this con-



nection we would call special attention to Professor Loofs's *What is the Truth about Jesus Christ?* (Scribners, 1913). This is a remarkably clear and judicious summary and criticism of recent Christological controversy. Not only does Loofs effectively answer the extreme negations of Arthur Drews in his *Christ-Myth*, and of W. B. Smith in his *Ecce Deus*, but he also gives valuable criticisms of the Christological views of some of the leading dogmatists of the present.

As representatives of the prevailing liberal view of Jesus we might select such men as Bousset, Weinel, Jülicher, and Heltmüller. As Bousset's Jesus enjoys a good degree of popularity in its English dress, we shall mention only his discourse in the Berlin Congress for Liberal Christianity, 1910, on "The Significance of the Person of Jesus for Faith." In this address Bousset boldly reasserts the essential position of the older rationalism, revering "Jesus of Nazareth the creative genius, who produced for us the fundamental symbols of our faith and in his own person, as it meets us in the Gospels in an indissoluble interweaving of the fancy of the company of his followers with historical truth, himself becomes enduringly the most effectual symbol of our faith. But behind the symbol and through the picture there glimmer and shine the eternal truths of the faith." Thus Bousset holds the Christian faith to be relatively independent of the historical Jesus.

More typical representatives of a liberal theology are Weinel, Jülicher, and Heltmüller. The eloquent lectures of the former on "Jesus in the Nineteenth Century" have enjoyed a well-deserved popularity. In answer to critics on the right hand and on the extreme left he published in 1910 a pamphlet entitled, "Is the Liberal Picture of Jesus Refuted?" With concessions to the negative criticism of Wrede on the historical value of Mark, he still maintains that we have a true, though not ample, picture of Jesus of Nazareth, the man, the prophet, the founder of Christianity, and the way to God even in our day. A dogma of the "divinity" of Jesus he does not recognize. "Jesus entered upon the great inheritance of his people, which he deepened and renewed, of hearing the God of love speak from out the God of law; and he also possessed the other side of faith in God in a fullness and intimacy of feeling not found elsewhere in his people, a quality given in larger measure to the Aryans: to hear the voice of God in bush and tree, in harvest field and song of birds, in blooming flowers and playing children. Is it something passing strange if we find that the longing for God, whether of Jews or Greeks, of Semites or Teutons, can be satisfied in him?"

Among living New Testament scholars of Germany no one bears a higher reputation than Jülicher, notwithstanding chronic ill health has greatly hindered his literary productivity. He is a typical representative of the liberal attitude respecting Jesus. In his essay on "The Religion of Jesus and the Beginnings of Christianity" in the collective work *Die Kultur der Gegenwart*, Jülicher writes thus concerning Jesus's Messianic consciousness:

"The full understanding [of his preaching of the kingdom of God] depends here upon having a clear idea concerning the connection which



Jesus has established between his person and the kingdom, that is, concerning his self-consciousness. That God would assure him as a prophet of the kingdom a place of honor therein was, of course, never for him a matter of doubt; even the martyr's death made no difference with this confidence; for to what end was there a resurrection of the dead? But this would hold true in both particulars also of John, the greatest of those born of women. Did Jesus mean to be only a new edition of John, a third Elijah after this second? Decidedly not. For him John is the last, at the same time the greatest, figure of a past world; himself he reckons as belonging to a new world, before whose grandeur all measures of greatness known to the former world fail. Jesus feels himself to be not merely a prophet that announces the new world, but to be one that already enjoys it in full draughts, and that not as one among many others, but as the first, the chief among all, in short, as the bringer of the kingdom of God. It is true he did not loudly set up this claim; indeed, he applied to himself no high-sounding titles at all; but only upon this supposition does his consciousness of his vocation become intelligible to us. Long since the Jewish theology had set in use the name Messiah (Christ, Anointed), perhaps also on the basis of Dan. 7. 13 the name 'Son of man,' for the one commissioned by God to establish the new kingdom. But even if we eliminate the self-designation of Jesus as Son of man from the history, and if we regard as historically suspicious, even in the oldest Gospel, his strange attitude toward the various utterances in which he is addressed as Messiah, which now he hails with joy, now indignantly repudiates, so much at least is certain, that Jesus entered Jerusalem as Messiah, was crucified as Messiah by Pilate, and at Cæsarea Philippi accepted the word, 'Thou art the Messiah' (Mark 8. 29). In other words, Jesus ascribed to himself the most important role in the kingdom of heaven next to God."

In the third volume of *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart* is found a very full and very able article on "Jesus Christ" by Jüllicher's colleague at Marburg, Wilhelm Heitmüller. The article has appeared also separately in book form. We quote briefly from its concluding paragraph: "The secret of his [Jesus's] effectual influence beyond death lies in his personality, which derived its peculiar stamp from that extraordinary, unparalleled consciousness of his vocation, which, if we regard it as sane, can only be interpreted as an indication that in this man in a peculiar measure creative—the pious says divine—life has entered into human history. Filled with the life in and with God, borne up by this mysterious consciousness of his vocation, Jesus's personality—this is its significance—has become a 'power of God,' a sort of religious power station from which ever new streams and waves of religious power have issued and still issue, the inexhaustible source of the stream of religious life, from which Christendom still draws."

Among contemporary liberal dogmaticians—in this class we do not include such Ritschlians as Herrmann, Kaftan, and Häring—the places of honor belong to Troeltsch and Wendt. At this time we omit more specific reference to the former. The Christology of the latter is very

interesting, for his theology, though liberal, is thoroughly Christocentric. In his *System der Christlichen Lehre* Wendt says, "The proposition holds good for us, that Jesus was a man, simple man as other men are." This, however, is not to be understood in the sense that he was mere man, to the "exclusion of his being the Son of God in the most proper sense, the mediator of the highest divine saving revelation and the bearer of genuine divine nature. On the contrary, this religious judgment we hold to be fully justified. . . . No proof that the personality of Jesus . . . may be comprehended on a natural, psychological, historical basis can take away or limit our religious judgment that in this true man the truest and highest saving revelation of God was actualized." Elsewhere he says, "The man Jesus was the bearer of the Holy Spirit, and, indeed, of the fullness of the Holy Spirit."

While a good deal of German liberal theology, if judged by formal standards, is not distinguishable from Unitarianism, yet it must be granted that for the most part the person of the historic Jesus is more generally the ruling or attractive force in German liberalism than in American Unitarianism.

If we make the attitude respecting the person of Jesus the principle of separation between "positive" and "liberal" it becomes clear that a large part of the Ritschlians should not be called liberal. No one who is acquainted with Herrmann's Communion of the Christian with God—it is to be had in translation—or his *Begriff der Offenbarung* can think of such theology as negative. Julius Kaftan and Häring are even more conservative. Even when we come to men like Harnack and Rade, whom we may fairly call "liberal," there still remains a distance between them and the real liberals—men like Bousset, Otto, and Troeltsch. Harnack's view of Jesus is well known from his famous book *What is Christianity?* From Rade we reproduce the following significant testimony (*Christliche Welt*, 1905, No. 11): "When it is dark about us, and the eternal holy, invisible God fades from our eyes, we seek and find Jesus, we lay hold upon his truth, his reality, put our whole trust in him, love and fear him above all things. Especially when our untrustworthiness and unfaithfulness, when weakness, sin, and guilt of every sort oppress us in our conscience, we hold fast to him as to one who is at once judge and helper. Why should we not also be worshipful toward him, call upon him, that is, pray to him?" And yet he distinctly says, "It is certainly unsound, if prayer to Jesus supplants prayer to the Father; he that can distinguish will talk with Jesus quite otherwise than with the Father."

As Loofs has pointed out in his book mentioned above, there remains no noteworthy theologian who still champions the Christology of the ancient creeds. Even the Christological constructions of a generation or two ago, especially the kinetic theory, are now but little in vogue in Germany. It will be of interest to reproduce some of the relevant utterances of a few of the leading "positive" theologians of the day. Among these we mention first Theodor Kaftan, general superintendent in Kiel, champion of a "modern theology of the old faith." He declares, "A Christianity without the Christ from above is for us no Christianity."

He gives a concise statement of his position in the following words, "With the specific revelation of God in Jesus Christ stands or falls the Christian faith in God." Kaftan impressively calls attention to the fact that, while the denial of the identification of the "Christian Principle" with the person of Jesus Christ is very old, the expectation and hope of reviving Christianity by means of this denial is relatively new. "However sincerely it is meant, and however persuasively and warmly it is championed, such preaching is nothing else than a great self-delusion." After such expressions the theological public was surprised to read in Kaftan's pamphlet, "The Man Jesus Christ the one Mediator Between God and Man," such statements as the following: "Mediator between God and man is the man Jesus Christ. *Mediator, not God.* . . . In the apprehension of this proposition in all its significance lies the solution of all Christological distresses . . . and that, too, in such a way as not to affect injuriously one tittle of that which I have said of the Christian communion with God as being determined by Christ, of this communion with God as bearing the stamp of fellowship with Christ, of its richness and living reality. All this is rather thereby conserved in its purity and its clearness and its truth." Naturally such utterances were unacceptable to not a few conservative theologians. But we must not forget a certain important limitation of Kaftan's statement. He is speaking, not of the eternal Logos, but of the historical Christ. Furthermore, in a lecture delivered in Hamburg, he affirms and develops the thesis that the fundamental confession of Christendom is that Jesus is the Son of God. "Jesus, the Son of God—dare we go farther and say, very God? The wording of our creed and its echo in our hymns suggest the question. I answer briefly and fairly: rightly understood, yes. . . . Jesus is not like the prophet, whom God enlightens, whom God endows with the Spirit in order to speak through him; in Jesus we have the effulgence of God himself, essentially in God, personally in Jesus; Jesus the personal full revelation of God. This is the meaning when Jesus is called 'very God.' . . . But . . . the name by which we may most simply and aptly and best designate him . . . is and remains that which he himself coined: Son of God."

Some years ago at Elsenach, and before an audience composed largely of laymen, Kaehler and Schlatter delivered addresses on the divinity of Jesus Christ. Brief extracts from these addresses will give a welcome glance into the way of thinking of these two important theologians. It is, of course, not dogmatic formulation, but practical exposition of the doctrine that they here offer.

Kaehler: "People come and say: 'Yes, I should be glad to believe as you believe, I have a deep impression of the glory of Jesus, also of his cross. Also when I hear one speak and testify of the resurrection, then there stirs something in my soul that would fain sing Easter psalms with you; but—but the divinity of Christ! Must I first believe in the divinity of Christ before I turn to Jesus? Must that be so?' When we are questioned thus, have we not the impression that it would be doing these people a wrong to torment them with the thought of the divinity

of Christ and thus frighten them away? Let us in this embarrassment, which might become very painful to us, turn for counsel to the place where counsel for such questions is to be had—and I have found in my life that for all such questions light is to be found in the Bible. Let us look a moment into the Bible. What does it tell us concerning this matter? When did the confession to the divinity of Christ probably for the first time find utterance? On the first Sunday Quasimodogeniti [the first Sunday after Easter], then when the disciples, begotten again to an ever-living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, were together, and he who had not yet been begotten again came to them, and afterward, overcome by the Lord, fell at his feet and confessed, 'My Lord and my God!' That was not the beginning of the salvation of his disciples. A long way from the Jordan, where he found the first ones, to this hour. The confession to the divinity is not the introduction to the coming to Jesus, to the living together with the Lord in order to acquire faith in him; it is rather the crown of all this."

Schlatter: "I should like in conclusion to draw a few practical inferences . . . (1) That we talk not unmercifully of the divinity of Jesus. An unmerciful testimony to Jesus's divinity involves a poisonous self-contradiction. But it is unmerciful to demand the confession to the divinity of Jesus of those to whom the inner presupposition to it is lacking. Divinity is not given to Jesus in order that we should make out of it a hindrance that renders access to him difficult to others; it is altogether the manifestation of the kindness and philanthropy of our God. . . . (2) We must not divest the divinity of Jesus of the humanity and must not bring it in opposition to his historical life and work. If we no longer have the man Jesus, we also have no divinity of Jesus. . . . (3) We must not use the divinity of Jesus to gaze upon it and must not speak of it as if it were given us only as an object for our reflection. For God did not become man in order to extend our knowledge and bestow on us a remarkable dogma, but to the end that we should be restored to the lost fellowship with the Father."

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#### BOOK NOTICES

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##### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*Religious Experience.* By JAMES MUDGE. 16mo, pp. 126. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, 25 cents.

RELIGION as exemplified in the lives of illustrious Christians is presented in this small but helpful and inspiring book. The introduction says: "The subjects of the following sketches were of the most diverse opinions and the most varied callings, as well as of quite opposite temperaments. This should by no means be overlooked. God makes his saints out of all kinds of materials, and on no one pattern. The sixteen

here described belong to ten or eleven denominations. Three were Methodist Episcopalians, three were of the Church of England, two Congregationalists, one was a Protestant Episcopalian, one a Baptist, one a Unitarian, one an English Presbyterian, one a Scotch Presbyterian, one an American Presbyterian, one belonged to the Salvation Army, and one might be called a Lutheran, since he was thus brought up. Among them are ministers, evangelists, educators, bishops, together with one statesman, one soldier, one merchant, one missionary, and one general philanthropist. All are taken from the Protestant churches of the nineteenth century, and hence appeal to us more directly, more forcibly, than could the saints of the Roman Catholic communion or those produced by Protestantism in previous centuries. Amid the differences which will be noted, or inferred, as to intellectual views, denominational affiliations, secular vocations, and external circumstances, there is a significant sameness at one point. All have a passionate devotion to the will divine and account that religion finds its highest development or attainment, its chief manifestation, in oneness with God's good pleasure. All agree on this. And all have hearts glowing with love to Jesus. The essentials of true religion, after all, are few and simple. Minor matters may well be laid aside in the interest of greater concentration on the one thing needful, the welcoming of the will of God in whatever shape it presents itself from moment to moment. He who has learned to do this promptly and heartily has mastered the secret of the highest, happiest life." We select Phillips Brooks and Henry Drummond as samples: "Phillips Brooks had every help that the best of ancestry could furnish. He came of the strongest of Puritan stock. From his father he inherited many of his intellectual qualities. But from his mother came most of that which made him a prophet and a leader—his big heart, his magnetism, his genius. His spiritual nature and his emotional nature were from her. He was not confirmed until twenty-one years of age, at the end of his first year in the theological seminary at Alexandria, Va. This singular postponement of so important a step until he was already entered on his immediate preparation for the Christian ministry is a significant indication of the gradual nature of the work of grace within him. His full conversion was not a momentary, but a lifelong, process, as it has to be in most cases. One thing which made him hesitate so long in taking a decided stand was the fear lest he should lose something in submitting his will to God's. But it became clearly revealed to him that life would be larger, richer, and fuller when seen in the light of God and lived out in union with him. So he chose the way of absolute surrender, and he never tired of impressing upon young men the wondrous fact that obeying God is freedom, that a Christian man is one developed to his normal condition, and that it is sin which cramps and distorts and is an intruder. He was very reticent as to his religious experience, and has left behind him no intelligible account of his conversion. But his biographer declares it was as deep and thorough as that of Augustine or Luther; and it is known that it was his strict, uniform usage at Trinity Church to require from those coming to confirmation unmistakable evidence that



they had begun a new life and had a conscious experience of personal love to God, with a purpose to devote themselves to his service. Although almost dumb as to his inner life, except as it came out in his sermons, in the June before he died he wrote a letter to a young man in which for once he drops the mask a little. He says: "These last years have had a peace and fullness which there did not use to be. I am sure it is a deeper knowledge and truer love of Christ. He is here. He knows me and I know him. It is not a figure of speech. It is the realest thing in the world. And every day makes it realer. And one wonders what it will grow to as the years go on." The spirituality which was a prominent feature of his sermons always increased with years. There was a growing devotion to Christ which more and more mastered his whole being. It was the spirit of his mother which increasingly took possession of him. Within a year or two of his death, speaking to the Saint Andrew's Brotherhood, he said: "Be absolutely simple. Never say to anyone what you do not think and believe with your whole heart. Be simple, be consecrated, and, above all things, be pure. No man who is not himself pure can carry the message of God." This is true. And the wonderful messages of God which Bishop Brooks carried to such vast multitudes for so many years is no small proof of his own essential purity. It were easy to quote from these messages words which may fairly be taken as representing his own personal experience, for he could scarcely have uttered them had he not first deeply felt them. Space permits us to give only two such passages: "I find a Christian who has really "received the Holy Ghost," and what is it that strikes and delights me in him? It is the intense and intimate reality of Christ. Christ is evidently to him the clearest person in the universe. He talks to Christ. He dreads to offend Christ. He delights to please Christ. His whole life is light and elastic with this buoyant desire of doing everything for Jesus, just as Jesus would wish it done. So simple, but so powerful! So childlike, but so heroic! Duty has been transfigured. The weariness, the drudgery, the whole task-nature has been taken away. Love has poured like a new life-blood along the dry veins, and the soul that used to toil and groan and struggle goes ever singing along its way." "He has called you. Well, till the end, life here and hereafter will be only the unfolding of this personal love which seems to you so dear and so mysterious now. Christ will grow realer, nearer, more completely your Master and your Saviour all your life. That is the whole of your religion. But as you go on you will find that that is enough, that it is more than eternity can exhaust." It was indeed the whole of this great preacher's religion, and the Saviour grew ever dearer to him all his days. He deeply loved God and truth and men. He belonged to humanity. He won the confidence and affection of the poor to an extraordinary degree. It was because he let his heart out toward them, not simply to them as a class, but to the individuals. He put himself to much trouble to wait upon any one, however lowly, that wanted his aid. He had a brooding love, a special tenderness for men and women. The city, on this account, was much more to him than the country. His mission, he said, was to see people. He never denied



himself to them when they called; he hungered for them when he had been a week or two by himself. Everybody came to him, and he gave himself freely to all. It was a principle with him never to decline an invitation to preach unless prevented by some previous engagement. He was jealous of religion, lest it should be treacherous to humanity. His love for truth was also intense. He grappled successfully with the intellectual difficulties of the day, and fairly conquered the doubts of the age. There was upon him an inward compulsion to translate the old doctrines into the convictions and language of modern life. He stood plainly for the largest freedom of inquiry and for the unimpeded march of the soul forward into ever larger light. He was a valiant champion of the new theology, counting it better than the old, more fully adapted to the needs of the souls of men. He tried to preach it, feeling sure that the world would never go back to the outworn ideas, and especially the expressions, of the past. The nature of true tolerance he explained with utmost lucidity and maintained with utmost rigidity. He was not a whit spoiled by adulation; in spite of his unequalled popularity and continual success, his modesty and humility never failed; he had the same simple, childlike spirit at the end as at the beginning. Strict conscientiousness marked his conduct not only in dealing with others, but with himself. His power in prayer was something exceptional. He knew the way into the holy of holies. The Bishop of Winchester, in dedicating a volume of sermons to Bishop Brooks, uses these adjectives to characterize him: 'Strong, fearless, tender, eloquent, incapable of meanness, blazing with indignation at all kinds of wrong, his heart and mind deep and wide as the ocean at his door, simple and transparent as a child, keen with all the keenness of his race.' He was a thoroughly good man; but it is not necessary to conceal the fact that his piety was not quite the same as it would have been had he belonged to the Methodist Episcopal rather than the Protestant Episcopal Church. He lived in elegant surroundings, he was a frequent guest at large banquets, he was not a total abstainer, he was a smoker. He interpreted Christianity quite largely in the terms of the class among which he moved, in whose society he had been brought up. How could it be otherwise? A person with another environment or a different education would feel condemned for some of the practices he allowed. The fact that he allowed them, although so very good a man, in no way proves that they should be generally adopted on the one hand, nor, on the other hand, does it detract from his goodness. It is exceedingly important that while we keep a clear conscience ourselves—and it is hardly possible to have it too sensitive to the softest whispers of the Holy Spirit, the smallest departures from the way that seems to us right—we should not in any way impose our standard upon others or fail to give them full credit for the beautiful qualities which they show forth, though mingled with habits we deem harmful and that excite our surprise. God fulfills himself in many ways and equally loves his children of various names, though they find it sometimes hard thus to love or appreciate one another." "It must be confessed that Henry Drummond was not exactly a saint of the conventional sort, or after what may be called the regula-

tion pattern, as it is commonly conceived. He was very fond of athletics, was fascinated with fishing and hunting, a keen chess-player, a boon companion of boys to the end, very much given to smoking, always well dressed, had a strong sense of humor and a plentiful supply of hobbies, among them that of collecting old carved oak furniture; was a pronounced evolutionist, and decidedly modern in his views of the Bible. Yet that he was far beyond the ordinary in goodness and holiness all that came into closest contact with him bear willing witness. Professor George Adam Smith, his chief biographer, says, 'There are hundreds of men and women who will always be sure that his was the most Christlike life they ever knew.' This is the testimony of those that knew him longest and most intimately; that he lived constantly in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, appropriating its blessings and exemplifying its teachings. Mr. D. L. Moody, than whom on all accounts there is none more competent to speak, said: 'Never have I known a man who, in my opinion, lived nearer the Master or sought to do his will more fully. No man has ever been with me for any length of time that I did not see in him something that was unlike Christ, and I often do it in myself, but not in Henry Drummond. He was the most Christlike man I ever knew.' Sir Archibald Geikie, who taught him and traveled much with him, said, 'I have never met with a man in whom transparent integrity, high moral purpose, sweetness of disposition, and exuberant helpfulness were more happily combined with wide culture, poetic imagination, and scientific sympathies than they were in Henry Drummond.' Still another says, 'He seemed to possess all the graces and virtues of which as perfect man I dreamed.' Men and women of every rank of life, and of almost every nation under the sun, turned to him for the inspiration which can come only from the purest and poured into his receptive soul their freest confidences and confessions. He was both prophet and priest to a great host. He was a born evangelist. And after the Moody and Sankey campaign in Scotland—1873-1874—which found him in college at Edinburgh, and in which he was marvelously useful, evangelism became the master passion of his life the rest of his days. He had long dreamed of it, and he was eminently fitted for it—a great fisher of men, one of the Andrew type, pleasant-mannered, always getting hold of somebody and introducing people to Christ. This was his most enduring work for the Master—personal contact with others, into whose very hearts he easily entered by a marvelous sympathy. Never, perhaps, was any man so loved as he. He had a genius for friendship, an absorbing interest in others, looking upon their things rather than his own. He had the humility of self-forgetfulness, the patience of love, was always courteous, kind, genial, simple, sunny, and hopeful. He gave sympathy freely, but never called for it. He showed a Christianity which was perfectly natural, unforced, and unassuming. And yet he did not follow the fashions of society; did not care for the things of this world, seeing its extreme littleness in comparison with the attractions of the hereafter, and he never bowed to Mrs. Grundy. He carried about him an air of distinction, but it was an air of purity, not of pride. He belonged to the true aristocracy of pas-

sionate souls—those who live not on the circumference of things, but at the center—live for the things most worth while. With very lofty conceptions of his duty toward his fellowmen, which prompted him to sink personal preferences and ease, he had also an unfaltering trust in God and a deep devotion to his will. He preached an extended series of discourses on the will of God, finding it, as he says, his 'freshest truth, a profound and marvelous subject, a great help to many of my friends.' He was intensely spiritual. 'I have only one passion; that is Christ,' he said, and his daily life and conversation were absolutely consistent, his friends declare, with this all-embracing confession of faith. The ease and winsomeness of his piety was, it should be said, largely inherited. His parents were deeply religious as well as evangelical in doctrine, and his early home was permeated with a bracing Christian atmosphere. He was born at Sterling, August 17, 1851, and died at Tunbridge Wells, March 11, 1897. He began to be a Christian at nine years of age, when he was found, a little, curly-headed boy, weeping to think he had never loved the dear Saviour. At this time doubtless he gave his heart to Jesus. He quite early received what he considered a call to the direct service of God, but, somewhat singularly, he felt no drawing to the ordinary work of the ministry. And though he went not only through the college, but also through the theological classes at Edinburgh (1866-1876), and was even licensed to preach in 1878, he rejected all invitations to settle as a pastor. It is true that he was ordained in 1884, but this was only to comply with the regulations of the Free Church, that he might take the chair of natural science in Glasgow Theological College. He always declined to be called 'reverend,' or preach in the usual acceptation of that term. He gave addresses, lectures, and Bible-readings. He appeared to feel that any touch of professionalism would hinder him in getting close to those he so much wished to reach—the young men and boys, the students of the colleges and universities of Scotland, England, Ireland, America, and Australia—with whom he was such a power for good. He reached, with voice and pen, a wider constituency than almost any other religious teacher of his time. His first book, which made him so speedily famous, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, had attained a sale of 130,000 copies some years ago in England alone, to say nothing of the vast number sold in other lands. His Christmas booklets had an amazing circulation. The *Greatest Thing in the World*, issued at Christmas, 1889, had sold in Great Britain before the author died 330,000 copies; *Pax Vobiscum*, issued in 1890, sold 130,000 copies in six years. Others of the series, not quite so popular, sold 90,000, 80,000, 60,000 copies. Who can estimate the good that was thus done? But his greatest contribution to religion was himself. As Mr. H. W. Mable has said: 'He was a fine example of natural goodness, a beautiful type of normal religious unfolding. He was without cant, exaggeration, undue emphasis of one side of life to the exclusion of the other, affectation of speech, or self-consciousness.' He found the heart of Christianity, the secret of pure manhood, and a beneficent life in a personal friendship for Christ, and this was his chief message. Dr. Marcus Dods, one of his teachers, to whose in-

fluence he was fond of expressing his supreme indebtedness for whatever benefit his life had been, said at the funeral: 'To anyone who had need of him he seemed to have no concerns of his own to attend to; he was wholly at the disposal of those whom he could help. It was this active and self-forgetting sympathy, this sensitiveness to the condition of everyone he met, which won the heart of peer and peasant, which made him the most delightful of companions and the most serviceable of friends. Penetrate as deeply as you might into his nature and scrutinize it as keenly, you never met anything to disappoint, anything to incline you to suspend your judgment or modify your verdict that here you had a man as nearly perfect as you had ever known anyone to be. And at the heart of all lay his profound religious reverence, his unreserved acceptance of Christ and of Christ's idea of law and life. He was through and through, first of all and last of all, a follower and a subject of Christ.' Yet, like the Master and most other good men, he had many enemies, because he was much misunderstood. Their attacks were often cruel, and he sometimes felt them, but he never retaliated in kind. He was obliged to depart from the school of the older orthodoxy, even as was Jesus. He did his best to help on the movement toward a more solid, because more reasonable, faith, and a truer, purer Christianity. They who think this detracted from his saintliness must part company with D. L. Moody, who, though most strictly orthodox himself, was great enough to see that this was not the matter of highest importance, and that mere differences of opinion on doctrine furnish no reason for diminution of sincere admiration or reverent friendship. We find him, however, on his nineteenth birthday, writing in his private journal, which was never seen during his life, 'I think that I can honestly say that the chief desire of my heart is to be reconciled to God, and to feel the light of his countenance *always* upon me. As honestly I think I can say that God in his great goodness has given me little care for the things of the world.' Later, in his interleaved Testament, he gives this 'Receipt for misery: Be a half-hearted Christian.' That he never was. He said, 'I am afraid to move a single step without searching the Scripture and prayer to know the mind of the only wise God.'"

*The New Testament Documents. Their Origin and Early History.* By GEORGE MILLIGAN, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism in the University of Glasgow. With twelve facsimiles. Royal 8vo, pp. xvii, 322. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$3.50, net.

*The Text and Canon of the New Testament.* By ALEXANDER SOUTER, sometime Yates Professor of New Testament Greek and Exegesis in Mansfield College, Oxford. 12mo, pp. x, 251. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

A NEW day has dawned for the appreciation and application of the New Testament message. The sands of Egypt and the rubbish heaps of Asia Minor have become unspeakably valuable. The consecrated scholarship and industry of men like Delssmann, Ramsay, Moulton, Milligan, and others have enabled us to see that New Testament Greek was the colloquial speech of the common people, the class to whom the gospel of

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Jesus was so acceptable. The ancient quarrel between "purist" and "Hebraist" is now found to have been superfluous. The first finds that it is not possible to bring this language under the strict rules of Attic usage; and the second learns that it is not distinctively biblical Greek, but contemporary Greek in its more vulgar and colloquial form. Alas! how many of our controversies, theological and otherwise, are based on inadequate knowledge. And yet we do not learn wisdom from failures. In the light of these new discoveries, there are some who would lose sight of certain distinctive peculiarities which continue to mark the Greek of the New Testament. Hebraisms still remain, although greatly reduced in number. It could not have been otherwise, seeing that the authors of these writings were of the Semitic cast of mind and were also influenced by the translation-Greek of the Septuagint. The number of words peculiar to the New Testament has been reduced to about fifty; but we need not therefore infer that the distinctive message of the New Testament has lost any of its pristine glory. Even those words which are commonly used when placed in the New Testament context become deepened and enriched in content and meaning. Take such words as ἀγάπη, love; ἀδελφοί, brethren; παρουσία, advent; Θεός, divine; ἀπόστολος, messenger; σωτήρ, Saviour: according to the testimony of the papyri, these words were current at the time, but who will deny that they mean so much more, in the light of the sublime character of Jesus Christ? Dr. Milligan speaks with authority on this subject in his lecture on the "Language of the New Testament." The lexicographer who will necessarily supersede Thayer and Cremer has an attractive task on hand, in tracing the history of words and showing the changes that time and circumstances have wrought in their meaning. The lecture on the "Original Manuscripts" is not sufficiently full; on this subject no one is more qualified to write than Professor Souter, the brilliant successor of Sir W. M. Ramsay in the University of Aberdeen. His little volume, mentioned at the head of this notice, is a marvel of condensation and comprehensiveness. We follow this expert guide as he describes how the sources of the text can be reached through manuscripts of papyrus and parchment; through the great Latin, Syriac, Coptic, Gothic, and other versions; and through patristic quotations. The conclusions of both Milligan and Souter confirm the wholesome decision of Westcott and Hort that "the books of the New Testament as preserved in extant documents assuredly speak to us in every important respect in language identical with that in which they spoke to those for whom they were originally written." It is comforting to learn that the numerous textual emendations have not affected in the least any of the fundamental verities of the Christian faith. The two lectures on the literary character of the New Testament do not advance any new position; they deal with the accepted results and show a leaning toward the conservative attitude, in the style characteristic of Ramsay. The object of the Synoptists was homiletic, it was the work of preachers who agreed with each other as to the saving sufficiency of the Central Figure; the Gospel of John is interpretative; it is the work of a student whose purpose was to



strengthen the faith of evangelist and evangelized. This relation of the Gospels to each other is well expressed. The lecture on the "Circulation of the New Testament Writings" enables the reader to appreciate the circumstances of the early Christian centuries and how corruptions crept into the text through errors of copyists, who also took editorial liberties in the interest of what they thought was grammatical accuracy. In this connection mention may be made of the section entitled *Prolegomena in An Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament*, by Dr. James Moffatt (Scribners). We disagree entirely with the radicalism in the body of this book, yet some of the information found in this part is of value. As to number and antiquity of manuscripts, the New Testament is at a decided advantage in comparison with the classics of Greece and Rome. For instance, the only reliable manuscript of Sophocles was written about fourteen hundred years after the poet's death, and although we have a manuscript of Vergil from the fourth century, the total number of Vergilian manuscripts can be numbered only by hundreds as compared with thousands in the case of the New Testament. The heretics have had much to do in compelling the church to establish its doctrinal position immovably on a thorough intellectual and philosophical basis. But the decision as to what books deserved a place in that apostolic collection the canon of the New Testament was reached by the divinely guided instinct of the whole Christian community. So, then, the voice of Christian experience is heard speaking in this sacred volume. As the papyri and pottery found in the ancient East have thrown the light of confirmation on the text of the New Testament, it behooves us to let our Christian experience bear witness to the saving truths of its message of grace. Mention must be made of the valuable series of notes in the appendix of Milligan's volume, the twelve beautiful facsimiles of ancient writings and the careful indexes. Souter's volume has an appendix of "Selected Documents" which would have been more valuable if they had been translated.

*The Pulpit and the Pew.* Lyman Beecher Lectures delivered 1913, before the Divinity School of Yale University. By CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 195. New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

THIS volume of lectures will take front rank in the notable series that have been delivered on this foundation. The indomitable pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York city, occupies a unique place among American preachers. Those who have listened to him have always been thrilled and inspired to better living. For the last thirty-three years he has wielded a mighty influence in the religious and civic life of the metropolis. This book may be regarded as a series of reflections and impressions concerning the business of the preacher and the mission of the church. Dr. Parkhurst sets a high and exacting standard for both pulpit and pew. Preaching must induce moral and spiritual sensitiveness; to that end he exhorts that the doctrine of perfection should be proclaimed with insistence, and that sermons should be frequently preached from the text, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as



your Father who is in heaven is perfect." He then adds these sentences for the encouragement of the timid preacher: "Much as we may sometimes shrink from laying upon the hearts of our congregations the burden of so exacting a doctrine, I am persuaded that the great mass of our hearers have a respect for moral thoroughness that they do not have for any kind of moral compromise. Religion suffers more from being belittled in the pulpit than from being magnified, from being dealt out in homœopathic than from being administered in allopathic applications." He is well aware that the ideal cannot be achieved at once, but the only way of ever attaining it is to strike for it at once. This course is all the more imperative, for the pulpit is the one only place where the ideal can be and is expected to be published. Its supreme and exceptional business, furthermore, is to hold itself consistently and pronouncedly to the work of emancipating men individually and collectively from the power of sin. The strength of the pulpit is in its direct address when the hearers are particularized. If this is to be done effectively, the preacher must have "a thorough appreciation of what man is ideally, and a similar thorough appreciation of the intellectual and moral vagaries into which the ideal man has lapsed, the intricacies into which the threads of his thinking have become ensnarled, and the methods and motives by which he has become shaken off from the foundation upon which humanness was originally established." The present age is one of unsettlement, revolt, and denial, so that the preacher must aim to secure for his hearers quietness and establishment of mind. A prophetic fearlessness in exposing evils, such as has characterized Dr. Parkhurst's own ministerial career, is shown to be indispensable. But one of the primary qualifications is the unique religious experience of the preacher which will inspire and make inspiring all his deliverances. Dr. Jowett, the immediate predecessor in the Yale Lectureship, in his book, *The Preacher: His Life and Work*, emphasizes just this point in a lecture the subtitle of which is "The Service of the Sanctuary." This volume was noticed in the *METHODIST REVIEW* for January, 1913. Here are some pungent passages from the lecture on "Ministerial Responsibility for Civic Conditions": "Virtue cannot ordinarily be relied upon as confidently as vice to maintain its interest in the cause it is devoted to. So far as relates to civic matters, Christians are Christians only during the months of September and October and the first week of November. Politicians are politicians all the year round. We ought to work to redeem *this* world, not merely to populate the *next*. The anarchy of the saints is no match for the organization of the sinners." Here is a new and uncommon application concerning the responsibility of the laity: "Confirming and educating the faith of believers is the prime office of the clergy; but to initiate into Christian belief those who are not believers, to bring men to Christ, as contrasted with building up in Christ, is, I claim, not the function of the clergyman, but of the layman." This proposition is worked out in a strikingly conclusive manner and is intended to show the preacher that there are latent and unused possibilities in the church, which he must develop by discerning leadership. The need for cultivating the emotional

faculties is repeatedly emphasized throughout the book. One lecture discusses "Love Considered as a Dynamic." The gospel is quite as much an expression of the heart of God as of his mind. It is the impassioned men who have made history, and enthusiasm is the road-breaker. Toward the close of the book we read that "It is by the cultivation of sweet Christian sentiment as much as by the inculcation of strong religious doctrine that the sanctuary accomplishes its mission." It is well that this thought has found such eloquent utterance, not only because of the excessive and one-sided intellectualism of the age, but also because most inexperienced preachers have the idea that men can be "syllogized into the kingdom of heaven." The lecture entitled "Dealing With Fundamentals" strikes a positive note. The two features of God's character which must be set forth are his immutability and his unity, and they will make for virile manhood, as they always have done. This means getting down to the bed-rock of things and experiencing brain sweat, but this is the only way to get one's message and to speak with a conviction that will command a hearing and communicate courage to weary and doubting spirits. Dr. Parkhurst speaks a true and timely word in this expressive sentence: "The old Hebrew Bible is a great book, and those who never respire its atmosphere nor allow their thoughts to move through the superb and massive scenery of its delineations of the Divine Being deprive themselves of a religious tonic as essential to strong and elevated living to-day as it was before the times of the Advent, when the coming of the Lord at Bethlehem lay in the thought of the world only as a great prophetic dream." The closing lecture, on "The Sanctuary and Sanctuary Service," gets at the marrow of ministerial usefulness. There is absolutely nothing that can take the place of this means of grace "in stilling the distractions of the mind and in equipping the soul for the warfare of life and in fortifying it against life's constant temptations." It is the privilege of the minister, with the cooperation of his people, to give such an atmosphere to the church services that those who experience the pressure and severity of life will obtain the spiritual stimulus of the sanctuary ministrations. A good word is spoken for the choir, "whose services are secured not at all with a view to giving us a Sunday concert, but rather and exclusively to the end of touching and stimulating those hidden fountains of reverent devotion and tender sentiment toward God and man which can never be so directly reached or so gently and yet powerfully stimulated as by music when rendered by those who combine the gift of song with the spirit of worship." Well said, and it gives the gist of the matter on this important subject, which under certain circumstances has been an occasion of grating discords. The misquotation of Scripture is not a minor affair, and the honored doctor is guilty of this offense on pages 173 and 190. We must take with a large grain of salt what is said in two places in condemnation of "ecclesiastical statistics." Whatever may be the case in other denominations, there is no Methodist minister who can afford to be without the Methodist Year Book, so carefully compiled by Dr. Baketel. But these things are like the spots in the sun, and we will not stay to enlarge on them, when

there is so much of the greatest value in these pages. Here is the conclusion of the whole matter: "The secret of pulpit power and the secret of sanctuary attractiveness must always remain what it was in the days of the old prophets and apostles, that it is a place where the souls of the people have their vision uncovered to an always newer and fresher prospect of the great things of life and God." Where this is found the mission of the church can never fail, but it will be fulfilled by imparting the benediction of heaven to the denizens of earth.

#### PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*Letters to Edward.* By MALCOLM J. McLEOD. 12mo, pp. 224. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

"THESE letters are published for one reason solely, namely, that it was Edward's last request." That statement forbids us to think the letters imaginary, as we otherwise might have done. This is a book that is not a book. A book is something intended for publication, written with the public in mind. It was not even dreamed, when these letters were written, that they would ever appear in print. They are private letters which a New York city minister lovingly took the trouble to write during ten months of 1912, from March 4 to December 30, to cheer a young minister with broken lungs vainly seeking health in California. What most impresses the reader of these singularly interesting and engaging letters is the noble lovingkindness of the busy and harddriven pastor of a large and exacting church in "that awful New York"; and the straight, deep look we have into the depths of his soul. At the end of a long, hard, heavy day, midnight saw this weary minister sitting up late to talk cheerily to the broken and dispirited boy in the far West, putting all his energies into the business of bracing and uplifting the spirits of the dear, fine fellow who was trying to hold a pulpit while flesh and heart were falling. As to what relation existed between writer and recipient of these letters, or what chain of events brought them together, no hint is given. But they are actual letters, immeasurably creditable to the man who wrote them and whose private views on many men and things they reveal; and a boundless benediction to the brave young preacher nearing the too-early close of life with his dreams and hopes unrealized. None of Edward's letters are given us. We overhear one side of a strictly private conversation. Rich in stimulating variety and lively interest were the letters which flew from Atlantic to Pacific from a man's heart to a comparative boy. He shares many of his own experiences with Edward. Here is one: "When I started preaching I used to write my sermon on Monday and Tuesday, and then spend the rest of the week committing it; it was awful; four days wasted! Even now I am always thankful when I get safely through the Lord's Prayer on Sunday morning, I am so afraid of getting some of the sentences in the wrong place. The only other memoriter work I try to manage now is the committal service at the grave, as with my eye on the lowering casket

I repeat, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God,' etc., but I assure you I am always grateful when the end is in sight. I wouldn't dare tackle the Apostles' Creed. Well, the occasion to which I am referring happened about ten years ago. I was to officiate at a wedding. So when the evening came I took down my manual, put it in the inside pocket of my Prince Albert, and was driven to the bride's home. When I arrived at my destination I found a considerable company of friends gathered to celebrate the happy occasion. The house was tastily decorated. Everybody seemed bright and cheerful. I took my stand under an archway that had been prettily planned in the oriel window. Soon there began the opening strains of Lohengrin to which the bridal party stepped slowly in. My hands were clasped behind my back with the manual between them. When the music ceased and all was quiet, I opened it to begin my part, when lo! horror of horrors, the title my eye caught was 'Todhunter's Conic Sections.' Well, I grew cold and hot and then cold again. I was simply stiff with fright. I never could recall just what I did say, but it must have been a frightful fizzle. Even now it causes a funny feeling to creep over me when I think about it." He met a brainy, vivacious girl on a train and tells Edward what she said. This is a bit of it: "We have been three years in our church looking for a pastor, sampling applicants most of the time, and such a lot of old fogies as most of them are. I get out of patience sometimes with our divinity schools—the material they are sending out to us as spiritual leaders. What is the theological seminary for? I would like to know. What is a theological seminary for if not to turn out preachers? I don't believe a theological seminary is for manufacturing scholars. We have scholars enough. The church is sinking with the weight of her scholarship. Scholarship alone will never bring the world to Christ. What we want is men who can preach, and when a man can preach he has no right, it seems to me, taking a college chair. The church should not permit it. Look at the field to-day. There's Dr. van Dyke and Dr. Hyde and Dr. McPherson and Dr. Thwing and Dr. Stryker and Dr. Faunce and Dr. McAfee and a great long list of doctors this and that. What right have these men to be filling college chairs—running around the country begging for money, which, by the way, seems to be the principal work of a college president nowadays—when the church is crying out so loudly and urgently for men to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ? Some ministers can sing a little, paint a little, play the piano a little, dabble in old china a little, and do a little of most anything. I think they are betraying their calling. They were not sent to do a whole legion of little things, but one all-absorbing great thing. Now, for instance, take the man we had a week ago. He preached on the Atonement, and as far as any heart-appeal is concerned he might just as well have been reciting the dimensions of Solomon's Temple. Now preaching, as I understand it, is talking to people's hearts, and the Atonement is certainly a most tender subject, yet the man never once gripped us at close range. I would not call it preaching at all; it was just lecturing. I think the great thing preachers ought to aim at to-day is to be interesting; first of all to be spiritual and then to be

interesting. The little codger who spent the day fishing and did not even get a bite gave a first rate explanation of his hard luck when he said, 'We didn't seem to catch their attention.' And churches to-day have not won the world's attention. Why, in most city churches the choir is gradually squeezing out the preacher, will only graciously allow him twenty or twenty-five minutes now, and if the craze continues, by and by the sermon will be pushed out the back door altogether. Dullness in the pulpit is an unpardonable sin, and yet—shall I confess it?—nine sermons out of every ten to me are dull. I happen to know a professor in one of our leading seminaries and his chair is homiletics, which is, being interpreted, I believe, how to preach. Isn't that correct, doctor? Well, this same teacher of the art and science of preaching started with a great overflowing congregation himself in his last pastorate, and swept the building empty in two years, and now, mark, he is giving lectures to the rising theologues on how to reach the masses. By the way, he occupied our pulpit one Sunday last winter, taking for his text that beautiful heart-reaching invitation, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Now if there is a text in the whole Bible that a man ought to be simple upon (thought I to my lone self as he started out) surely this is the text; but as he proceeded it seemed as if he was transformed into the very genius of darkness. On and up he soared into the fog, above earth and cloud and human creature. After forty minutes or so he came down because he was tired, I presume—and so were we. But then I would rather preach like that than like some others—like the pulpit buffoon for instance. I was in Boston two weeks ago. I was reading the afternoon paper wondering where I would go to church to-morrow; it was Saturday. Glancing at the religious page, I was looking who were to be the preachers. One of the notices caught my eye. It read thus, 'Morning Subject, God's Pocket Handkerchief; Evening Subject, The Funeral of Adam.' Now do you wonder that people do not attend public worship as once they did? And yet all the while the simple story of Jesus is the most interesting, the most thrilling narrative ever dramatized by the pen of man. I declare, doctor, I think we need a revival nowadays to restore an evangelical accent to present-day preaching, and bring back the good old times." Dr. McLeod tells Edward what books he is taking with him on vacation. These are some: "First of all, I decided on a volume of Brierley's. So I threw in his *Life and the Ideal*. I like Brierley immensely. I think he is wonderfully fresh and suggestive and full of good sermon stuff. He is quite a considerable scientist, although a little careless sometimes, I regret to say, in his facts; but then that is not so important a matter to an essayist. Then I have four other volumes of essays from which you will infer, and correctly, that the essay is my favorite form of reading—Benson, Amliel, Montaigne and Hazlitt's *Table Talk*. Then I have one volume of Joseph Parker. Parker is to me the prince of preachers. None like him! I think he is the most wonderful pulpit orator in the history of the Christian church. I know he was dramatic and eccentric and odd, and I guess there is no doubt that he played more or less to the gallery, but for



sheer brain-power and interpretation, spiritual insight and originality and epigram and human interest, give me Parker every time. I was in London once for three months. The first two months I went to hear every great divine in the city; three or four times on Sundays, and between prayer meetings and harvest homes, etc., as many times more during the week; but the last month Parker was all I wanted, twice on Sunday and every Thursday noon. I felt that they were all pigmies compared with this mighty, inimitable man. And his books have inspired me since more than the books of any other homilist. I know that I have copied him more or less. I can see him now, shaking that great shaggy head, with its little eyes like an elephant's. I can almost feel that funny sensation he used to send through me in those climaxes of his." He tells Edward about going to a certain church (was it the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian?): "I liked him very much indeed, and do you know the thing that impressed me most was the wonderfully effective way in which he uses his voice. He has a splendid speaking-tube to begin with, and he knows how to manage it. Strange, isn't it, that so few of us have mastered that most effective secret, especially as they all tell us that it is such a simple thing. The mismanagement of the voice, I am tempted to think, has done more to spoil good sermons than any other one thing. Why cannot we 'keep down'? I believe it was Berryer, the French lawyer, who remarked that he lost an important case on one occasion by pitching his voice too high. Actors seem to be the only class who know how to speak in a low conversational tone. I remember hearing Wendell Phillips. There was no straining, no screaming, no bellowing, no gasping, nothing preachy. Every word was quiet, mild, clear-cut, distinct. Every word was honored and every word went home. He spoke for ninety minutes, but that marvelous voice never for an instant lost its edge. Every tone fell like a benediction. There were no elocutionary frills, no forcing of the throat muscles as a cruel driver whips his tired steed, and yet from first to last he held his audience as by magic. It was a triumph of vocal skill. The most of us, I fear, have a strange impression that vehemence is persuasiveness, and that whatever else we may or may not do, one thing at least we must do every once in a while—we must make a great noise. Some are so violent as to awaken in my own breast a suspicion of their sincerity. Their earnestness is apt to seem feigned. And I always think, when listening to them, of Lyman Beecher's confession, 'I always holler when I haven't anything to say.' If I were a professor of homiletics in a theological seminary I believe I would have two paintings hung up behind my desk; one, that portrait representing Napoleon with his arms crossed and staring across the water; the other, that famous drawing of Rubens's, namely, 'Hercules beating the air.' I would have them as a silent sermon on the impressiveness of being calm. I have been thinking of late a great deal of that strange something or other which we call pulpit power. There certainly never was a time when it was so much in demand, never a time when it commanded such a price. Even the little churches that write almost every week asking me to recommend them a 'good man,' even these small,

weak, struggling organizations up and down the country have made up their minds that the man who has the honor of ministering to them in holy things must be quite a good deal of a preacher, and the marvel of it all would seem to be that our schools of the prophets, finding out how many Pauls and Apolloses are needed, do not turn out a large supply, when the country is flooded with so many of us who have apparently been fashioned in the common mold and run in the common ruts. And so I was greatly interested in hearing Gardiner. I was struck with the man's style. What he said did not seem to me so very remarkable as the way he said it, the choice wording and phrasing, the confidential manner, the simple speech, the pleasing gesture. He is certainly a man with a very marked style, and it is his own, seemed indeed as if he sacrificed everything to it. I cannot say that his is the 'art that conceals art,' for it looked to me to be written out over everything. It was almost too prominent. I have never heard any one just like him. He gets so very familiar and yet without becoming offensive. He spoke just forty minutes, but he never once lost us. He is mightily interesting and fresh and clear. I would say that he abhors the vague, almost too much so, perhaps because I think most great preachers like to leave a little margin for the imaginative and the mystical. If I were to make a criticism it would be that he labored a wee bit too hard to make us see that he was logical. At every transition he would sum up what he had said in some definite concrete outline. Then, too, I think he lacks the gift of humor for a man who always preaches, I am told, from forty minutes to an hour. There is no let down; it is all serious and thoughtful from start to finish. His sermon was on the ministry of cheer, and he gave me the impression that he felt he was looking into the eyes of tired people, people who had come there for uplift and wing and tonic, people who wanted a breath of spring and a breeze from the heavenly places—and he certainly gave it to us, sweet and bracing and cooling. How quickly our sermons age! Only a little while and lo they are gray and bald and toothless. Every time I look down into my own barrel I am more convinced than ever what a dry, musty, old receptacle of a place it is. But this message of his was fresh; it was fragrant; it was alive. If he fished it out of a pile of old papers—and he most likely did, for I don't imagine that he has got down to writing anything new as yet—he certainly in some strange way, or perhaps out of some recent experience of his own, infused new blood into it. And really, Edward, I think the average congregation will pardon almost anything if what we give them is only warm and vital. I remember hearing a story once of a sculptor who was comparing a celebrated classical horse with his own. Faults he found everywhere, but, said he, 'I must confess the villainous thing is living and mine is not.' Unfortunately we do not have the opportunity of hearing many sermons, but speaking for myself I read quite a few, and the most of them are so lifeless. I am a little suspicious if we are not all a bit too apt to bury our Master beneath a snow-bank of culture. Most of us know the Greek and the Hebrew a heap sight better than we know the human. I have forgotten who it was that said that while Orton was lighting a match,

Bunyan was setting the world on fire, and I often wonder if a passionate rather than a profound pulpit is not the need of the hour. But Gardiner's personality, I am inclined to believe, is his strongest asset. He preaches out of his own heart and the old becomes new. And after all, is not that what counts most? Dante has been called the first great poet who made a poem out of himself. In *Samson Agonistes* Milton is his own Samson. In *Coningsby* Lord Beaconsfield is his own Sidonia. Was not Byron his own Don Juan? And if we preachers are going to hide our personalities are we not withholding our most effective weapon? But some Sunday afternoon I am going to go around again, and then I will tell you more. Just now there is such a mob of people that the place is uncomfortable. Every preacher in the city is taking lessons. I counted twenty-seven round about me in my own territory that afternoon. But after a while all this will wear away, and then I'll thither again." One Sunday, when Dr. McLeod's church was closed, he tells Edward how he spent the day: "Well, I had quite a full day. I certainly got my money's worth. In the morning I went round to hear Fullerton. [Was this the Madison Square Church?] He is a grand old man. Just as brilliant and keen and incisive as ever. His text was the parable of the sower. And he began by telling why this parable heads the list, why the great Teacher did not begin with something else. He might have taken this, might have taken that, might have taken some other illustration. And so by his own unique process of elimination he advanced to his own ground with resistless and tremendous effect. His is certainly a very brilliant mind. I have never heard a preacher just like him, and indeed I cannot recall a single divine in the whole history of the church who I would imagine was anything of his type; he is decidedly unique. He has made his own style and I cannot even imagine a successful imitator. I liked him immensely, but the brilliancy and sparkle are the chief charm. The listener is always looking for it, always expecting it, and rarely is he disappointed. Of course he is a speaker who requires very close attention. Every paragraph is packed with thought. This is no place for listlessness. If I were to be allowed to make a criticism, it would be that the discourse is too severely intellectual. Perhaps some might think that the spiritual is not sufficiently pronounced. One almost feels like a pigmy criticizing a giant, and yet we all have our likes and dislikes, and I confess the way I feel about it myself is this, that the spirituality of a sermon should be its most prominent mark. The more spiritual a sermon is the more it seems to me to fulfill its function, just as the more scriptural and simple and earnest a prayer is the more surely and directly it reaches my heart. But he is a wonderful man, one of the grand men of the American pulpit. In the evening I went up to Columbia to hear Holland. [Was this the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle?] I saw by the papers that he happened to be preaching there. Holland is a great man. I think he is the greatest preacher on Manhattan Island. He is just as brilliant as an opal and with a wonderful play of colors. I like Holland for one thing because he has no tricks, no gallery gymnastics, never advertises, and yet he is full of surprises. You never can

tell just what is coming next. He is, as you know, the apostle of the quiet manner. I sometimes wonder if he does not carry it a little too far. He is a bit overquiet for me. I think if he would cultivate one or two bursts of fervor in his sermons—I think he would add to his effectiveness fully fifty per cent. I always feel when I hear Holland that his discourse lacks something, and I never can tell just what it is unless it be the clinching appeal. He seems to come to the very verge of greatness and miss it. But I do enjoy him immensely. He is a great man, a greater man in my humble judgment than his predecessor Dr. Edwards, and you remember what a giant he was. As an expositor he reminds me of old Dr. Taylor—Dr. William M. Taylor, I mean. How I wish I could succeed as an expository preacher!"

*The Making of To-morrow.* Interpretations of the World To-day. By SHAILER MATHEWS, Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. 12mo, pp. 193. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

*Social Idealism and the Changing Theology.* A Study of the Ethical Aspects of Christian Doctrine. By GERALD BIRNEY SMITH, Associate Professor of Christian Theology in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. 12mo, pp. xxiii, 251. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

It is significant of much that the output of literature on the social interpretation of the gospel is so extensive. The pendulum has clearly swung from one extreme of extravagant other-worldliness to the other extreme of intense absorption in the transient present. The church is urgently called upon in these days to advocate all manner of social panaceas, and the danger is that its supreme mission is liable to be compromised with humanitarian programs. The socializing of the church must not be allowed to despiritualize it. Christianity certainly has a message to society, but it always begins with the redemption of the individual; and it is only when he is filled with spiritual passion and social enthusiasm that the redemption and reconstruction of society become effectual. These two volumes by Mathews and Smith breathe a spirit of prophetic optimism. Dr. Mathews is keenly alive to the present situation and always strikes a note of assurance and confidence as he interprets the signs of the times with discernment. Under four sub-heads, "The Common Lot," "The Church and Society," "The Stirrings of a Nation's Conscience," "The Extension of Democracy," he deals in a popular way with a variety of public questions like gambling, athletics, education, peace, honesty, jingoism, and thirty other topics of immediate interest. Here is a paragraph about the church which hysterical critics would do well to ponder: "To say that the institution that has founded practically every hospital, and endowed practically every college, that supports practically every charity and ameliorative agency, that has bred practically every man and woman now working among the poor, that has originated practically every reform, and whose members have compelled the passage of practically every law looking to the benefit of the poor—to say that such an institution is indifferent to the needs of the masses is to give way to an impatient and unworthy pessimism." While

he favors the largest amount of social service, he also acknowledges that the "people cannot be amused into conscientiousness," and that after everything is done to furnish three square meals a day and to provide picnics, picture shows, basketball teams, banquets, and the like, the churches will "commit suicide if they do not help society out from its conviction of sin into a sense of brotherhood through fellowship with God." Mathews rejoices in the "ethical renaissance among Christians," and Smith attempts in his book to relate the moral values of the older loyalty to what belongs to the newer methods. The mediæval program was well adapted to the conscious needs of that age, and for many centuries ecclesiastical ethics exercised a powerful influence. New occasions then arose, but those who were wedded to the traditional system seemed to be oblivious to the changed temper of the times and clung to the old with such tenacity that its ethical appeal was discredited. The development of a secular theory of industry, the secularization of politics and scholarship, the changed position of the church in a secular state, and the rise of a secular ethics have precipitated a serious crisis. It has so happened—for the worse, and not for the better—that the industrial and economic ferment of the day, which is essentially democratic, has ignored ecclesiastical Christianity, which is aristocratic. This is particularly true where the established church exists, as in England and Germany; but who will declare that *The Inside of the Cup*, by Winston Churchill, is not a portrayal of alarming conditions in our own midst, although allowance must be made for certain liberties of the moralist? The moral challenge of the modern world is thoroughly equipped with new scientific knowledge, and regard must be had to the fact that even the spiritual life of man is conditioned by such materialistic items like housing, recreation, sleep, food, labor. If the church is to maintain a moral leadership, from which some would oust it, then it must offer a religious interpretation of life that is consonant with present needs. The mediæval mind was satisfied with finished theories, but the modern mind is more concerned to attain mastery of method, because of its faith in the evolutionary progress of life. "The principles of scientific management," so strikingly being carried out in the industrial world, and finely expounded by Frederick Winslow Taylor in a recent book under that title (Harper & Brothers, Publishers), have a message to the modern church, and it is encouraging to know that these new teachings, or, rather, applications, are obtaining in the church. The pragmatic test of efficiency is readily invoked, but we have no fear of the consequences whenever the church may be summoned to the bar to give answer concerning its service. Think, for instance, of the scientific tests of efficacy that have been applied to the Bible. The value of this sacred record has been immeasurably enhanced because of its actual power to quicken our religious and moral ideals, and not on account of any particular theory concerning its origin. This thought has been strikingly set forth in a volume by Professor Wallis on "*Sociological Study of the Bible*" (The University of Chicago Press). It is unfortunate that this author so calmly assumes as final the radical conclu-



sions of biblical criticism and bases his arguments on what are unreliable foundations. But his study of the evolutionary growth of Hebrew religion and life is of value, since it emphasizes the truth that the men who gave us the Old Testament did not state their moral views primarily in a general or abstract way, but formed them on the basis of actual experience. The latent idealism in the human soul will never be satisfied with any democratization of life that ignores the spiritual aspects of things. We can guard against error only as we reckon with Christ, whose God-consciousness was as unique as his human-consciousness. The church will receive moral courage and spiritual insight only as it becomes more thoroughly acquainted with the mind of Christ. It will then be able to transmit his salvation which shall transform the thought and life of society with intelligent thoroughness. The problem is how to correlate the spiritual life of God in Christ to the needy life of the day, in view of the ethical and economic evolution that is taking place. No one doubts that our supreme need both in the church and outside of it is a fuller reception of the divine life which will inspire daily duties. One thought that finds repeated emphasis and illustration in Professor Smith's important book is that there is no finality in the expression of truth, but that its forms are conditioned by changing needs and demands. The urgent call to theologians and ministers, then, is to reconstruct religious beliefs in the light of these facts. This will provide a positive faith in the creative enthusiasms of the gospel, and those who hold it will thus labor ceaselessly, undiscouragingly, and with renewed vigor for the redemption of society and of the world.

#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

*All the Days of My Life.* By AMELIA E. BARR. 8vo, pp. 527. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, cloth, illustrated, \$3.50, net.

"An Autobiography—the Red Leaves of a Human Heart" is the suitable subtitle. A more intimate and open unfolding of the story of a notable and efficient human life has seldom been made; a more engaging life-talk has not often held readers captive with its spell; a more wholesome, inspiring, and enriching book can hardly be found for the library table and for family reading by young and old. An intensely human book, earnest, sincere, passionate, full of a courage dauntless and gay, and a faith which shineth like the sun. There is not a timid or a doubting sentence in the entire volume, albeit more than one or two of the experiences related can be described only as terrible. Mrs. Barr says she has written it "mainly for the kindly race of women," and that if it will help any sad or doubtful woman bravely to meet her own destiny, she will have done well. She has done well not only in the living, but in the writing of the life so gallantly borne through many troubled, busy, happy years, and no one will lay down the record without a feeling of refreshment and a strengthening of all those secret yet powerful convictions that after all life is deeply worth while. Amelia Huddleston began "this incarnation," as she tells us, in the little town of Ulverston, Lancashire,

England, and charming are the early chapters that relate the life of vivid interest led by herself and her family in various parts of the country, for her father was a Methodist minister, frequently transferred from one charge to another, and she was of the goodly and gifted guild of ministers' children. The mysticism of the North tinges Mrs. Barr's views of existence, and side by side with the homely and attractive details of daily life goes a murmurous echo from the shores of that other world, which to her and her people was also a close and daily experience. Her ancestry was one of preachers, priests, and sea-faring folk, and her spirit runs straight with this inheritance of deep convictions, lonely lives, and wild deaths. She was "a child eager for work and play, and half afraid the world might not last until I found out all about it." This eagerness remains with her to-day, and throughout her life one is aware of an immense vitality, of a quality of spirit untiring and undefeated such as belongs to pioneers. One of the earliest sorrows that came to the little girl was the death of her brother at ten months. A touching picture of the procession through the streets of Penrith is given, led by boys of ten years of age, who bore the coffin by means of white linen scarfs, singing a sweet, old hymn, and followed by the mourners on foot. Soon after two other brothers die, one by accident. And then follows loss of money, and Amelia goes out into the world of work as a teacher, finally settling in Scotland, where she meets her future husband. After a brief season of ease and happiness, various causes make it necessary that this new, young husband, Robert Barr, and Amelia make a fresh start. And it is the wife who counsels coming to America. From there on the story is an American story. After three years, most of them in Chicago, where Mr. Barr became involved in politics of a bitter and personal type such as were too common in that day, and from which he fled in danger of assassination after worsting his enemy in the face of the city, Mrs. Barr joined him in Memphis with her children. One young son had died in Chicago. Memphis was in terror of yellow fever, then the terrific scourge of half America, and the little family was forced to leave hurriedly. The trip down the Mississippi on a slave boat was a wonderful one contrasted with the travel of to-day. Finally they reach Texas, settling in Austin. Then comes the Civil War, with all its harrowing accompaniments. There is a glimpse of Houston "sitting in front of Tong's grocery store, looking like a lion, and wearing a Serape Saltillero like a royal mantle." Austin changes, for the "sweet, quiet, flower-scented streets were no longer haunted on moonlight nights by white-robed girls, and lovers singing 'Juanita' to their tinkling guitars. They were full of rangers and frontiersmen, of deserting United States soldiers, and of little squads of Indians." There is a dramatic scene after the war is over between Mrs. Barr and her maid: "'Harriet,' I said, and she turned her eyes upon me, but did not speak, 'you are free. From this hour you are as free as I am.' 'Say dem words again, Miss Milly,' she cried, 'say dem again.' I repeated them, and as I did so her sullen black face brightened, she darted to her child, and, throwing it shoulder high, shrieked hysterically, 'Tamar, youse free! Youse free, Tamar!' She looked in its face, at its hands,

at its feet. It was a new baby to her—a free baby. Actually the mother love in her face had humanized its dull, brutish expression." Soon comes a move to Galveston. And then occurs the most terrible tragedy of a life that has had many things sad and grim to bear. Yellow fever desolates the city. The picture of the place is simply, unforgettably drawn. Amelia walks through the city of death with her husband on a necessary errand: "A walk through hell could scarcely have been worse. The beds of the dying were drawn to the open windows, and there was hardly a dwelling wanting a dying bed. The faces of the sufferers were white and awful, their heads covered with crushed ice. They were raving, moaning, shrieking, or choking with the appalling vomito. A dreadful haze hung over the city and the sea, a haze that appeared to be filled with the very odors of despair and death. The smell of yellow fever came from the open doors. There is no odor to compare to it. The soul sickens and loathes and trembles in its presence." Before the pestilence departed Mrs. Barr's two sons and her husband died under it. Her daughters had it and recovered; so did she. But while she lay helpless she heard her children shrieking in their death agony—saw her husband stagger from the room, never to return. The heart breaks to read it. And there, in her suffering, she prayed to live that her three remaining children might not be left alone. She did live. A few months later her last child, a son, was born, to die five days later from the fever contracted before his birth. "So far I had endured the will of God, but I was not resigned. It was so hard to make my heart believe in its great loss. Often as I sat sewing I would say: 'I must be dreaming! I must wake up! I must go to the gate! He may be coming now!' And I would rise to go to the gate, and would look and listen, and sometimes I heard the quick, strong step for which I waited and listened." But soon this dauntless woman again faced the facts of life and her duties. After some attempts to make a living in Galveston she decided to come to New York. At forty, with three girls, the eldest seventeen, the youngest seven, without money or friends, the widow landed in New York and looked about for work. Teaching came first, but proved hard work with slight return. Then, by chance almost, Mrs. Barr turned to writing. At once she knew she had found her true field. And the succeeding pages tell of her new life, a life of constantly increasing success and peace, of work faithfully and joyfully performed. She began "with five dollars and eighteen cents in her purse . . . and absolutely alone in the battle of life, but confident that God and Amelia Barr were a multitude." That was over forty years ago, and a multitude of readers have delighted in her books for more than a generation. She owns a beautiful home; her daughters, save the youngest, are happily married. The final chapters tell of crowded and busy years, of the well-known people who became Mrs. Barr's friends and acquaintances, of letters received, and of parties, play, and work—always work. The last chapter is devoted to the expression of Mrs. Barr's convictions as to the meaning of life and the relation of this particular existence to others. In her view nothing that happens in or about her lacks a far and eternal cause. She is not afraid to speak of God, from

whose hands she has taken her life. She is a strong friend to her sister woman, a believer in suffrage for all. Mrs. Barr is 82: "But neither my soul nor my heart is old. Time has laid his hand gently on me, just as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp, to deaden the vibrations—that is all. The sunrise has never melted for me into the light of common day . . . I have lived and I have loved and I have worked, and at 82 I only ask that the love and the work continue while I live. . . . The rest is with God."

*Luther's Correspondence and Other Contemporary Letters.* Translated and edited by PRESERVED SMITH, Ph.D., Fellow of Amherst College. Volume I, 1507-1521. Pp. 583. Philadelphia: The Lutheran Publication Society, 1913.

THE above house has recently published three works among the most valuable printed within a decade: Seeberg's *History of Doctrines* (1904), Richard's *Confessional History of the Lutheran Church* (1906), and the above book by the author of *The Life and Letters of Martin Luther* (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1911, reviewed in these columns at the time). Seeberg's book is translated by the Rev. Dr. Hay, and for those who cannot use his last edition in German, it is the best *History of Doctrine* for those many clergymen and students who have been fascinated by the brilliant but too facile generalizations of Harnack. Seeberg is equally scholarly, equally interesting as a writer, as Harnack, but more judicious and reliable. His *History of Doctrine* is a noble and notable achievement. The late lamented Professor James W. Richard, of Gettysburg Theological Seminary, was the finest scholar in church history, liturgies, and creeds in the Lutheran Church in America, a church rich in theologians. He was a man of broad and independent mind, who exercised an immense influence on the younger generation of ministers in the General Synod of the Lutheran Church, and was a teacher and writer of power and learning. The present reviewer has read probably five hundred pages of his scholarly and brilliant church history and related articles in the *Lutheran Quarterly*, of which he was one of the editors, and can speak with first-hand knowledge of the research, learning, and acuteness of judgment which went into his masterpiece, *The Confessional History of the Lutheran Church*. Alas! that this brilliant mind was quenched in death so suddenly and so soon! We come now to the book before us. Ever since his graduation at Amherst a dozen years or so ago, the author (son of the Rev. Henry Preserved Smith, D.D., who had to leave Lane Theological Seminary in 1893 for his liberal views), who is the author of a very radical *Old Testament History*, Scribners, 1903, and is now librarian of Union Theological Seminary, has been studying Luther, and has been publishing monographs and reviews on him, including the notable *Life* above mentioned. Of all English-speaking students he is, therefore, the most competent to get out a book like the one before us, which is to be completed in three volumes, and when completed will be by far the most valuable collection of contemporary documents having to do with Luther and the Reformation accessible in English. It will be absolutely indispensable to all serious students of that wonderful sixteenth century,

and to all who want to know Luther, his friends, and opponents, it will be a godsend. Though the Germans have many collections like this, one can only be surprised that a work so necessary has never been done in English before. But having waited so long, we have a prize indeed. The translations are exact, the selections are surprisingly complete (even some letters inserted not in the thirteen-volume Enders edition), and all furnished with notes and other information. It is a book to be hailed with joyous enthusiasm, and ought to be in every public and semipublic library in English-speaking lands, and in the private library of every one interested in the Reformation. And you never can tell when that interest may be challenged. For instance, in *The New York Times*, November 20, 1913, there is a report of a lecture before the Catholic Library Association in the grand ballroom of Delmonico's by a priest, in which he repeated the charges of Denifle about the immorality of Luther. Who of those who heard the lecture or read the report, Catholic or Protestant, were in a position to refute the fearful slanders of Denifle as to Luther's moral degeneracy in the crucial years before and after his break with Rome? Has the lecturer himself read the answers to Denifle written by the Protestant scholars of Germany, or even the adverse criticism of his book by a Roman Catholic professor of history in a German university? Has he read Walther's elaborate reply to Denifle and others in his *Für Luther in der Rom: Handbuch der Apologetik Luthers und der Reformation* (Halle, 1906)? Now, such a book of sources as this by Smith is the best possible antidote to the wild theories of Denifle of Luther's immorality. Here are men who knew Luther well during these years. They write to him, he writes to them. They are unstudied private revelations. They completely refute the distorted reconstructions of Father Denifle, who, however, in parts of his book has given us criticisms of value. Take Erasmus alone, who knew well both Luther's friends and foes. If any one will read the Erasmus letters in Smith's book, or the chapters on his relation to Luther in Faulkner's *Erasmus*, it will be seen how psychologically and historically impossible are the Denifle suppositions of a moral collapse as accounting for Luther's break with Rome. As to Denifle's and this priest's charge of obscenity, we commend the admirable remarks of Boehmer in his *Luther in Lichte der neueren Forschung*, 2 Aufl., 1906, pp. 103-109, a little book, but worth its weight in gold. No one can know Luther and the Reformation thoroughly who has not sunk himself into the correspondence of the period, and thanks to our American scholar at Amherst, the student who is lame in his German or Latin can do that for the first time on his own soil. May the other volumes come in due course, to be followed, let us hope, by a new English critical edition (translation) of the *Table Talk*.

*The Men of the Gospels.* By LYNN HAROLD HOUGH. 16mo, pp. 98. New York: Eaton & Maina. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

By his books, his lectures before Annual Conferences, East and West, his addresses before Browning societies and other literary associations, his evangelizing weeks spent at colleges and schools in winsome, inti-



mate, and convincing religious converse with students, his work for and in Epworth League assemblies, his frequent writings in Reviews and Church papers, the pastor of Mount Vernon Place Church, Baltimore, has become almost as distinctly known to the general religious public as to his own congregation. His list of twelve men of the Gospels begins with John the Baptist and ends with the Man of Nazareth. Of these brief sketches one has said: "There is terse and compressed statement. The characters are etched rather than described. They stand out in bold relief." As good as any to use as a sample seems this one on "The Heroic Doubter:" "This is not an easy world for a man without wings. Thomas, the loyal, doubting disciple of Jesus, did not find life very bright or glad. No wings of mounting faith had been given to him as a part of his equipment; he was of a slow, hesitating habit of mind. He distrusted vivid and heated speech. He did not understand men of mystical temper. He was a prosaic, earnest man, essentially commonplace in thought and feeling. Peter and Thomas present a most interesting contrast. Peter had faith, but lacked steadiness; Thomas had steadiness, but lacked faith. Peter rose to heights and also sank to depths; Thomas rose to no such heights and sank to no such depths. Peter had great flashes of intuition, but he did not always keep his hold on the truths which came to him in these moments of inspiration. Thomas had no such moments of sudden intuitive insight, but when once he grasped a truth his hold on it was sure and tenacious. One wonders a little at finding Thomas among the twelve. It seems strange at first that Jesus desired to have such a man as a member of his immediate circle. It seems strange that Thomas, being just the sort of man he was, cared to be numbered among the twelve. The enterprise of Jesus was one which required glowing faith, a quick sense of the unseen, and an agile mind ready to see and appropriate new ideas. These are just the characteristics which Thomas did not possess. The mission of Jesus, however, was not to men of a certain temperament and intellectual type. It had to do with humanity. Each fundamental type was to be reached and mastered. Thomas was needed to complete the apostolic circle. Then Thomas was infinitely attracted by Jesus, though his mind did not completely follow his heart. He felt the compulsion of the personality of Jesus, while his judgment followed his devotion with lagging steps. There was an inner battle in Thomas. His heart and his head did not agree. It was through his heart that Jesus spoke to this man of a sluggish mind, and Thomas followed his heart. He had no end of mental misgivings, but his loyalty was unswerving to the end. Discipleship was a more or less thorny path for Thomas. Jesus kept saying things he did not understand, and what he did understand did not always commend itself to him. When a flash of mental sympathy went through the circle of the disciples Thomas often stood with perplexed and troubled brow. He did not share in the moment of illumination. But all the while he grew more deeply attached in a personal way to his Master. He did not understand him, but he did love him with a great devotion. The time came

when Judæa was a hostile country to Jesus. There were hatred and plotting, and to go there again meant a grave risk of life, but Lazarus died, and Jesus announced to his disciples that he would go back into what had become for him the enemy's country. The disciples looked at each other furtively. It was a wild and useless risk their Master was taking. If he insisted on going, would they go with him and risk their lives too? Or would they refuse to accompany him on so foolhardy a journey? It was Thomas who spoke and for the time became the leader of the twelve. He had no light to throw on the subject. The future was completely black to him. He had no faith, but he had heroic loyalty. If they went back he felt that they would all be killed. But they had given their allegiance to Jesus. It was no time to fail him now. 'Let us go,' he said, 'and die with him.' The desperate loyalty of Thomas roused the other disciples, and they all followed the Master back to Judæa. Probably no one was more surprised than Thomas when no tragic results followed immediately. When the last terrible tragedy came Thomas sank into misanthropy and despair. It was not so much a reaction with him as with the others. He had had his deep misgivings, and lately they had grown stronger. Now his sober judgment was vindicated. His Master had failed. He had been killed. Thomas would never see him again. It was small comfort, however, that Thomas had expected some tragic end to the ministry of his Master. He had loved Jesus, and now that face of glowing, eager friendliness and lofty love would never be seen again. His heart bled at the thought. He had nothing to look forward to. He had only wonderful memories. He sat nursing them in silent gloom. He had not heart enough to meet with the disciples as in mutual fellowship they tried to comfort one another. Thus he missed the first appearance of Jesus to the company of the disciples. When he heard of it he refused to believe that it was true. He would not allow his wounded heart to be comforted by delusive hopes. He would not believe unless he could touch the very marks of Calvary on the body of Jesus. He was a materialist by nature. The last word of proof to him was the testimony of touch. Now, however, Thomas did meet with the disciples. Again Jesus appeared while his skeptical disciple gazed with wide and wonder-filled eyes in which love and doubt struggled for the mastery. He was perfectly honest and earnest and sincere. His mind simply refused to take the great truth in. Then Jesus stooped to the need of Thomas. He offered to submit to the very test Thomas had required. He commanded him to reach forth his hand and touch the marks of the hour on the cross. Now, for once, Thomas had his flash of intuition. Now, at last, he had his moment on the Mount of Transfiguration. He did not reach forth his hand. He opened his mind. He took the great truth in and welcomed it and accepted it. Mind and heart were in accord at last. With a great joyous faith which the years were to be unable to change, he cried out, 'My Lord and my God.' " Garrett Biblical Institute has done well in electing Dr. Lynn Harold Hough to the chair of Church History.

*Thinking Black.* Twenty-two Years without a Break in the Long Grass of Central Africa. By D. CRAWFORD, F. R. G. S. (Konga Vantu). Royal 8vo, pp. xvi, 485. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$2, net.

THE Livingstone celebrations last year did a great deal to direct the attention of Christendom to the profound needs of Africa. The heroic services of this consecrated "Path-Borer," as he was called by the natives, roused the interest of young Dan Crawford in 1889, when he was nineteen years of age, and he resolved to follow the trail that had been opened by Livingstone. He landed at Benguela on the west coast and "bore in" for twenty months; he was then "shut in" for twenty-two years; and then he began to "bore out," so that he might make report to the Christian church of the people among whom he had been laboring. This book is one of the most thrilling and entrancing of annals and travels, written, as was the greater part of it, by the light of a poor apology for a tallow dip. It also has a great many full-page illustrations. We have here vivid descriptions of the country and its people, its fauna and flora, its riches and poverty, its needs and embarrassments. This writer combines the humor of Dickens, the irony of Carlyle, and the style of Kipling, with an ardent passion for the salvation of "the land of the long grass," for whose benefit he has also contributed a Luban translation of the New Testament. We consulted the "World Atlas of Christian Missions," to find only a few names underscored with the significant red line that indicates where the lighthouses of the gospel have been established. We then turned to the last annual report of the Board of Foreign Missions of our church and were pleased to read in pages 324-346 of what we are doing in East and West Central Africa. "With these most ignorant peoples how important it becomes that the teacher should know his pupil. So far as possible he should enter into the heart of the pupil and feel as he feels; he should enter into his brain and see as he sees. A native will know quite well within four paces of a person whether that person is afraid of black people or disdains them. One cannot teach a native at all well by holding his nose with one hand and proffering the gospel with the other." So wrote Dr. Richards, one of our own honored missionaries to East Africa, in a symposium on "Religions of Mission Fields," published by the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. This is what "thinking black" means. Crawford resolved to live on familiar terms with the African in his native habitats and think his thoughts after him. The heavy price that he paid gave him the ability not only to speak to the native, but also to understand what he said. "But the Negro must really be seen in his own compact and cramped stockade town, and I shall never regret beginning my life in Africa in one such village on the Kunje River. Cooped up inside the same stockade, air stale and sour, we black and white lived together for months, the same beehive huts and porridge our portion." What manner of domicile was it? "Their average beehive hut is a verminating hole, a den of disease, and indeed the most valuable characteristic of that heathen hut is just this impossibility of living in it: it drives you into the fresh air. Prefer the hut, and you will be bitten all night by large fat—but need we

discuss the exact zoological designation of these creatures? These pests are legion, and what with our own creeping pace of travel by day, coupled with these other creeping things by night, I dreamed two nights in succession a curious jumble of a dream—a vision this of a large roomy railway station placarded all over with monster advertisements, 'Keating's Powder.' The railway, one opines, stood for a rebuke to our caravan's creeping pace, and 'Keating's' was—well, for the other creepers." One of the preliminary difficulties in appealing to the Negro is due to his prejudice. "The slaves of precedent, they dog the steps of a thousand ancestors, and such is the tenacity of the Negro type that to this day their whole outfit of the twentieth century A. D. can be found perfectly reproduced on Egyptian monuments of the same century B. C." Patience must therefore be a pet virtue in this lazy land of sluggish mind and stagnant lives. Slavery is described in many pages with a vividness that helps one to realize how foul is this open sore and tragedy of Africa, and how hateful are the barbarities of this traffic in flesh and blood. "But here they are far from home, that long wriggling horror of a slave track before and behind them, so thin and hollow-eyed, you can think of them only as a moan materialized into flesh." There are also some sharp and stinging sentences on the rum slavery: "The liquid sold was such wicked stuff that it could almost corrode a paving stone—what, then, happened to the Negro?" Cannibalism, polygamy, cradled among the zebras and antelopes; baby brides the darkest smudge in a dark history; living sacrifices of wives who are buried alive with their dead lords—these are among the poison-reeking fruits of the tree of ignorance, superstition, and sin, so deeply rooted that its branches spread far and wide, and many mourn and lash themselves in the shade thereof. Crawford certainly had some great experiences. "I was in a tight corner in the Sera plains when a humble lucifer would have been the simple solution. Black clouds had rolled up from the far Kundelungu range, and the heavens rang with the loud artillery of thunder. Then the lightning began to fork and flash. Driven into a deserted hamlet before the advancing deluge, a random choice of a hut was made—too random, alas! for the thing was many sizes too small for one. Only just in the nick of time, for growl went the bursting thunder, and the torrential downpour was upon us. Doubled up there in a leaky outhouse with an odd flash of lightning for your only candle. A sudden thought came. What if— Just then, 'hiss' went the notorious noise of an unseen 'mamba' from a corner of the dark den. My heart seemed to stop for repairs. As though this longing for a lucifer had actually pressed the invisible button of an electric light-current, flash! came another single steel-blue streak of lightning, and there, plain as a pikestaff, a long green snake showed in the flash of fire. Atrociously, maddeningly, for one flashing moment, I sighted my co-occupant of the den, then, back both man and snake were hurled into the blackness of that pestiferous gloom. 'O for a kindly lucifer!' thought I. For who does not know that a snake never really attacks a man, only bites out of fear, and only because you have stumbled over him in error? Need I say that, as that mamba blocked the doorway, I had to tear down the

grass wall for escape, preferring my sheets of rain to a snake under the other sheets?" This missionary went out in faith, and, forsooth, there was no other way. "Good it is we have no society guaranteeing a stated salary. For cut off as we are from our nearest bank by one thousand miles, the said society would be politely and cleverly baffled how to send our quarterly remittance." Throughout the book there are sparkling sentences and paragraphs written in classic purity of style. Here is a passage that illustrates the author's manner and matter: "Down goes the sun like a ball of fire over dark Lubaland. The first sough of the cold night wind goes through like a dart. The distant dogs in the fishing hamlet howl. The frogs croak, croak, and the bitterns bump, bump. To climax weirdness, the fire has recently swept through the long yellow grass, covering the land with a dark pall. The sluggish stream by which we camp seems a mere trickle of liquid mud, the only hint of water being the deeper dye of green down its hollow. There you draw your drinking water the color of bad tea; there, too, at sunset the reed-buck comes down to drink. And as the darkness deepens the sighing sounds of Africa's dark are heard saying, 'The night cometh when no man can work.' Afar the golden-crested crane is calling!" This is just the kind of a book to read when one is suffering from the blues. There is not a single dull page and nowhere is the minor note of discouragement heard, although the trials and oppositions were many. The secret of the author's buoyant spirit is explained not by presence of mind in emergencies, but, as he confesses, by the presence of God, which he realized to his safety, comfort, and delight. The cause of missions will be greatly advanced by this breezy and brilliant narrative.